MERRY DROLLERY COMPLEAT:

OR, A COLLECTION

Of { Jovial Poems, Merry Songs, Witty Drolleries,

Intermixed with Pleasant Catches;

The First Part.

Collected by *W. N. C B. R. S. J. G.* LOVERS of WIT.

LONDON:

Printed for *William Miller*, at the *Gilded Acorn*, in St. *Paul's* Churchyard, where Gentlemen and others may be furnished with most sorts of Acts of Parliament, Kings, Lord Chancellors, Lord Keepers, and Speakers Speeches, and other sorts of Speeches, and State Matters; as also Books of Divinity, Church-Government, Humanity, Sermons on most Occasions, *&c.* 1691.

b.39.b.29.

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TO THE READER:

Courteous Reader;

WE do here present thee with a Choice Collection of Wit and Ingenuity, many of which were obtained with much difficulty, and at a Chargeable Rate;

It is Composed so as to please all Complexions, Ages, and Constitutions of either Sexes, and is now Completed.

Farewel.

Merry

Merry Drollerie.

A Rapsody.

NOW I confess I am in love,
Though I did think I never could,
But 'tis with one dropt from above,
Whose nature's made of better mould:
So fair, so good, so all divine,
I'd quit the world to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat
When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphear,
So shrink the Beauties, called great,
When sweet *Rosela* doth appear;
Were she as other women are,
I should not love, nor yet despair.

But I could never wear a mind
Willing to stoop to common Faces,
Nor confidence enough can find
To aim at one so full of Graces;
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be wed by me.

Mirth in Sorrow.

BE merry with Sorrow: why are you ſo ſad?
Let ſome mirth be found to make your hearts (glad
If troubles afflict thee, lament not therefore;
For all men are ſubject to ſorrows full ſore.
Though grief be to night, yet joy comes to morrow,
And therefore, I pray you, be merry with ſorrow.

With what grief ſoever a man be afflicted,
Unto over-much ſorrow be not thou addicted,
For a ſorrowful heart, the wiſe-man doth ſay,
Doth dry up the bones, and the body decay;
And therefore, I ſay, both evening and morrow,
In all thy afflictions be merry with ſorrow.

Haſt thou been a rich man, and now art thou poor?
Be merry with ſorrow, and paſs not therefore;
For riches have wings to fly when they luſt,
Both to thee, and from thee, as God hath diſcuſt;
And therefore I ſay, *&c.*

Art thou pinched with poverty, ſickneſs, or need?
Be merry with ſorrow, the better to ſpeed:
For God is the God of the poor and oppreſſed,
Commit thy cauſe to him, and it ſhall be redreſſed;
And therefore I ſay, *&c.*

Art

Art thou close in Prison, and locked up fast?
Whatsoever thy faults be, a God still thou hast:
Believe, serve, and fear him, thou shalt never lack,
If that thou wilt cast thy cares on his back;
And therefore I say, &c.

Art thou a Minister the people to teach,
And dost thou study good words for to Preach,
And for thy labour dost thou sustain blame?
Be merry with sorrow, and shrink not for shame;
Such persons, I say, both evening and morrow,
Ought still to rejoyce, and be merry with sorrow.

Hast thou enemies, abroad, that seek for thy life,
Or hast thou at home, a shrew to thy wife?
Such sorrows, indeed, doth a number molest,
Those that be cumbred can tell their tale best,
For they do sustain many a sowre good-morrow,
But yet I could wish them to be merry with sorrow.

God make us all merry in Christ our Redeemer;
God save merry *England* & our Good King for ever,
God grant him long years, and many to raign
His word and his Gospel now still to maintain:
And those that do seek to procure his sorrow,
God send them short lives, not to live till to mor-
row.

A Catch.

A *Marillis* told her ſwain,
Amarillis told her ſwain,
That in love he ſhould be plain,
And not think to deceive her,
Still he protected on his truth,
That he would never leave her.

If thou doſt keep thy vow quoth ſhee,
If thou doſt keep thy vow quoth ſhee,
And that now ne'er doſt leave me,
There's never a ſwain in all this Plain,
That ever ſhall come near thee,
For Garlands and Embroidered Scrips,
For I do love thee dearly.

But *Colin* if thou change thy love,
But *Colin* if thou change thy love,
A Tigris then I'le to the prove,
If ere thou doſt come near me;
Amarillis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

The Hectors *and the* Vintner.

CAll for the Maſter, O! this is fine, (wine
For you that have *London*'s brave Liquors of
For us the Cocks of the Hectors
Wine wherein Flies were drown'd the laſt Summer;
Hang't let it paſs, here's a Glaſs in a Rummer,
Hang't let it, *&c.*

Bold Hectors we are of *London*, *New Troy*,
Fill us more wine: Hark here, Sirrah Boy,
Speak in the *Dolphin*, ſpeak in the *Swan*,
Drawer Anon Sir, Anon.
Ralph, *George*, ſpeak in the *Star*,
The Reckoning's unpaid; we'l pay at the Bar,
The Reckoning's unpaid, *&c.*

A Quart of Clarret in the *Mytre* ſcore:
The Hectors are Ranting. *Tom* ſhut the door;
A Skirmiſh begins, beware pates and ſhins,
The Piſs-pots are down, the candles are out,
The Glaſſes are broken and the pots flies about.
Ralph, *Ralph*, ſpeak in the *Chequer*. By and by,
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do flie,
Call for the Conſtable, let in the Watch, (match,
The Hectors of *Holborn* ſhall meet with their
The Hectors, *&c.*

At

At Midnight you bring your justice among us,
But all the day long you do us the wrong;
When for Verrinus you bring us Mundungus:
Your reckonings are large, your Bottles are small,
Still changing our wine, as fast as wee call;
Your Canary has Lime in't, your Clarret has Stum,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,
Tell the Constable, &c.

The Jovial Lover.

1.

ONce was I sad, till I grew to be mad,
But I'll never be sad again boys;
I courted a riddle, she fancied a fiddle,
The tune does run still in my brain boys.

2.

The Gittarn and the Lute, the Pipe and the Flute
Are the new Alamode for the nan-boys;
With Pistol and Dagger the women out-swagger
The blades with the Muff and the Fan boys.

3.

All the Town is run mad, and the Hectors do pad,
Besides their false Dice and the slur boys:
The new-formed Cheats with their acts and debates
Have brought the old to a demur boys.

4.

Men stand upon thorns to pull out their horns,
And to cuckold themselves in grain boys;

Whon

When to wear 'um before, does make their heads
But behind they do ſuffer no pain boys. (ſore,

5.

The Proteſtant, Presbyter, Papiſt, and *Preſter John*,
Are much diſcontented wee ſee boys:
For all their Religion no *Mahomets* Pidgeon
Can make 'um be madder then we boys.

6.

There is a mad fellow clad alwaies in yellow;
And ſomewhat his noſe is blew boys;
He cheated the divel, which was very evil
To him, and to all of his crew boys.

7.

But now he intends to make even amends
By wearing a crown of thorns boys;
For him that is gone, but before it be one
We ſhall his humility ſcorn boys.

8.

For all our new Peers are turn'd out with Jeers,
The new Gentlemen Lords are trapan'd boyes;
Since the King,& no King, would pretend to a thing,
Which the Commons won't underſtand boyes.

9.

And whilſt we are thus mad, my Princeſs is glad
To laugh at the World, and at me boyes,
'Cauſe I can't apprehend what her colour command,
But it is not my ſelf you ſee boyes.

Mardike.

WHen first *Mardike* was made a Prey,
'Twas *Canrea* carried the Fort away,
And do not lose your Valorous Prize
By staring in your Mistris eyes,
But put off your Petticoat-Parley,
Fame and Honour are covered early;
Potting and sotting,
And laughing, and quaffing of Canary
Will make good souldiers miscarry,
And ne'er travel for a true renown;
And turn to your marshall Mistris,
Fair *Minerva* the souldiers sister is;
Calling, and falling, and cutting,
And slashing of wounds Sir,
With turning, and burning, of Towns, are
High steps unto a States mans throne.

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,
And his Tun shall o'er flow the Town;
Or give a Cobler sword and State,
And a Tinker shall trapan the State,
Such fortunate Foes as these be,
Turned the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby*;
Father and Mother, and Sister
And Brother confounded,

With

With many good families wounded
By a terrible turn of State;
Such plentiful power the ſword has,
And ſo little of late the word has;
He that can kill a man,
Thunder, and plunder preciſely;
It's he is the man that does wiſely,
And may climbe to a Chair of State.

It is the ſword that doth order all,
Makes Peaſants riſe, and Princes fall;
All Syllogiſms in vain are ſpilt
No Logick like a basket hilt:
It handles 'um joint by joint Sir,
And doth nimbly come to the point Sir,
Thrilling, and drilling,
And killing, and ſpilling profoundly,
Untill the deſpiter on ground lye,
And hath ne'er a word to ſay,
Unleſs it be Quarter, Quarter;
Truth confuted by a Carter,
Whipping, and ſtripping,
And ripping, and ſtripping Evaſions
Doth conquer the power of perſwaſions,
Ariſtotle has loſt the day.

The Gown and Chain cannot compare
With Red-coat and his Bandeliers
The Muſquets gave Saint *Pauls* the lurch,

And

And beat the canons from the Church,
The pious Episcopal Gown too;
Taro, Tantaro, Tantaro,
Tantaro, the trumpet
Hath blown away *Babylons* strumpet,
And Cathedrals begin to truck,
Your Councellors are struck dumb too;
Dub a dub, dub a dub,
Dub a dub dub, an alarum,
Each Corporal now can out-dare'um,
Learned *Littleton* now goes to rack.

Then since the Sword so bright doth shine
Let's leave our Wenches and our Wine;
We'll follow Fate where ere she runs,
And turn our pots and pipes to guns;
The bottles shall be Granadoes,
We will march about like bravadoes,
Huffing, and Puffing,
And snuffing, and calling the Spaniard,
Whose brows have been dyed in a tann-yard;
Well-got fame is a Warriors wife,
The Drawer shall be a Drummer,
We'll be Generals all next summer,
Pointing, and jointing,
And hilting and tilting like brave boys;
We shall have gold or a grave boys,
There's an end of a Souldiers life.

A merry Song.

OF all the Crafts that I do know,
That in the Earth may be,
Threshing is one of the weariest trades
That belongs to husbandry.

Upon a time there was a poor man,
I swear by sweet Saint *Ann*,
And he had a wife and seven children,
And other goods had he none.

As he was a walking on the way,
Hard by a Forrest side,
There met him the divel, that Grisly Ghost,
This poor man to abide.

All hail, all hail, then quoth the divel,
I am glad to have met with thee;
What is thy business in this Country
Thou goest so hastily?

I have a wife and seven children, quoth the poor (man,
And other goods have I none,
And I am to the Market going
To fetch them something home.

Wilt thou be my ſervant, quoth the divel,
And ſerve me for ſeven year,
And thou ſhalt have cattel and corn enough,
And all things at thy deſire.

What ſhall be my office, quoth the poor man?
I am loth to bear any blame;
Thou ſhalt bring a beaſt unto this Forreſt,
That I cannot tell his name.

If thou doſt not bring me ſuch a beaſt,
The name that I cannot tell,
Then both thy body and thy ſoul
Shall go with me to hell.

Indentures and Covenants were made anon,
And ſealed by and by;
The poor man he to the market went
So faſt as he could high.

And when that he came home again,
Corn and Cattel he had anon:
O this was ſome Lord, then quoth the Poor man,
For to believe upon.

His neighbours dwelling round about,
They marvelled very much:
They thought he had either robb'd or ſtole,
He was become ſo rich.

But

But when the seven years was near expir'd,
And almost at an end,
He made his moan unto his wife
Which was his own dear freind.

What aile you, what aile you, husband, quoth she,
What ailes you so sad to be?
You had wont to be one of the mertiest men
In all the whole Country.

I have made a bargain, quoth the poor man,
I am loth to bear the blame:
I must carry the divel a beast to the Forrest
That he cannot tell his name.

If I don't carry him such a beast,
The name that he cannot tell,
Then both my body and my soul
Must go with him to hell.

Lie still, lie still then, quoth the good Wife,
Lie still and sleep a while,
And I will bethink me of a thing,
We will the devil beguil.

Buy Feathers and Lime, then quoth the good wife,
Such as men catch birds in,
And I will put off all my cloaths,
And roul them over my skin.

He wrapt his wife in Feathers and Lime,
Till no place of her was bare,
He tied a ſtring about her hams,
And led her for chapmens ware.

He led her backwards of all four,
Till he came to the Forreſt ſide,
There met he the divel, that griſly Ghoſt,
This poor man to abide,

I have brought thee the beaſt, then quoth the poor (man,
Thy bargain thou canſt not forſake:
The devil ſtood as ſtill as any ſtone,
And his heart began to quake.

What beaſt haſt thou brought me, quoth the divel,
His cheeks they are ſo round?
I thought there had not been any ſuch beaſt
Brought up in all this ground.

I have looked Eaſt, I have looked Weſt,
I have looked over *Lincoln* and *Lyn*,
But of all the beaſts that ever I ſaw
I never ſaw one ſo grim.

Where is the mouth of this ſame beaſt?
His breath is wondrous ſtrong.
A little below, quoth the poor man,
His mouth ſtands all along.

That

That is a mad mouth, then quoth the divel,
It has neither cheeks nor chin,
Nay has but one eye in his head,
And his ſight is wondrous dim.

If his mouth had ſtood but overthwart,
As it ſtands all a-length,
I would have thought it ſome Whale fiſh
Was taken by ſome mans ſtrength.

How many more haſt thou, quoth the divel,
How many more of this kind?
I have ſeven more, then quoth the poor man,
But I left them all behind.

If thou haſt ſeven more of theſe beaſts,
The truth to thee I tell,
Thou haſt beaſts enough to ſcare both me,
And all the devils in hell.

Here take thy Indentures and Covenants too,
I'll have nothing to do with thee;
The poor man he went home with his wife,
And they lived full merrily.

On Drinking, out of Anacrion.

THe thirſty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The Plants ſuck in the Earth, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The ſea it ſelf, (which one would think
Should have but little need to drink,)
Drinks ten thouſand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the cup.
The buſie Sun, as one would gueſs
By's drunken fiery face, no leſs
Drinks up the ſea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drinks up the Sun.
They drink, and dance by their own light,
They drink and Revel all the night;
Nothing in Nature's ſober found
But an eternall health goes round:
Fill up the boale, and fill it high,
Fill all the glaſſes here: for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Thou man of moralls, tell me why.

The Married Estate, or Advice to Batchelors and Maids.

TO freind and to foe
To all that I know
That to marriage estate do prepare;
Remember your days
In severall ways
Are troubled with sorrow and care:
For he that doth look
In the married mans book,
And read but his *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a sum
Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer:
In the pastimes of love,
When their labours do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The woman must have, or be sick.
There's *Item* set down,
For a loose-bodied Gown,
In her longing you must not deceive her;
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,

For a Whisk, a ſcarf, or a Beaver,
Deliver'd and well,
Who is't cannot tell,
Thus while the Childe lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for wine,
And Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to ſweeten their Tipple:
There's *Item* I hope,
For water and ſope,
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
For better for worſe,
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
The Babe to dreſs and to dandle.
When ſwadled in lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Corral with Bells,
Which cuſtom compells,
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle;
With twenty odd knacks,
Which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy pleaſure bewray thee:
But this is the ſport,
In Country and Court,
Then let not theſe paſtimes betray thee.

The

The Fashions.

THe Turk in Linnen wraps his head,
The Persian he's in Lawn too;
The Rush with sable furs his Cap,
And change will not be drawn to;
The Spaniard constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all the Felts that may be felt
Give me the English Beaver.

The German loves the Cony-Wool,
The Irish man his shag too;
Some love the rough, and some the smooth;
The Welsh his Monmouth use to Wear,
And of the same will brag too;
Some loves the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great and others small things:
But O the liquorish English man
He loves to deal in all things.

The Rush drinks quaff, Dutch Rubrick beer,
And that is strong and mighty;
The Brittain he *Metheglin* quaffs,
The Irish *Aqua Vitæ*;
The French affects the *Orlian* Grape,
The Spaniard takes his Sherry,

The

The Engliſh none of theſe can ſhape,
But with them all make merry,

The Italian in his High Chippin,
Scotch Laſs, and comely Fro too;
The Spaniſh Don a French Maddam
He will not fear to go to;
Nothing ſo full of hazard, dread,
Nought lives above the Center:
No health, no faſhion, wine, nor wench
Your Engliſh dare not venter.

On Tobacco.

TObacco that is withered quite
Grown in the morning, cut down at night,
Shews thy decay,
All fleſh is hay;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the ſmoak aſcends on high,
Think all thou ſeeſt is Vanity
Of earthly ſtuff,
Blown with a puff;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the Pipes be foul'd within,
Behold the ſoul defil'd with ſin,

To

To Purge with fire
He doth require;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

As for the aſhes left behind,
They fitly ſerve to put's in mind,
That unto duſt
Return we muſt;
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The Tinker of Turvey.

THere was a Jovial Tinker
Dwelt in the Town of *Turvey*,
And he could patch a Kettle well,
Though his humours were but ſcurvy;
Still would he ſing, tarra ring, tarra ring Tinke,
Room for a Jovial Tinker,
He'll ſtop one hole and make two,
Is not this a Jovial Tinker?

He was as good a fellow
As Snug, which mov'd much laughter;
You'd hardly think how in his drink,
He would beat his wife and daughter;
Still would he ſing, *&c.*

He

He walks about the Country,
With Pike-ſtaff, and with Butchet,
Drunk as a Rat, you'd hardly wot
That drinking ſo he could trudge it;
Still would he ſing, *&c.*

There's none of his profeſſion,
That hath ſuch skill in mettle,
For he could mend the frying-pan,
The Skillet or the Kettle;
Still would he ſing, *&c.*

To toſs the Jolly tankard,
The black pot and the pitcher,
No Ale or beer to him was dear,
To make his noſe the richer,
Still would he, *&c.*

He'd tink betime i'th' morning
Before the break of day,
For drinking dry he was willing,
To the Ale-houſe he went his way;
Still would he, *&c.*

He knockt ſo roundly at the door,
Which made them all to waken:
Who's there, quoth the maid? it's I, he ſaid;
It's the Tinker foul, I'll take him;
Still would he ſing, tarra ring, tarra ring Tinke,

Room

Room for a Jovial Tinker,
He'll ſtop one hole, and make two,
Is not this a Jovial Tinker?

Nonſence.

NOw Gentlemen, if you will hear
Strange news, as I ſhall tell you,
Where ere you go, both far and near,
You may boldly ſay 'tis true.

When *Charing*-Croſs was a little boy,
He was ſent to *Rumford* to buy ſwine;
His mother made cheeſe, he drank the whay,
He never lov'd ſtrong beer, Ale, nor wine.

When all the things in *England* died,
That very year fell ſuch a chance,
That *Salisbury* plain would on horſeback ride,
And Paris Garden carry the news to *France*.

When all the Laywers they did Plead
All for love, and nought for gain;
Then 'twas a Joyful world indeed,
The blew bore of *Dover* fetcht apples out of *Spain*.

When Landlords let their farms cheap,
Becauſe their tenant paid ſo dear;

The

The man in the Moon made *Christmas* Pyes,
And bid the seven stars to eat good chear.

Without a Broker or Cony-catcher
Pauls Church-yard was never free;
Then was my Lord Mayor a house thatcher,
Which was a wondrous sight to see.

When *Basingstoke* did swim on the Thames,
And swore all thieves to be Just and true;
The Sumners and Bayliffs were honest men,
And Pease and Bacon that year it snew.

When every man had a quiet wife,
That never could once scold or chide;
Tom Tinker of *Turvey*, to end all strife,
Roasted a Pig in a blue Cows hide.

A Catch.

THe Hunt is up,
The hunt is up,
And now it is almost day,
And he that's abed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away.

An old Souldier of the Queens.

OF an old Souldier of the Queens,
With an old motly coat, and a maumsie nose,
And an old Jerkin that's out at the elbows,
And an old pair of boots, drawn on without hose
Stuft with raggs instead of toes;
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

With an old rusty sword that's hackt with blows,
And an old dagger to scare away the crows,
And an old horse that reels as he goes,
And an old saddle that no man knows,
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old souldier.

With his old wounds in Eighty Eight,
Which he recover'd, at *Tilbury* fight;
With an old Pasport that never was read,
That in his old travels stood him in great stead;
And an old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier.

With his old Gun, and his Bandeliers,
And an old head-piece to keep warm his ears,
With an old shirt is grown to wrack,

With

With a huge Louſe, With a great lift on his back,
Is able to carry a Pedler and his Pack;
And an old ſouldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old ſouldier.

With an old Quean to lie by his ſide,
That in old time had been pockifi'd;
He's now rid to *Bohemia* to fight with his foes,
And he ſwears by his Valour he'll have better cloaths
Or elſe he'll loſe legs, arms, fingers, and toes,
And he'll come again, when no man knows;
And an old ſouldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old ſouldier.

Advice to Bachelours.

IF thou wilt know how to chuſe a ſhrew,
Come liſten unto me,
I'll tell you the ſigns, and the very very lines
Of Loves Phyſiognomy.

If her hair be brown, with a flaxen crown,
And grac'd with a nutmeg hue,
Both day and night, ſhe's beſt for delight,
And her colour everlaſting true.

If her forehead be high, with a rolling eye,
And lips that will ſweetly melt:

The thing below is better you know,
Although it be oftner felt.

If her hair be red, ſhe'll ſport in the bed,
But take heed of the danger though:
For if ſhe carry fire in her upper attire,
What a divel doth ſhe carry below?

If her hair be yellow, ſhe'll tempt each fellow;
In the *Immanuel* Colledge:
For ſhe that doth follow the colour of *Apollo*,
May be like him in zeal and knowledge.

If ſhe be pale, and a Virgin ſtale,
Inclin'd to the ſickneſs green:
Some raw fruit give her, to open her liver,
Her ſtomack, and the thing between.

If her Noſe be long, and ſharp as her Tongue,
Take heed of a deſperate maid:
For ſhe that will ſwagger with an incurable dagger
With ſtab and a killing betray'd.

If her face and her neck have here and there a ſpeck,
Ne'er ſtick, but ſtraight you go ſtride her:
For it hath been try'd and never denied,
Such fleſh ne'er fails the Rider.

If none of these thy fancy will please,
Go seek thy complexion store,
And take for thy saint a Lady that will paint,
Such beauties thou maist adore.

If beauty do write in her face red and white,
And *Cupid* his flowers there breed,
It Pleaseth the eye, but the rose will dye,
As soon as it runs to seed.

Fond Love.

Come my delicate bonny sweet Betty,
Let's dally a while in the shade,
Where the Sun by degrees shines through the trees,
And the wind blows through the Glade;
Where *Telons* her Lover is graced,
And richly adorned w th green,
And the amorous boy with her mother did toy,
And the Uncan never was seen;
There we may enjoy modest pleasure,
As kissing and merry discourse,
And never controul a modest sweet soul,
For love is a thing of great force.

The green grass shall be thy Pillow
To comfort thy spherical head,
And my arms shall enjoin my love so divine,

And

And the earth ſhall be thy bed;
Thy mantle of faireſt flowers,
My coat ſhall thy coverled be,
And the whiſtling wind ſhall ſing to our mind,
O dainty ſweet Lullaby.

Old *Eolus* ſhall be thy Rocker,
With his gentle murmuring noiſe,
And loves mirtle tree ſhall thy Canopy be;
And the birds harmonious voice
Shall bring us into a ſweet ſlumber,
While I in thy boſome do reſt,
And give thee ſuch bliſs by that, and by ——
As by poetry can't be expreſt.

While thy cherry cheek pleaſeth in touching,
And in ſmelling her oderous breath;
Her beauty in my ſight, and her voice my delight,
Oh my ſweets are caſt beneath;
Thus raviſhed with the contentment
In more than a lover expreſt,
And think when I am here, I am in a ſphear,
And more than immortally bleſt.

And thus with my mutual coying
My love doth me ſweetly embrace;
With my hands in her hair, and her fingers ſo rare,
And her playing with my face,
We reapt the moſt happy contentment

That ever two Lovers did find;
What women did ſee but my Love and me,
Would ſay, that we uſe to be kind.

Grinning Honour.

NAy prithee don't fly me, but ſit thee down by (me,
For I cannot endure the man that's demure,
A pox on your Worſhips and Sirs;
Your conjeys and trips,
With your legs and your lips,
Your Madams and Lords,
With ſuch finical words,
With a complement you bring,
Which concerneth no thing
You may keep for the Gown and the furs.
For at the beginning, *&c.*——

Theſe titles of Honours were at firſt in the Donours,
And not to the thing unto which they do cling,
If the ſoul be too narrow that wears them,
No delight can I ſee
In the thing called degree:
Honeſt Dick ſounds as well
As the name with an L.
And that with titles doth ſwell,
And ſounds like a ſpell
To affright mortals ears when they hear them;

He

He that wears a brave ſoul and dares honeſtly do,
He's a Herald to himſelf, and a God-father too.

Why then ſhould we doat on one with a fools coat on,
Whoſe Coffers are cram'd, but yet he'll be dam'd
E'er he do a good Act, or a wiſe one;
What reaſon hath he
To be ruler o'er me,
Who's a Lord in a cheſt:
But his head and his breaſt
Are as empty and bare,
And but puſt up with aire,
And can neither aſſiſt nor adviſe one;
Honour's but Air, and proud fleſh but duſt is,
It's we Commons make the Lords, as the Clarks
(make the Juſtice.
But ſince we muſt be of a different degree,
Cauſe moſt do aſpire to be greater and higher
Than the reſt of our fellows and brothers:
He that hath ſuch a ſpirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his brain, wealth, and's blood
For his Countries good,
And make himſelf fit
By his Valour and his wit
For things above the reach of all others:
Honour's a prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not, it's a Bag, and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me be but quiet and free,
I'll drink ſack and obey, and let great ones bear ſway
Who ſpend their whole time but in thinking;
I'll ne'er trouble my pate
With the ſecrets of State;
The news books I'll burn all:
And with the diurnall
Light Tobacco, and admit
That they are ſo far fit
As to ſerve good company in drinking:
All the name I deſire, is an honeſt good fellow,
Let's drink good Canary untill we grow mellow.

The Hunting.

A Fox, a fox, up Gallants to the field,
Liſt to the merry cry that ſweetnes yields;
Joves high-bred boy rides mounted on a Tun;
Selenia makes his laſie Aſs to run
In perſuit of the chace,
With which may none compare,
Neither for four miles race,
Nor hunting of the hare.
Joyn Muſick to the Cry, that hollow rocks
May eccho forth the hunting of the Fox.

The Fox hath loſt the field and left the Town,
And up your barly hill ſhowrs up and down,

With

With fear infore'd, weak Reynold ſeems to daunt
The courage of the warlike Elephant;
But hark, the Horns do blow,
And all the huntſmen ſhout;
There goes the Game, I know,
But Tickler drives him out;
Joyn Muſick, *&c.*

Ride, ride, St. *George*, he's ſtole into the buſh,
Old ſwag-pot makes him ſtraight from thence to (ruſh;
Then creeps into the vine, and there doth earth;
O heavenly cry, exceeding earthly mirth!
Hark Youland, and Pottle,
Old Guſquin, and Rainsbolt,
But hark how *Pim* doth Tattle
Now he's got to the hole;
Joyn Muſick, *&c.*

The Fox quite ſpent, about the Town he reels,
And now in view he's followed at the heels;
Then climbs the tree, that climbing was his fall,
And to that fall came in the Huntſmen all:
Then Sug, and foot, ſwilback,
Cavil, and ſpeckled Dyer,
Toſs, ſwagger, and Spendall
Tug him through dirt and mire; (rocks
Now Joyn our horn and voices all, that hollow
May eccho forth the hunting of the Fox.

A Song.

AH, ah, come ſee what's here!
Young *Rufus* drawing near,
With his thoughts, and his eyes,
And his elevated cries;
Take heed how you come near,
For in a rapture his weak ſtature
Mounts above the Moon;
And being there, doth ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwear there is no room
To contain his old brain in the skies,
But he'll go down below,
And he'll know if it be ſo,
Whether all the wild boyes,
Having ſpent their mad daies,
Goes when ſuch men dies.

But he finds no comfort there,
Back again to the man in the air;
He catches at the Moon,
And pulls off the ſhepherds ſhoone,
And leaves his ten toes bare;
Now the Youth grows mad,
The Moon-man, that was ſad,
Starts up as wild as he,
With frowning angry look,

Stood

Stood kirding with his hook,
And demands what he might be:
He did reply, I will fly round the Globe;
Then make way Earth and Sea,
He'll not ſtay for to Play;
Conſent with him importune;
He fears an evil Fortune,
All his delight's abroad.

A Droll.

LEt dogs and divels die;
Let Wits and Money fly;
Let the ſlaves of the earth
Be abortive in their birth
Well or Ill come, what care I;
For I will roar, I will drink, I will whore,
I ſpend nought but my own:
Let ſlaves of the world be ſuddenly hurl'd,
Or with a whirlwind blown,
In and out, round about, hey boyes, hey:
Let us ſing, let us laugh;
Let us drink, let us quaff;
See the world is ſliding,
Here is no abiding,
Our life's but a Hollyday.

The Jealous Husband.

A Young man that's in love with one that's wed,
Which of his ſweet heart hath a Jealous head;
Hath hatched a furious beaſt,
For Jealouſie takes no reſt.

It is a mad frenzy that broiles in the brain,
It fumes in the ſtomack, and filleth the vein:
The handmaids that upon it do wait,
Is fear, ſuſpition, and hate.

The ſmoak of Tobacco it troubleth the brain,
It makes a man giddy, and quiet again:
If once he cry, ſtand away, puff,
He taketh all kindneſs in ſnuff.

He holds it a ſcorn the trueneſs of love,
But woe to the woman that's forced to prove,
At home, and in every place,
She lives in a pitiful caſe.

If he do but miſs her out of his ſight,
He rangeth about like a wandring ſpright:
And though ſhe be within the houſe,
He hunts her as a Cat doth a Mouſe.

If any be with her, O how his heart akes!
He fickles, he tickles, he trembles, he quakes;
But if ſhe be all alone,
He ſneaks away like a mome.

If ſhe be abroad, and not to be found,
He hunts, and he ſcents, like a bloud-hound;
If he her conſort doth diſtaſte,
O how the poor fool is agaſt!

At feaſts. and at meetings, O how he will pry.
He'll wink and nod. and obſerve her eye;
His mops and mows he will ſhape,
Like an old Paris- Garden Ape.

If any do kiſs her, or kindly her uſe,
O how it doth vex him, and make him to muſe!
And plague him with ſuch a ſmart,
As gripeth his very heart.

Perhaps he will flatter, and make excuſe,
Diſſembling his folly, which might her abuſe;
And ſeemingly ſhews himſelf kind,
When Jealouſie ſticks in his mind.

I'll tell you his vertues, to hold on my Rime,
No fool is kinder for a fit or a time;
He flatters, he kiſſes, he ſwears,
It is out of love that he bears.

If this be true love, I would have no ſuch;
I'll rather wiſh no love than thus over much;
For thus a fond jealous Elfe
Diſquiets his wife and himſelf.

I wonder what pleaſure he findeth thereby,
To find his own torment that hidden may lye,
And frets like a canker in heart,
And breeds his continual ſmart.

He pouts, he lowrs, he looks like a Cur,
He'll chide, he'll brawl, he'll keep a foul ſtir,
And ſwear he will ſlit her face,
Before he'll endure diſgrace.

He ruffles, he ſhuffles, he frets and fumes,
He Puffs, and ſnuffs, and ſets up his plumes;
And though the fool have no hurt
He'll call for a Conſtable blurt.

He fretteth, he ſwelleth, he ſpoyleth his diet;
He ſtormeth, he rageth, he is ſeldom quiet,
He waſtes away like droſs,
When none but himſelf is his Croſs.

He mumbles, and grumbles, poor ſilly man,
He whineth, he pineth, he looks pale and wan;
And when he perceives he muſt die
He cries, out upon Jealouſie, fie.

I'd rather be a Cuckold, than be ſo poſſeſt
With ſuch a foul ſpirit that never gives reſt,
That when the Coxcomb ſhould ſleep,
Like a boy, he will play at bopeep.

Beſides the great ſcandal Jealouſie bears,
All men will deride him even to his ears,
And boys in the ſtreet as he goes
Will point with finger at noſe.

He that's a Wittal doth live at more eaſe,
He knows the worſt; and doth himſelf pleaſe:
But he that's a Cuckold known,
May ſwear it's no fault of his own.

A wife that's abus'd, if ſhe would not tell,
May work out a charm to fill his night ſpell,
Much better to pleaſe his mind
And ſerve a fool in his kind.

She is now his equal, his fleſh and his mate,
And none but the devil would work their debate:
For being of two made one,
It is fit he ſhould let her alone.

And yet to conclude, though this be a curſe,
A woman that's Jealous is twenty times worſe:
For ſhe, like a cackling hen,
Will giggle it out to all men.

Womens delight.

THere dwelt a maid in the Cunny-gate,
And ſhe was wondrous fair,
And ſhe would have an old man
Was overgrown with hair;
And ever ſhe cry'd, O turn,
O turn thee unto me,
Thou haſt the thing I have not,
A little above the knee.

He bought her a Gown of green,
Became her wondrous well:
And ſhe bought him a long ſword
To hang down by his heel;
And ever ſhe cry'd, *&c.*

He bought her a Pair of ſheers
To hang by her ſide:
And ſhe bought him a winding-ſheet
Againſt the day he dy'd;
And ever ſhe cry'd, *&c.*

He bought her a Gown, a Gown,
Imbroider'd all with gold:
And ſhe gave him a night-cap
To keep him from the cold,
And ever ſhe cry'd, *&c.*

He bought her a Gown, a Gown,
Imbroider'd all with red:
And ſhe gave him a pair of horns
to wear upon his head;
And ever ſhe cry'd, turn,
O turn thee unto me,
Thou haſt the thing I have not
A little above the knee.

The Drunkard.

THe ſpring is coming on, and our ſpirits begin
To return to their places merrily home,
And every man is bound to lay in a good
Brewing of bloud for the year to come.

They are Cowards that make it of clarified whay,
Or drink, with the ſwine, of the Juice of grains;
Let me have the raſie Canary to play,
And the ſparkling Rheniſh to dance in my veins,

Let Dotards go preach, that our lives are but ſhort,
And tell us much wine doth quick death invite:
But we'll be reveng'd before hand, and for't
We'll croud a lives mirth in the ſpace of a night.

Then ſtand we about with our glaſſes full crown'd,
Till every thing elſe to our poſtures do grow,

Till our cups, and our heads, and the houſe go round,
And the Sellar become where the Chamber is now.

Come fill us ſome wine, we'll a ſacrifice bring,
This night full of ſack to the health of our K——
Till we baffle the ſtars, and the Sun fetch about,
And tipple, and tipple, and tipple, a rout.

Whoſe firſt riſing raies that is ſhewn from his throne
Shall daſh upon faces as red as his own,
And wonder that Mortals can fuddle away
As much wine in a night as he water i'th' day.

In Praiſe of Chocolate.

DOctors lay by your irkeſome books:
And all the petty-fogging Rooks
Leave quacking, and enucleate
The vertues of our Chocolate.

Let th' univerſall medicine
(Made up of dead-mens bones and skin)
Be henceforth illegitimate,
And yield to ſoveraign Chocolate.

Let bawdy-baths be us'd no more,
Nor ſmoaky-ſtoves, but by the whore

Of *Babylon*, ſince happy fate
Hath bleſſed us with Chocolate.

Let old *Puncieus* greaze his ſhooes
With his mock-Balſome, and abuſe
No more the world: but meditate
The excellence of Chocolate.

Let Doctor *Trig* (who ſo excells)
No longer trudge to weſtward wells;
For though that water expurgate,
It's but the dregs of Chocolate.

Let all the ParacelſianCrew,
Who can extract Chriſtian from Jew,
Or out of Monarchy or ſtate
Break all their Stills for Chocolate.

Tell us no more of weapon-ſalve,
But rather doom us to a grave,
For ſure our wounds will ulcerate
Unleſs they're waſht with Chocolate.

The thriving Saint, that will not come
Within a ſack-ſhops bouzing Room,
His ſpirits to exhilerate)
Drinks bowls(at home)of Chocolate.

His ſpouſe, when ſhe (brim-full of ſence)
Doth want her due benevolence,
And babes of grace would propagate,
Is alwaies ſipping Chocolate.

The roaring Crew of gallant ones,
Whoſe marrow rots within their bones,
Their bodies quickly regulate,
If once but ſous'd in Chocolate.

Young heirs, that have more Land than wit,
When once they do but taſte of it,
Will rather ſpend their whole Eſtate
Than weaned be from Chocolate.

The nut-brown Laſſes of the Land,
Whom Nature vail'd in face and hand,
Are quickly beauties of high rate,
By one ſmall draught of Chocolate.

Beſides, it ſaves the moneys loſt
Each day in patches, which did coſt
Them dear, untill of late
They found this heavenly Chocolate.

Nor need the women longer grieve,
Who ſpend their Oyl, yet not conceive:
But its a help immediate
If ſuch but lick of Chocolate

Consumptions too (be well assur'd)
Are no less soon than soundly cur'd
Excepting such as do relate
Unto the purse (by Chocolate.

May more: Its Virtue is so much,
That if a Lady get a touch,
Her grief it will extenuate,
If she but smell of Chocolate.

The feeble man, whom nature ties
To do his Mistris's drudgeries:
O how it will his mind elate,
If she allow him Chocolate.

It will make old women young and fresh,
Create new motions of the flesh,
And cause them long for you know what,
If they but taste of Chocolate.

There's ne'er a Common-Council man,
Whose life will reach unto a span,
Should he not well affect the state,
And first and last drink Chocolate.

Nor ne'er a Citizen's chaste wife
That ever shall prolong her life,
(Whilst open stands her postern gate)
Unless she drink of Chocolate.

Nor dos't the Levite any harm,
It keepeth his devotion warm;
And eke the hair upon his pate,
So long as he drinks Chocolate.

Both high and low, both rich and poor,
My Lord, my Lady, and his ——
With all the folks at *Billingsgate*,
Bow, bow your hams to Chocolate.

A Catch.

THere was an old man had an acre of land,
He sold it for five pound a,
He went to the Tavern and drank it all out,
Excepting half a crown a:
And as he came home he met with a wench,
And ask'd her whether she was willing
To go to the Tavern and spend eighteen pence,
And —— for the other odd shilling.

The Cavalier's Complaint.

COme *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I shall tell thee such a Tale
Will make thine ears to ring:

My

My Coyn is ſpent, my time is loſt,
And I this only Fruit can boaſt,
  That once I ſaw my King.

But this doth moſt afflict my mind;
I went to Court, in hope to find
Some of my friends in Place;
And walking there, I had a ſight
Of all the Crew: But, by this light,
  I hardly knew one face!

S'life of ſo many Noble Sparkes,
Who on their bodies bear the Markes
  Of their integrity,
And ſuffer'd Ruin of eſtate;
It was my damn'd unhappy Fate,
  That I not one could ſee!

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance, all along
  At *Truro*, and before;
And, I ſuppoſe the Place can ſhew
As few of thoſe, whom thou didſt know
  At *York*, or *Marſton-moore*.

But, truly, There are ſwarms of Thoſe,
Whoſe Chins are beardleſs, yet their Hoſe
  And Buttocks ſtill wear muffs;

Whilst the old rusty Cavaleer
Retires, or dares not once appear
For want of Coin, and Cuffs.

When none of these I could descry,
Who, better far deserv'd, than I
Calmly did reflect;
Old services, (by rule of state)
Like *Almanacks*, grow out of date,
What then can I expect?

Troth, in contempt of Fortunes frown,
I'll get me fairly out of town,
And, in a Cloyster pray,
That, since the Stars are yet unkind
To Royallists, the King may find
More faithfull friends than they.

An Eccho to the Cavaleers complaint.

I Marvel *Dick*, That having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The world, as thou hast done,
Thou should'st acquaint Me with a tale
As old as *Nestor*, and as stale
As that of Priest and Nun!

Are

Are We to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for fortunes ſport,
  Where Merits ſcarce appear:
For baſhfull Merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages and Cells;
  Alas! it dwells not there,

Deſert is nice in its Addreſs,
And Merit oftimes doth oppreſs
  Beyond what Guilt would do:
But they are ſure of there Demands,
That come to Court with Golden-hands
  And Brazen-faces too.

The King, they ſay, doth ſtill profeſs,
To give His Party ſome redreſs,
  And cheriſh Honeſty:
But his good wiſhes prove in vain,
Whoſe Service with His ſervants gain,
  Not alwaies doth agree.

All Princes (be they never ſo wiſe)
Are fain to ſee with others Eyes,
  But ſeldom hear at all:
And Courtiers find't their intereſt,
In Time to feather well their neſt,
  Providing for their Fall.

Our Comfort doth on Time depend;
Things, When they are at worſt, will mend:
And let us but reflect
On our Condition th' other day,
When none but Tyrants bore the ſway,
What did we then expect?

Mean while a calm retreat is beſt:
But diſcontent (if not ſuppreſt)
Will breed Diſloyalty.
This is the conſtant note I ſing,
I have been faithfull to the King,
And ſo ſhall ever be.

The Colcheſter Quaker.

ALL in the Land of *Eſſex*
Near *Cholcheſter* the zealous,
On the ſide of a bank,
Was play'd ſuch a prank,
As would make a ſtone-horſe Jealous,

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a ſtallion,
Now alas what hope,
Of converting the Pope,
When a quaker turns *Italian*?

Unto

Into our whole profeſſion,
A ſcandall 'twill be counted ,
When 'tis talk't with diſdain,
Amongſt the profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though the Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
E'er play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gamball,

Had thy fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſwoetned thy Gums
With Potrage of Plums,
Or profane minc'd-Pie hadſt ſwallow'd.

Roll'd up in wanton Swines fleſh,
The fiend might have crept into thee,
Then fulneſs of gut
Might have made thee rut,
And the Divel ſo have rid through thee.

But alas ,he had been feaſted
With a ſpiritual Collation,
By our frugal Mayer
Who can dine with a prayer,
And ſup with an Exhortation.

'Twas

Twas meer impulſe of ſpirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnall,
Filly-Foal, quoth he,
My bride thou ſhalt be;
Now how this is lawfull, learn all.

For if no reſpect of perſons
Be due' mongſt the ſons of *Adam*,
In a large extent
Then may it be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

Then without more Ceremony,
Nor Bonnet vail'd, nor kiſt her,
He took her by force
For better for worſe,
And he us'd her like a Siſter.

Now when in ſuch a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though I dare not ſay,
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome back-ſliding?

No ſurely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an inſurrection
Of the Carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never loſe perfection.

For

For so our * Masters teach us,
The intent being well directed;
Though the divel trapan
The Adamical man,
The Saint stands uninfected.

But yet a Pagan Jury
Still Judges what's intended,
Then say what we can,
Brother *Green's* outward man,
I fear, will be suspended.

And our adopted Sister
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we inroule
For a Saint; Filly Foal
Shall pass at least for a Martyr.

Now *Rome* that Spiritual *Sodom*
No longer is thy debter,
O *Colchester* now
Who's *Sodom*, but thou
Even according to the Letter?

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Naylor*;
For Brother *Green's* a Stallion.
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*.

* Hist. of *Jesuitism*.

The

The Character of a Mistris.

MY Mistris is a shittle-cock,
Compos'd of Cork and feather,
Each Battledore sets on her dock,
And bumps her on the leather:
But cast her off which way you Will,
She will requoile to another still, Fa, la, la, la, la, la.

My Mistris is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Cotten fine;
She is often struck against the wall,
And banded under-line,
But if you will her mind fulfill,
You must pop her in the hazard still, Fa, la, la.

My Mistris is a Nightingale
So sweetly she can sing,
She is as fair as Philomel,
The daughter of a King;
And in the darksome nights so thick
She loves to lean against a prick, Fa, la, la,

My Mistris is a Ship of war,
With shot discharged at her,
The Poope hath inferred many a scar
Even both by wind and water;

But

But as ſhe grapples, at the laſt
She drowns the man, pulls down her maſt, Fa, la, la.

My Miſtris is a Virginal,
And little coſt will ſtring her:
She's often rear'd againſt the wall
For every man to finger,
But to ſay truth, if you will her pleaſe
You muſt run diviſion on her keys, Fa, la, la.

My Miſtris is a Conny fine,
She's of the ſofteſt ſkin,
And if you pleaſe to open her,
The beſt part lies within,
And in her Conny-burrow may
Two Tumblers and a Ferrit play, Fa, la, la,

My Miſtris is the Moon ſo bright:
I wiſh that I could win her;
She never walks but in the night,
And bears a man within her,
Which on his back bears pricks and thorns,
And once a month ſhe brings him horns, Fa, la, la,

My Miſtris is a Tinder-box,
Would I had ſuch a one;
Her Steel endureth many a knock
Both by the flint and ſtone.

And

And if you ſtir the Tinder much,
The match will fire at every touch, Fa, la la.

My Miſtris is a Puritan,
She will not ſwear an oath,
But for to lye with any man,
She is not very loath;
Put pure to pure, and there's no ſin,
There's nothing loſt that enters in, Fa, la, la.

But why ſhould I my Miſtris call,
A ſhittle-cock or bawble,
A ſhip of war or Tennis-ball,
Which things be variable?
But to commend, I'll ſay no more,
My Miſtris is an arrant —— Fa, la, la, la, la, la,

Oliver *routing the Rump.*

WIll you hear a ſtrange thing, ne'er heard of (before,
A Ballad of news without any lyes:
The Parliament men are turn'd out of door,
And ſo is the Council of State likewiſe.

Brave *Oliver* came into th' Houſe like a ſpright,
His fiery looks made the Speaker dumbe:
You muſt be gone home, quoth he, by this light,
Do you mean to ſit here untill dooms-day come?

With

With that the Speaker lookt pale for fear,
As if he had been with the night mare rid,
Which made moſt men believe, that were there,
That he did even as the Alderman did.

For *Oliver* thought he were Doctor at law,
It ſeems he plaid the Phyſitian there:
Whoſe Phyſick ſo wrought in the Speakers maw,
That it gave him a ſtool inſtead of a Chair.

Sir *Arthur* thought *Oliver* wondrous bold,
Hoping there to make ſome ſtir:
But in the mean time, take this from me,
Sir *Arthur* muſt yield to brave *Oliver*.

Harry Martin wondred to ſee ſuch a thing
Done by a Saint of ſo high degree:
An Act he did not expect from a King,
Much leſs from ſuch a dry-bone as he.

But *Oliver*, laying hands ou his ſword,
Upbraids him with adultery:
Then *Martin* gave him never a word,
But humbly thank'd his Majeſty.

Much wit he had ſhewed if that he had dar'd,
But ſilent he was for fear of ſome knocks:
Quoth he, if I get you within my ward,
I may chance to ſend you out with a Pox.

Allen

Allen the Copper-ſmith was in great fear,
He had done as much hurt ſince the war began:
A broken Citizen many a year,
And now he's a broken Parliament-man:

But *Oliver* told him what he had been,
And him a cheating Knave did call,
Which put him into a fit of the ſpleen,
For now he muſt give an account of all.

It went to the heart of Sir *Henry Vane*
To think what a terrible fall he ſhould have:
For he who did once in the Parliament raign
Was call'd as I hear, a diſſembling Knave.

Who gave him that name you may eaſily know,
'Twas one that ſtudied the art full well,
You may ſwear it was true, if he call'd him ſo,
And how to diſſemble I'm ſure he can tell.

Bradſhaw, the Preſident, proud as the Pope,
Who lov'd upon Kings and Princes to trample,
Now the Houſe is diſſolved, who cannot but hope
To ſee ſuch a Preſident made an example.

If I were one of the Council of ſtate,
I'll tell you what my vote ſhould be:
Upon his new Turret at *Weſtminſter*,
There to be hanged he ſhould be.

Then

Then room for the Speaker without his mace,
And room for the rest of the rabble-rout:
My Masters, is not this a pittifull case
Like the snuff of a candle thus to go out?

I cannot but wonder you should agree,
You that have been such brethren in evill,
A dissolution there needs must be,
When the Divel is divided against a Devil.

Some like this change, and some like it not;
Some say it was not done in due season;
Some say it was the Jesuites plot;
It so much resembles the Gunpowder treason.

Some think that *Crommel* and *Charles* are agreed,
And sure it were good policy if it were so,
Lest the Hollander, French, the Dane and the Swede
Should bring him in whether he will or no.

And now I would gladly conclude my song
With a prayer as Ballads use to do,
But yet I'll forbear, for I hope e'r't be long
We shall have the King and a Parliament too.

A Song of Nothing.

I'Le Sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'le tell you before-hand, you'l find Nothing in't,
On Nothing I think, and on Nothing I write;
'Tis Nothing I court, yet Nothing I slight,
Nor care I a Pin, if I get Nothing by't. (men,
Fire, Air, Earth, and water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and silly
Did start out of Nothing, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things shall turn into Nothing agen.
'Tis Nothing sometimes makes many things hit
As when fools among wise men do silently sit
A fool that says Nothing, may pass for a wit.
What one man loves is another mans loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a slow
And both do in the conclusion love Nothing. (thing,
Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing
And thinking with sighs to gain her & soothing,
Frequently makes much ado about Nothing,
At last when his pat'ence and purse is decay'd
He may to the bed of a Whore be betray'd;
But she that hath Nothing, must need be a maid.
Your slashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit
Doth start out of Nothing, but fancy and fit;
'Tis little or Nothing to what hath been writ,
When first by the ears we together did fall,

Then

Then something got Nothing, and Nothing got all;
From Nothing it came, and to Nothing it shall.
That party that seal'd to a cov'nant in haste,
Who made our 3 Kingdoms, and Churches lie waste;
Their project, and all came to Nothing at last.
They raised an Army of horse, and Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branches and Root;
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but Nothing would
The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing (do't.
In Presbyter *Jack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty New-Nothing.
And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the people by faithing and trothing;
At last he was catch't and all came to Nothing.
In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall;
I'le lay all to Nothing, that Nothing wins all.
When war, and rebellion, and plundering grows,
The Mendicant man is the freest from foes,
For he is most happy hath Nothing to lose.
Brave *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and Great *Al'xander*,
Whom Armies follow'd as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can say't tis an action of slander.
The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout (rout,
Though conquer the world, and give mankind a
Did bring Nothing in, nor shall bear Nothing out.
Old *Noll* that arose from High-thing to Low-thing,
By brewing rebellion, Nicking, and Frothing,
In sev'n years distance was all things, and Nothing.

Dick (*Olivers* Heir) that pitiful ſlow-thing,
Who was once inveſted with purple-cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that ſtands for Nothing.
If King-killers bold are excluded from bliſs,
Old *Bradſhaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been Nothing, than what now he is.
Blind Collonel *Hewſon*, that lately did crawl
To lofty degree, from a low Coblers ſtall,
Did bring Aul to Nothing, when Aul came to all.
Your Gallants that Rant it in dell'cate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pit'ful low-thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor, with Nothing.
The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When death doth arreſt him and bear him away,
At the Gen'ral Bar will have Nothing to ſay.
Whores that in ſilk were by Gallants embrac't;
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac't (laſt.
Thus Courting, and ſporting, comes to Nothing at
If any man tax me with weakneſs of wit
And ſay that on *N*othing, I nothing have writ,
I ſhall anſwer *ex nihilo nihil fit*.
Yet let his diſcreet one be never ſo tall,
This very word Nothing ſhall give it a fall,
For writing of *N*othing I comprehend all.
Let every man give the Poet his due,
'Cauſe then it was with him as now it's with you,
He ſtudi'd it when he had Nothing to doe.
This very word *N*othing if it took the right way

May prove advantagious for what would you ſay,
If the Vintner ſhould cry there is Nothing to pay.

A Catch.

B*Acchus*, I am come from the ſun-ſhine fell
To you, mad wags, the force of wine to tell,
And from thoſe Sack-butts, Preſt from grapes of (*Spain*
There's none ſhall taſte but I will taſte again.
Sack, Sack is the thing that makes the brain rumble,
It fools the wiſe, and makes the Gallant ſtumble.
Sack hath the power the ſenſe of man depriving,
O take heed then;
Sack keeps the wealthy man from thriving,
Fools then be wiſe.
He that in drink doth keep no mean
It makes him lean;
And he that reels,
See what he feels:
Now in foul dirt he proſtrate falls,
And picks mad quarrels with the walls;
Nor ſhall his drouzie ſenſe, that lies aſleep,
Be well recover'd in a night of ſleep.

A Catch.

BE not thou ſo fooliſh nice
As to be invited twice;
Why ſhould we men more incite
Than their own ſweet appetite?

Shall ſavage things more freedom have
Than nature unto women gave?
The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
Bill a while, and then take marrow;
They bill, they kiſs, what elſe they do,
Come bill and kiſs, and I'll ſhew you.

Pim's *Anarchy.*

ASke me no more, why there appears
Dayly ſuch troops of Dragooneers,
Since it was requiſite, you know,
They rob *cum privilegio.*

Aske me no more, why the Gule confines
Our Hierarchy of beſt Divines,
Since ſome in Parliament agree
'Tis for the ſubjects liberty.

Aske me no more, why from *Blackwall*
Great tumults come into *Whitehall*,
Since it was allowed, by free conſent,
The Priviledges of Parliament.

Aske me not, why to *London* comes
So many Muſquets, Pikes and Drums,
So that we fear They'll never ceaſe,
'Tis to Protect the Kingdoms peace.

Aske

Aske me no more, why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to winch,
Since ſuch as dare to hawk at Kings
Can eaſie clip a Finches wings.

Aske me no more, why *Strafford*'s dead,
And why they aim'd ſo at his head,
Faith, all the reaſon I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wiſe to live.

Aske me no more, where's all the plate,
Brought in at ſuch an eaſie rate,
They it back to the Owners ſoon will bring
In caſe it fall not to the King.

Aske me not, why the houſe delights
Not in our two wiſe Kentiſh Knights:
Their Counſel never was thought good,
Becauſe it was not underſtood.

Aske me no more, why *Laſey* goes
To ſeize all rich men as his foes,
Whilſt Country Farmers ſigh and ſob,
Yeomen may beg when Kings do rob.

Aske me no more, by what ſtrange ſight
Londons Lord Maior was made a Knight,
Since there's a ſtrength, not very far,
Hath as much power to make, as mar.

Aske me no more, why in this age
I sing so sharp without a cage:
My answer is, I need not fear,
Since *England* doth the burden bear.

Aske me no more, for I grow dull,
Why *Hotham* kept the Town of *Hull*;
This answer I in brief do sing,
All things were thus when *Pim* was K~~ing.~~

A Sessions of wit.

A Session was held the other day,
And *Apollo* was at it (they say:)
The Laurel, hath been so long perserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Therefore the Wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flock together;
Each, strongly confident of his own way,
That day thought to carry the Laurel away.

There was *Selden*, and he sate close to the Chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingworth* a little further.

There

There was *Lucans* Translator too, and he
That made God speak so big in's Poetry;
Selwin, and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the Brothers,
Jack Vaughan, and *Porter*, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly, he deserv'd the Bayes,
For his were call'd Works when others were call'd (Plaies.
Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errours that had lasted many an Age;
And he hoped they did not think the *Silent woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out-done by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which *Ben* turn'd about,
And in great choler offered to go out.

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit,
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
And made him mine Host of his *own new Inne*.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a *Laureat*;
His Muse was hide-bound, and the Issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

And all that were present there did agree
A Laureat Muse should be easie and free ; (Grace
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Consider'd he was well he had a cup-bearers place.

Will. Davenant ashamed of a foolish mischance,
That he had got lately traveling into *France*,
Modestly hoped the handsomness of's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And surely the company would have been content
If they could have found any precedent,
But in all there Records, either in *Verse* or *Prose*,
There was not one Laureat without a *Nose*.

To *Will Bartlet* sure all the Wits meant well,
But first they would see how his Snow would sell :
Will smil'd, and swore in their Judgments they went
That concluded of merit upon success. (less,

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave way to Selwin, who straight stept in ;
But, alas, he had been so lately a wit
That *Apollo* himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Mathews, (pox on him) what made he there ?
Was whispering nothing in some bodies eare ;
When he had the honour to be nam'd in Court,
But, Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carlisle* for't.

For

or had not her Character furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt,
You and the sorry Lady-Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In from the Court two or three come in,
And they brought Letters (forsooth) from the Queen:
'Twas discreetly done; for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

This made a dispute, for 'twas plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratifie the Queen:
But *Apollo* himself could not think it fit: (wit.
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling and

Suckling was next call'd but durst not appear,
But straight one whisper'd *Apollo* in the ear,
That of all men living he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport.

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial:
But wise *Apollo* asked him first of all,
If he understood his own *Pastoral*.

For

For if he could do't, 'twould plainly appeare
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the *Bayes* above all the rest,
But the *Monsieur* was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles, in the croud was hid
One that *Apollo* soon miss'd, little *Cid*:
And having spide him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.
Then *Murre* was summon'd, but it was urg'd, that he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales sate by himself, most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep such a coile;
Apollo had spide him, but knowing his mind,
Past by, and call'd *Faulkland*, that sate just behind.

But he was of late so grown with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though, to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.

At length, who but an *Alderman* did appear,
At which *Will Davenant* began to swear;
But wiser *Apollo* bade him draw nigher:
And when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declared, that it was the best sign
Of good store of Wit, to have good store of Coyn:

And

And, without a Syllable more or leſs ſaid,
He put the Laurel on the *Aldermans* head.

At this all the Wits were in ſuch a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not one in the Place
But had a diſcontent writ at large in his face.

Only the ſmall ones cheared up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But ſure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends to any Poet about the Town.

The way to wooe a zealous Lady.

I Came unto a Puritan to wooe,
And roughly did ſalute her with a kiſs;
She ſhov'd me from her when I came unto;
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this:
And as I her with amorous talk ſaluted,
My Articles with ſcripture ſhe confuted.

She told me that I was too much prophane,
And not devout neither in ſpeech nor geſture:
And I could not one word anſwer again,
Nor had not ſo much grace to call her Siſter;
For ever ſomething did offend her there,
Either my broad beard, hat, or my long hair.

My

My Band was broad, my 'Parrel was not plain,
My Points and Girdle made the greateſt ſhow;
My Sword was odious, and my Belt was vain,
My Spaniſh ſhoee was cut too broad at toe;
My Stockings light, my Garters ty'd too long,
My Gloves perfum'd, and had a ſcent too ſtrong.

I left my pure Miſtris for a ſpace,
And to a ſnip ſnap Barber ſtraight went I;
I cut my hair, and did my corps uncaſe
Of 'Parrels pride that did offend the eye;
My high crown'd Hat, my little beard alſo,
My pecked Band, my Shooes were ſharp at toe.

Gone was my Sword, my Belt was laid aſide,
And I transform'd both in looks and ſpeech;
My 'Parrel plain, my Cloak was void of pride,
My little Skirts, my metamorphoſ'd breech,
My Stockings black, my Garters were ty'd ſhorter,
My Gloves no ſcent; thus march'd I to her Porter.

The Porter ſpi'd me, and did lead me in,
Where his ſweet Miſtris reading was a chapter:
Peace to this houſe, and all that are therein,
Which holy words with admiration wrapt her;
And ever, as I came her ſomething nigh,
She, being divine, turn'd up the white of th' eye.

Quoth

Quoth I, dear ſiſter, and that lik'd her well;
I kiſt her, and did Paſs to ſome delight,
She, bluſhing, ſaid, that long-tail'd men would tell;
Quoth I I'll be as ſilent as the night;
And leſt the wicked now ſhould have a ſight
Of what we do, faith, I'll put out the light.

O do not ſwear, quoth ſhe, but put it out,
Becauſe that I would have you ſave your oath,
In truth, you ſhall but kiſs me without doubt;
In troth, quoth I, here will we reſt us both;
Swear you quoth ſhe, in troth? Had you not ſworn
I'd not have don't but took it in foul ſcorn.

The Apoſtate World.

GOod Lord what a paſs is this world brought to,
Moſt men have forgot to be honeſt and Juſt;
When ſhall one find a friend to be honeſt and true
That with his chief ſecret he only may truſt;
If thou hadſt abundance of money to ſpend,
Then every man will be accounted thy friend; (cay
Find one that will love you where wealth doth de-
You'd as ſoon find a needle in a bottle of hay.

True friendſhip is now adaies cunning and waining,
And every one learns to ſhift for himſelfe;
What man will not falſifie friendſhip for gaining,

And

And wrong his best friend for lucre of pelf?
There was once a time when a friend for a friend
Would ever be constant his life for to spend;
But he that will find such a friend at this day,
Had as good seek, *&c.*

There's many will hang on you while you have coyn
And swear they will venture their lives for your (sake
But to any task, if you them enjoyn,
They'll swear and protest they'll it undertake,
But if by mishap you be brought to a Pinch, (inch,
Though they promise an ell, 'twill scarce prove an
But find out a friend that will do and not say,
You'd as soon find, *&c.*

For in this age one dare not trust one another,
For love is not known, but extremity shews,
For one Brother dares hardly trust another
With any thing but what he cares not who knows;
If thou hast not money nor means of thine own,
In thine extremity true friendship is known;
If thou livest in debt, find one that will good say,
You'd as soon find, *&c.*

There's many a Lawyer will promise his Client
To finish his business in the next Term;
To finger your money he'll shew himself plient,
And vows that nothing but truth he'll explain;
And thus he will feed you with hopes to do well,
When

When he means as falſe as the divel of hell;
Find one that will finiſh your Suit in a day,
You'd as ſoon find, *&c.*

And thus you may ſee what an intricate matter
It is to find truth in a World of deceit;
It is counted but complement to face and to flatter
And politick wiſdom to cozen and cheat;
Plain dealing is a Jewel, but he that doth uſe it,
They ſay, dies a beggar, therefore men refuſe it;
Find one that will deal upright, nay, good Sir ſtay,
And firſt find a needle in a bottle of hay.

Luſt deſcribed.

WAlking abroad in a morning,
Where *Venus* her ſelf was adorning;
I heard a bird ſing to welcome the Spring,
Their muſick ſo ſweetly according.

I liſtened unto them,
Me thoughts a voice did ſummon;
I ſpide an old whore, and a luſty young rogue
Together as they ſate a wooing.

She tickled him under the ſides
To make their courage coming;
She hoyſted her thighs, and ſhe twinkled her eyes;
Twas a dainty fine curious old woman.

If *Venus* and *Mars* so stout
Had joyned together in battle,
There could not have been more claps & more bang
For he made her old buttocks to rattle.

She gave him a lift for his thrust,
And catcht him as he was a coming;
And ever she cry'd, you lusty young rogue
Will you murder a poor old woman?

She found that his spirits were spent,
And that he was no more a coming,
She gave him five shillings to make a recruit,
And was not this a fine lusty old woman?

Eighty Eight.

IN Eighty Eight, e'er I was born,
As I can well remember,
In *August* was a Fleet of *Spain*,
A month before *September*.

Lisbona, civill *Portingal*,
Toledo, and *Germado*,
They all did meet, and made a Fleet,
And call'd it the *Armado*.

They came with great provision,
As Muttons, Beef and Bacon;
Some said, some Ships were full of Whips,
But I think they were mistaken.

There was a little man in *Spain*,
He shot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a Wight
As the Knight of the Sun a.

They had ten men to one of ours,
And yet to do more harm a,
They said they would not come alone,
But with the Prince of *Parma*.

King *Philip* made him General,
And bid him not to stay a,
But to destroy both man and boy,
And so to come away a.

When they had sail'd along the seas,
And anchor'd before *Dover*,
Our English men did boord them then,
And cast the Rascals over.

At *Tilbury* there lay the Queen,
What would you more desire?
For whose sweet sake Sir *Francis Drake*
Did set them all on fire.

They ran away about *England*,
About *Scotland* alſo a,
Till they came to the Iriſh coaſts,
Where they had many a blow a.

The Iriſh man did ding them then
And one man ſlew threeſcore a,
And had they not then run away,
They ſurely had ſlain more a.

Then let them never brag nor boaſt,
For if they come again a
They had beſt take heed, leſt that they ſpeed
As they did they know when a.

Loves Follie.

NAy out upon this fooling for ſhame
Nay Piſh, nay fie, in faith you are to blame;
Nay come, this fooling muſt not be;
Nay piſh, nay fie, you tickle me.

Nay out upon't in faith I dare not do't;
I'll bite, I'll ſcratch, I'll ſqueak, I'll cry out;
Nay come, this fooling muſt not be;
Nay piſh, nay fie, you tickle me.

Your Buttons ſcratch me, you ruffle my band,
You hurt my thighs, Pray take away your hand;
The door ſtands ope that all may ſee,
Nay piſh, nay fie, you tickle me.

When you and I ſhall meet in a place
Both together face to face,
I'll not cry out, nay you ſhall ſee,
Nay piſh, nay fie, you tickle me,

But now I ſee my words are but vain,
For I have done, why ſhould I complain?
Nay to't again, the way is free,
Since it's no more, pray tickle me.

A Song.

IF every woman were ſerv'd in her kind,
And every man had his due deſert,
The rooms in Bridewel would be well lin'd,
And a Coach could not paſs the ſtreets for a Cart;
Yet I am a little vex'd at the heart,
And fain I would have my grief to be known,
The Punck would have me to play a kind part,
And to father a child that is none of mine own:

Full ſeventeen months I croſt the ſeas,
Mean time I was croſt as much on the land,

For all this while ſhe ſate at her eaſe,
And had her companions at her command;
There was never a Gallant but gave her his hand,
And ſaid, it was pitty ſhe ſhould lie alone,
And now they would have me ſubſcribe to a bond,
And to father a child, *&c.*

Let every father take care For his Child,
And ſeek to provide for the Mother and that;
Although I am a Buck, I am not ſo wild
To naile up my horns for another mans hat;
I'll never grieve, but let it paſs,
Since 'tis my fortune to be overthrown,
Although I am an Oxe, I'll ne'er be an Aſs
To father a child, *&c.*

A man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another mans child to nurſe,
And hoodwinke his Barn with ignorance,
But he that's a Wittall is ten times worſe;
And he that knows his croſs and his curſe,
And ſtill will be led by a Strumpets moan,
May ſit and ſell horns at *Brittains* Burſe;
And father a child, *&c.*

And if you will be my Judge,
Is not that man wondrous baſe,
To be another mans ſlave and his drudge,
And ſell all his credit for diſgrace;

Nor

Nor was I ever ſprung from that race,
To call that my ſeed another hath ſown;
Nor I'll never look King *Charles* in the face,
If I father a child that's none of my own.

The Fire on London *Bridge*, &c.

SOme Chriſtian people all give ear,
Unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
The which it hapned thus.

And eke there befell an accident,
By fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to Saw chips his ſharp Axe lent,
Woe worth the time may *Lon.*——

May *London* ſay, woe worth the Carpenter,
And all ſuch *block*-head fools,
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jeſting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a ſpark,
Which *put out* in ſuch flames,
That it was known into *Southwark*,
Which lives beyond the *Thames*.

For *Loe* the Bridge was wondrous *high*
With water underneath,
O'er which as many *fishes* fly,
As *birds* therein do breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,
Not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
It *fell down* not with *standing*.

And eke into the water fell,
So many Pewter dishes,
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both *boyld* and *roasted* Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of *London* Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *All* by fire *Half* burnt down,
For being too contumptuous.

And thus you have *all*, but *half* my song,
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have *cool'd* you with the *Fire*,
I'll *warm* you with the *Water*.

I'll tell you what the Rivers name is,
Where these children did slide-a,
It was fair *Londons* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both time and *Tide-a*.

All

All on the tenth of *January*,
  To the wonder of much People
'Twas frozen o'er that *well* 'twould bear,
  Almoſt a Country Steeple.

Three children ſliding thereabouts
  Upon a place *too thin*,
That ſo at laſt it did *fall out*,
  That they did all *fall in*.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
  And with the King great wager makes:
But when he ſaw he could not win,
  He ſigh't, and would have drawn ſtakes.

He ſaid it would bear a man for to ſlide,
  And laid a hundred pound;
The King ſaid it would break, and ſo it did,
  For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his *Should*——
  Ers ſtricken, whoſe name was *John*,
Who then cryd' out as loud as he could,
  O Lon-a, Lon-a, London.

Oh! tut -tut turn from thy ſinful race,
  Thus did his ſpeech decay:
I wonder that in ſuch a caſe,
  He had no more to ſay.

And

And thus being drown'd, *alack, alack,*
The water ran down there throats,
And ſtopt their breaths three hours by the Clock,
Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that *children have,*
And ye that have none yet;
Preſerve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to ſit.

For had theſe at a Sermon been,
Or elſe upon dry ground,
Why then I would never have been ſeen,
If that they had been *drown'd.*

Even as a Huntſman ties his dogs,
For fear they ſhould go from him,
So tye your children with ſeverities clogs,
Untye-'um and you'l *undo'um.*

God bleſs our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bleſs *all* th' *Commons* of this Land,
And God bleſs *ſome* o'th' *Peers.*

A Catch.

COme my *Daphne*, come away,
We do waſte the Chriſtal day;
'Tis *Strephon* calls: What would my Love?
Come follow to the Mirtle Grove,
Where *Venus* ſhall Prepare
New Chaplets for thy hair.
Were I ſhut up within a tree,
I'd rent the bark to follow thee;
My ſhepheard make haſte,
The Minutes fly too faſt.

In thoſe cooler ſhades will I,
Blind as *Cupid*, kiſs thine eye;
On thy boſome there I'll ſtray,
In that warm ſnow who would not loſe their way;
We'll laugh, and leave the World behind;
The Gods themſelves that ſee,
Shall envie thee and me
And never find ſuch joys
When they embrace a Deity.

The Beggar, a Catch.

CAſt your Caps and cares away,
This is the Beggars holliday;
At the crowning of our King
Thus we dance, and thus we ſing;
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our peace and reſt,
To the Field we are not preſt,
Nor be raiſed in the Town
To be troubled with a Gown.

In this world behold and ſee,
Where's ſo happy a King as he?
Where's the Nation lives ſo free,
Or ſo merry as do we?
Hang up the Officers we cry,
And your Maſters we defie;
When the Subſidy daies encreas'd
We are not a penny ſeas'd;
Nor will any go to law
With the Beggar for a ſtraw:
All which happineſs, he brags
He doth owe unto his rags.

The

The Scotch War.

WHen first the Scottish War began (& Pike,
The English man, we did trapan, with pellit
The bonny blythe and cunning Scot (like;
Had then a plot, which they did not well smell, it's
Although he could neither write nor read,
Yet our General *Lashly* cross'd the *Tweed*
With his gay gangh, of Blew-caps all,
Along we marcht with our General:
We took *New-Castle* in a trice,
But we thought it had been paradice,
They did look, all so bonny and gay,
Till we took all, their Pillage away.

Then did we streight to plundering fall (day;
Of great & small, for we were all most Valiant that
And *Jinny* in a' Satten Gown, the best in the Town,
From heel to Crown was gallant and gay;
Our silks and sweets made such a smother,
Next day we knew not one another:
For *Iockie* did never so shine,
And *Iinny* was never so fine;
A geud faith a gat a ged Beaver then,
But it's beat into a blew-cap agen
By a Red-coat, that did still cry, Rag,
And a red snowt a the Deel aw the Crag.

The

The Engliſh raiſed an Army ſtreight (well;
With mickle ſtate, & we did wait to face them as
Then every valiant muſquet-man put fire in pan,
And we began to lace them as well;
But before the ſparks were made a Cole
They did every man pay for his Pole;
Then their bought land we lent them agen,
Into *Scotland* we went with our men;
We were paid by all, both Peaſant and Prince,
But I think we have ſoundly paid for it ſince,
For our Silver is wafted, Sir, all,
And our Silks hang in *Weſtminſter* Hall.

The godly Presbyterian, that holy man,
The war began with Biſhop and King,
Where we like waiters at a Feaſt, (thing,
But not the leaſt of all the gueſt, muſt diſh up the
We did take a Covenant to pull down
The Croſs, the Croſier, and the Crown,
With the Rochet the Biſhop did bear,
And the Smock that his Chaplain did wear:
But now the Covenant's gone to wrack,
They ſay, it looks like an old Almanack,
For *Iockie* is grown out of date,
And *Ienny* is thrown out of late.

I muſt confeſs the holy firk did only work
Upon our Kirk for ſilver and meat,
Which made us come with aw our broods,

Venter

Venter our bloods for aw your goods, to pilfer and (cheat;
But we ſee what covetouſneſs doth bring,
For we loſt our ſelves when we ſold our King;
And alack now and welly we cry,
Our backs mow and bellies muſt dye;
We fought for food, and not vain-glory,
And ſo there's an end of a Scottiſh mans ſtory;
I curſe all your Silver and Gold,
Aw the worſt tale that ever was told.

The Zealous Puritan.

MY Bretheren all attend,
And liſt to my relation:
This is the day mark what I ſay,
Tends to your renovation;
Stay not among the Wicked,
Leſt that with them you periſh,
But let us to *New-England* go,
And the Pagan People cheriſh;
Then for the truths ſake come along, come along,
Leave this place of Superſtition:
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,
You would ſink into Perdition.

There you may teach our hymns
Without the Laws controulment:
We need not fear the Biſhops there,

No

Nor Spiritual-Courts inroulment ;
Nay, the Surplice ſhall not fright us,
Nor ſuperſtitious blindneſs ;
Nor ſcandals riſe when we diſguiſe,
And our Siſters kiſs in kindneſs ;
Then for the truths ſake, *&c.*

For Company I fear not,
There goes my Coſin *Hannah* ;
And *Ruben*, ſo perſwades to go
My Coſin *Joyce*, *Suſanna*,
With *Abigal* and *Faith*,
And *Ruth*, no doubt, comes after ;
And *Sarah* kind, will not ſtay behind,
My Coſin *Conſtance* Daughter ;
Then for the truth, *&c.*

Now *Tom Tyler* is prepared,
And the Smith as black as a coal ;
Ralph Cobler too with us will go,
For he regards his ſoul ;
And the Weaver, honeſt *Simon*,
With *Prudence*, *Iacobs* Daughter,
And *Sarah*, ſhe, and *Barbary*
Profeſſeth to come after ;
Then for the truth, *&c.*

When we, that are elected,
Arrive in that fair Country,

Even

Even by our faith, as the Brethren ſaith,
We will not fear our entry;
The Pſalms ſhall be our Muſick,
And our time ſpent in expounding,
Which in our zeal we will reveal
To the brethrens joy abounding;
Then for the truths ſake, *&c.*

A merry Song.

COme let us drink, the time invites,
Winter and cold weather,
For to paſs away long nights,
And to keep good Wits together;
Better far than Cards or dice,
Or *Iſaacs* ball, that quaint device,
Made up of fan and feather.

Of great actions on the ſeas
We will ne'er be Jealous;
Give us liquor that will pleaſe,
And 'twill make us braver fellows
Than the bold Venetian Fleet
When the Turks and they do meet
Within the Dardanellows.

Mahomet was no Divine,
But a ſenſeleſs Widgeon,
To forbid the uſe of wine
Unto thoſe of his religion:
Falling ſickneſs was his ſhame,
And his throne will have the ſame
For all his whiſpering pigeon.

Sack is the Princes only guard,
If he dare but try it:
No deſigns were ever hard
Where the Subjects uſe to ply it;
And three Conſtables, at moſt,
Are enough to quell an hoſt
That ſo diſturbs our quiet.

Vallencbyn, that famous Town,
Stands the French mans wonder,
Water it inclos'd to drown,
And to cut the Troops aſunder;
Turain caſt a helpleſs look,
Whilſt the crafty Spaniard took
La Ferte and his plunder.

Therefore water we diſdain,
Mankinds adverſary,
Once it made the Worlds whole frame
In the Deluge to miſcarry:
Nay the enemy of joy,

Seeks

Seeks with envy to destroy,
And murder good Canary.

See the Squibs, and hear the Bells
The fifth day of *November*,
The Preacher a sad story tells,
And with horror doth remember,
How some dry-brain'd Traitor wrought
Plots that might have ruine brought
On King and every member.

We that drink have no such thoughts,
Black and void of reason,
We take care to fill our Vaults
With good wine for every season:
And with many a chearfull cup
We blow one another up,
And that's our only treason.

Philiday and Coridon.

In the merry month of *May*,
On a morn' by break of day,
Forth I walk the wayes so wide,
Whenas *May* was in her pride.
There I spide all alone,
Philiday and *Coridon*.

Much ado there was I wot,
He could love, but ſhe could not,
His love he ſaid was ever true,
Nor was mine e're falſe to you.
He ſaid he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid love ſhould do no wrong.
Coridon would kiſs her then,
She ſaid maids muſt kiſs no men:
Till they kiſs for good and all,
Then ſhe made the ſhepherds call
All the Gods to witneſs ſouth,
Ne'er was lov'd a fairer youth.
Then with many a pretty Oath,
As yea, and nay, and faith and troath,
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe
When they will not love abuſe.
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with Kiſſes ſweet concluded.
And *Phillida* with Garlands gay
Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

On the Preface to Gondibert.

ROom for the beſt Poets heroick,
If you'l believe two Wits and a Stoick;
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Eneidos*,
All muſt give place to the *Gondibertiados*.

For

For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a just Pique,
Because one writ in Latin the other in Greek;
Besides an old grudge (our Critic ks they say so)
With *Ovid*, because his Sirname was *Naso*:
If Fiction the fame of a Poet thus raises,
What Poets are you that have writ his praises;
But we justly quarrel at this our defeat,
You give us a stomach, he gives us no meat.
A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no house:
Here is the Mountain, but where is the Mouse;
But, Oh, *America* must breed up the Brat
From whence 'twill return a *West-Indy* Rat.
For *Will* to *Virginia* is gone from among us
With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundungus*.

The Wedding.

I'LL tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O things beyond compare!
Such sights as these cannot be found
In any part of English ground,
Be it at Wake or Faire.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, did sell our hay,
There is a house with staires;

Where I did ſee them coming down
Such folk as are not in the Town,
Forty at leaſt in paires.

One of them was peſtilent fine,
His beard no bigger though than mine,
Walk'd on before the reſt:
Our Landlord look'd like nothing to him,
The King, God bleſs him, 'twould undo him
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have there been taken out
By all the maids of the Town;
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what, the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
But by your leave, for all your haſte
He did not wiſh ſo much all paſt,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby lies a tale,
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon-Ale
Could ever yet produce;

No

No Grape, that's kindly ripe, can be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her fingers were ſo ſmall, the ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck;
And to ſay truth, for out it muſt,
It lookt like a great Collar juſt
About our young colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice, ſtole in and out,
As If they fear'd the light:
But O ſhe dances ſuch a way,
No Sun upon an Eaſter day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice
She would not do't in ſight;
And then ſhe lookt, as who would ſay,
I will do what I liſt to day,
And you ſhall do't at night,

Her cheeks ſo fair a white was on,
As none darſt make compariſon,
Who ſees them is undon;

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catharine Pear
That ſide that's next the Sun.

Her mouth ſo ſmall, when ſhe doth ſpeak,
Thou dſt ſwear her teeth her words do break
That they might paſſage get;
But O ſhe handles ſo the matter,
They come as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpoyl'd one whit.

Her lips ſo red, and one ſo thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some Bee had ſtung it newly;
But *Dick*, her eyes ſo grac'd her face
I durſt no more upon her Gaze
Than on the *Sun* in *July*.

If wiſhing had been any ſin
The Parſons ſelf had guilty been;
She look'd that day ſo purely;
And did the Youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoyl'd him ſurely.

Paſſion, oh me how I run on,
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow beſide the Bride:

The

The business of the Kitchin great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
  Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
  His summons did obey;
Each serving-man with dish in hand
March't boldly up like our Train-band,
  Presented, and away.

Now hats fly off and Youths carrouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house,
  The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
  And who could help it *Dick*!

O'th' sudden, up they rise and dance,
Then sit again, and sigh and glance,
  Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several waies the time did pass,
While every woman wish'd her Place,
  And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stollen aside
To counsell and undress the Bride,
  But that he must not know;

But

But it was thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, *Dick*, there she lay,
Like new-faln snow, melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part;
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
God b'wy with all my heart.

But just as heavens would have, to Cross it,
In came the Bridemaids with the posset,
The Bridegroome eat in spight:
Or had he lett the women to't,
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do,
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nel*.

A Song.

HOw happy is the priſoner who conquers his fate
With ſilence, & ne'er on bad fortune complains,
But careleſly plaies with his keyes on the grate,
And makes a ſweet conſort with them & his chains;
He drowns care with Sack, when his heart is oppreſt,
And makes his heart float like a Cork in his breſt.

Chor. Then ſince we are all ſlaves who Iſlanders be,
And our land is a large Priſon enclos'd with the ſea,
We'll drink off the Ocean, and ſet our ſelves free,
For man is the Worlds Epitomie.

Let tyrants wear Purple, deep dy'd in the blood
Of thoſe they have ſlain, their Scepter to ſway;
If our conſciences be clear, and our titles be good
To the rags that hang on us, we are richer than they;
We drink up at night what we can beg or can borrow,
And ſleep without plotting for more the next mor-
(row
Come Drawer, fill each man a pint of Canary,
This brimmer ſhall bid all our ſences good night;
When old *Ariſtotle* was frolick and merry,
With the Juyce of the Grape he turn'd ſtagarite;
Copernicus once in a drunken fit found (round.
By the courſe of his brains that the world went

'Tis

'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to ſhine,
And gives us a beauty beyond complexions maſque;
Diogenes fell ſo in love with his wine
That when 'twas all out he dwelt in the Cask:
He liv'd by the ſcent in that cloſe wainſcoat room,
And dying, requeſted the tub for his Tombe.

Though the Uſurer watch o'er his bags and his houſe,
To keep that from robbers he rackt from his debtors;
Each midnight cries thieves at the noiſe of a mouſe,
Then looks if his bags are faſt bound in their fetters;
When once he's grown rich enough for a ſtate-plot,
In one hour Buff plunders what threeſcore years got.

Let him never ſo privately muſter his gold,
His Angels will there intelligence be
How cloſe they are preſt in their Canvas hold,
And long that ſtate ſouldiers ſhould ſet them all free;
Let him pine and be hang'd we will merrily ſing,
Who hath nothing to loſe, may cry, God bleſs the (King.

Chor. Then ſince we are all ſlaves who Iſlanders be,
And our land a large priſon enclos'd with the ſea;
We'll drink off the Ocean, and ſet our ſelves free,
For man is the worlds Epitomie.

The Devil transformed.

I Met with the divel in the ſhape of a Ram,
I then over and over the ſowgelders ran;
I roſe, and I haltred him faſt by the horns,
I ſtabb'd him ſoftly, as you would pick out corns,
Nay, quoth the divel, with that out he ſlunk,
And left us the Carkaſs of a Mutton that ſtunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth ſome mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in diſguiſe of a Calf;
I bound him, and I gelt him ere he did any evill,
For he was at his beſt but a young ſucking divel;
Meaw yet he cry'd, and forth he did ſteal,
And this was ſold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in the ſhape of a Pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big,
I caught him by the leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man told forty twice I made him a hog;
Oh, quoth the divel, and gave ſuch a yerk,
That a Jew was converted and did eat of the Porke.

In womans attire I met him moſt fine,
At firſt ſight I thought him ſome Angel divine:
But viewing his crab-face I fell to my trade,
I made him forſwear ever acting a maide;

Meaw

Meaw, quoth the divel, and so ran away,
And hid him in a Fryers old weed, as they say.

I walked along, and it was my good chance
To meet with a Grey-coat that was in a trance,
I grip'd him then speedily, and I whipt off his Cods,
'Twixt his head and his breech I left little odds;
O quoth the divel, the hurt thou hast done
Thou still wilt be curst for by many a man.

Miseries of humane Life.

THE World's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span;
In his conception wretched from his wombe,
So to his tombe;
Curst from the Cradle, and brought up to years
With care and fears;
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
Limns but in water, or but writes in dust.

Now since with sorrow man lives here oppreſt,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial Schools
To dandle fools;
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men;
And where's a City from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three.

Domestick

Domestick cares afflict the husbands bed,
Or pains his head;
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse; (moan,
Some would have Children, those that have them
Or wish them gone;
What is it then to have, or ave no wife,
But single thraldome, or a double strife.

Our own affection still at home to please
Is a disease;
To cross the seas to any forraign soyl
Is dangerous toyl;
Wars with their noise affright us, when they cease
We are worse in peace;
What then remains, but that we still should cry,
Not to be born, or being born to dye.

A Cambridge Droll.

THE Procters are two and no more,
Then hang them that makes them three:
The Taverns are but foure,
I wish they were more for me,
Chor. For three merry boyes, and three merry boyes,
And three merry boyes are we.

We'll

We'll make, if our numbers mix,
The Muſes triple trine,
For two and four make ſix,
As all men do divine;
For two three and four makes nine.

The Myter no more ſhall ſink,
Though *Pym* himſelf were there,
For that were Popery to think
That Puritans dare come there,
For catholick Sack is there.

The Dolphins were numbered never,
As all men plainly ſee
For I am ſure for ever
The Dolphin ſhall ſwim free;
And that's enough for me.

The three tuns are forgot
When few do go to ſee;
But there's a tun behind
For him, for thee, and for me,
To make us frolick and free.

But if the Doctors droop
In whom our number dies,
As the Arches put us in hope
They are not like to riſe,
And wine ſhall make us wiſe.

The

The wise men they were seven,
I wish they were more for me,
The Muses they were nine,
The Worthies three times three,
And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes,
And three merry boyes are we.

Resolved not to part.

Man. MY Mistris, whom in heart I loved long,
Her unkind words, alas, have done me
Loe where she comes, I mean her love to try:(wrong
Oh stay a While and hear her kind reply.

My faithful friend, whom I esteem'd so deer,
Rejected is, and gone I know not where;
Forlorn I live, away all joyes are fled,
I lost my Love, alas, my heart is dead.

I will go sail into some Forraign Land,
To *France* or *Flanders* I'll go out of hand:
When I come there, to strangers I'll complain,
And say, my Love hath me unkindly slain.

Wo. If into *France* or *Flanders* you do go,
I'll not stay here, but follow thee also;
If false report abroad there thou dost tell,
I'll check thee for't, and say, thou didst not well.

Ma. Elſe to the Wilderneſs full faſt I'll high,
Among wild beaſts there I mean to dye,
Where Wolves, and Bears and other Creatures,
The Elephant and Unicorn with their odd features.

Wo. O ſtay at home, ſweet heart, and go not there,
For thoſe wild beaſts will thee in pieces tear;
If that I ſhould behold them ſuck thy blood (good.
Thou ſhouldſt have mine, ſweet heart, to do thee

Ma. I would I were all in the raging ſeas,
Or in ſome Bark to go even where it pleaſe,
Where comfort none, alas, is to be found,
And every hour in danger to be drown'd.

Ma. I would I were all in the lofty skies,
So far from ground as any Eagle flies,
For to fall down to eaſe me of my pain,
That I might die, but die to live again.

Wo. If in the lofty sky thou ſhould'ſt remain,
I'd ſoar ſo high, thy love for to obtain:
And like the Eagle keep thee from all harms,
That thou ſhouldſt fall in no place but mine arms.

Ma. Thus many wiſhes have I wiſht in vain,
But none of theſe can eaſe me of my pain;
This marſhall ponyard that ſhall end all grief,
Shall eaſe my heart that findeth no relief.

Wo.

Wo. O ſtay at home, good heart, let it not die,
Thy life I love, thy death I do defie:
Come live in love, and ſo thou'lt baniſh pain,
Take a good heart, and I will love again.

Ma. Go luſty lads, go you the Muſick fetch,
Your nimble legs and joynts you ſhall out-ſtretch;
While others dance and caper in the ſtreets,
We'll dance at home the ſhaking of the ſheets.

The Power of Money.

'TIS not the ſilver nor Gold for it ſelf,
That makes men adore it, but 'tis for its power:
For no man does doat upon pelf becauſe pelf,
But all Court the Lady in hope of her dower:
The wonders that now in our daies we behold,
Done by the irreſiſtible power of gold,
Our Zeal, and our Love, and Allegiance do hold.
This purchaſeth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, and (Crowns;
Wins battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;
Takes Bulwarks, and Caſtles, and Cities, & Towns,
And our prime Laws are writ in letters of Gold;
'Tis this that our Parliament calls and creates,
Turns Kings into keepers, and Kingdoms to States,
And peopledoms theſe into highdomes tranſlates.

This made our black Synod to sit still so long,
To make themselves rich, by making us poor;
This made our bold Army, so daring and strong,
And made them turn them, like Geese out of door;
'Twas this made our Covenant-makers to make it,
And this made our Priests for to make us to take it,
And this made both Makers and Takers forsake it.

'Twas this spawn'd the dunghil Crew of Committees and 'Strators,
Who live by picking the crockadile Parliaments gums
This first made, & then prospered rebels & traitors,
And made gentry of those that were the nations scums
This herald gives arms not for merit, but store
And gives coats to those that did sell coats before,
If their pockets be but lin'd well with argent & ore.

This, plots can devise, and discover what they are;
This, makes the great Fellons the lesser condemn;
This, sets those one the Bench, that should stand at the Bar,
Who judge such, as by right ought to execute them;
Gives the boysterous Clown his unsufferable pride,
Makes beggars, and fools, and Usurpers to ride,
Whiles ruin'd Propriators run by their side.

Stamp either the Arms of the —— or the ——
St. *George* or the Breeches, —— or *O. P.*
The Cross or the Fiddle, 'tis all the same thing;
This, still is the Queen whosoe'er the King be;

This,

This, lines our Religion, builds Doctrine and Truth,
With zeale and the Spirit the factious enduetb,
To club with Saint *Catharine*, or ſweet ſiſter *Ruth*.
(plead
'Tis money makes Lawyers give judgement, or
On this ſide, or that ſide, on both ſides or neither;
This makes young men Clerks that can ſcarce write
(or read,
And ſpawns arbitrary orders as various as the
(weather;
This makes your blew Lectures pray preach & prate,
Without reaſon or ſence againſt Church, King, or
(State,
To ſhrew the thin lining of his twice-covered pate.
(Eſquires
'Tis money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and
Without breeding, deſcent, wit, learning or merit;
This makes ropers, & ale-drapers, Sheriffs of ſhires,
Whoſe trade is not ſo low, nor ſo baſe as their ſpirit;
This Juſtices makes, and no wiſe one we know,
Furr'd Aldermen too, and Maiors alſo; (go.
This makes the old wife trot, and makes the mare to

This makes your blew aprons right worſhipfull;
And for this we ſtand bare, and before them do fall;
They leave their young heirs well fleec'd with wo)ll
Whom we muſt call Squires, and they pay all;
Who with beggarly ſouls, though their bodies be
(gawdy,

Court the pale chamber-maid, and nick-name her a (Lady,
And for want of good wit they do ſwear and talk (bawdy,
This, marriages makes, 'tis the Center of love,
It draws on the man, and it pricks up the woman,
Birth, Virtue, and parts no affection can move,
Whilſt this makes a Lord ſtoop to the Brat of a Broom man;
This gives virtue and beauty to the Laſſes that you
Makes women of all ſorts and ages to do; (wooe,
'Tis the ſoul of the world, and the worldling too.

This procures us whores, hawks, hounds, and hares;
'Tis this keeps your groom, and your groom keeps (your gelding;
This built Citizens wives as well as their wares:
And this makes your coy Lady ſo coming & yielding;
This buys us good Sack, which revives like the
'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring; (ſpring;
And this makes you as merry as we that do ſing.

On Gondibert.

I

AFter ſo many ſad miſhaps,
Of drinking, riming, and of claps,
I pitty moſt thy laſt relaps.

That

2.

That having past the souldiers pains,
The States-mens Arts, the sea-mens gains,
With *Gondibert*, to break thy brains.

3.

And so incessantly to ply it,
To sacrifice thy sleep, thy diet,
Thy business; and what's more our quiet.

4.

And all this stir to make a story,
Not much superiour to *John Dory*,
Which thus in brief I lay before ye.

5.

All in the land of *Lombardie*,
A Wight there was of Knights degree,
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

6

This *Gondibert* (as saies our Author)
Got the good will of the Kings daughter,
A shame, it seems, the divel ought her.

7.

So thus succeeded his Disaster,
Being sure of the Daughter of his Master,
He chang'd his Princes for a Playster.

8.

Of person he was not ungracious,
Grave in debate, in Fight audacious;
But in his Ale most pervicacious.

9

And this was cauſe of his ſad Fate,
For in a Drunken-ſtreet Debate
One night he got a broken Pate.

10.

Then being cur'd, he would not tarry,
But needs this ſimpling girle would marry
Of *Aſtragon* the Apothecary.

11.

To make the thing yet more Romancie,
Both wiſe and rich you may him fancie;
Yet he in both came ſhort of *Plancy*.

12.

And for the Damſel, he did wooe ſo,
To ſay the truth ſhe was but ſo-ſo,
Not much unlike her of *Toboſo*.

13

Her beauty, though 'twas not exceeding,
Yet what in Face and ſhape was needing,
She made it up in Parts and Breeding.

14.

Though all the Science ſhe was rich in
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:
Yet ſhe had knowledge more bewitching.

15.

For ſhe had learn'd her Fathers skill,
Both of the Alimbick and the Still,
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

But

16

But her Chief Talent was a Glister,
And such a hand to administer,
As on the Breech hath made no blister,

17.

So well she handled *Gondibert*,
That though she did not hurt that part,
She made a blister on his heart.

18.

Into the Garden of her Father:
Garden, said I; or Back-side rather,
One night she went a Rose to gather.

19

The Knight he was not far behind,
Full soon he had her in the wind;
(For Love can smell, though he be blind.)

20.

Her business she had finish'd scarcely,
When on a gentle bed of parsly
Full fair and soft he made her Arse-ly. { *Desunt Cætera.*

Canary Crowned.

COme let's purge our brains from hops & grains
That do smell of Anarchy;
Let's chuse a King from whose veins may spring
A sparkling Progeny;

It

It ill befits true wine-bred wits,
Whose flames are bright and clear,
To bind their hands in dray-mens bands,
When they might be clear;
Why should we droop or basely stoop
To popular Ale or Beer?

Who shall be King is now the thing
For which we all are met:
Clarret is a Prince that hath been long since
In the royal number set:
His face is spread with warlike red,
And so he loves to see men;
If he bears sway, his Subjects they
Shall be as good as freemen;
Yet here's the plot, almost forgot,
He is too much burnt by women.

By the river Rhine is a valiant wine
That can all our veins replenish,
Let us then consent to the goverment
Of the royal rule of Rhennish?
This German wine will warm the Chine,
And frisk in every vein;
'Twill make the bride forget to chide,
And call him to't again:
Yet that's not all, he is much too small
To be our Soveraign.

Why

Why then let's think of another drink,
And with votes advance it high:
Let's all proclaim good Canaries name,
Heavens bless his Majesty;
He's a King in every thing,
Whose nature doth renounce all ill:
He can make us skip, and nimbly trip
From the sealing to the groundsil,
Especially, when Poets be
Lords of the Privy Council.

But a Vintner he shall his Taster be,
There's no man shall him let;
And a Drawer, that have a good pallat
Shall be made Squire of the Gimlet;
The Bar-boyes shall be pages all,
A Tavern well prepar'd,
In jovial sort shall be the Court
Where nothing shall be spar'd;
Wine-Porters shall with shoulders tall
Be Yeomen of the Guard.

If a Cooper we with a red-nose see
In any part of the Town,
That Cooper shall, with Adds royal,
Be Keeper of the Crown;
Young Wits that wash away their Cash
In Wine and Recreation,

Who

Who hate dull Beer are welcome here
To give their approbation:
So are all you that will allow
Canaries Coronation.

Contentment.

WHat though the ill times do run croſs to ou
And fortune ſtill frown upon us, (will
Our hearts are our own, and ſhall be ſo ſtill,
A fig for the plagues they lay on us;
Let us take t'other Cup to chear our hearts up,
And let it be Pureſt Canary;
We'll ne'er ſhrink nor care at the Croſſes we bear,
Let them plague us untill they be weary.

What though we are made both beggars & ſlaves,
Let's endure it, and ſtoutly drink on't,
'Tis our comfort we ſuffer'cauſe we won't be knaves,
Redemption will come ere we think on't;
We muſt flatter and fear thoſe that over us are,
And make them believe that we love them,
When their tyranny is paſt, we can ſerve them at laſt,
As they have ſerved thoſe have been above them.

Let the Levites go preach for the Gooſe or the Pig,
To drink Wine at Chriſtmas or Eaſter:
The doctor may labour our lives to new trig,

And

nd make Nature fast while we feast her;
he Lawyer may bawl out his Lungs and his Gall
or Plaintiff, and for the Defendant,
t his Book the Scholar lie, while with *Plato* he die
ith an ugly hard word at the end on't.

hen here's to the man that delights in *solfa*,
or Sack is his only Rozin,
load of hey ho is not worth a ha ha,
e's a man for my money that draws in;
hen a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,
is better be blithe and frolick,
han sigh out our breath, and invite our own death
y the Gout, or the Stone, or the Collick.

The Power of the Sword.

AY by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Studies down, & throw away your
all power the Word has, & can afford us (reading;
ot halfe so many Priviledges as the Sword has:
fosters your masters, it plaisters disasters,
nd makes your servants, quickly greater than their
venters, it enters, it circles, it centers, (Masters;
id makes a Prentice free in spight of his Indentures.

his takes off tall things, and sets up small things,
his masters Money, though Money masters all
(things;
'Tis

'Tis not in ſeaſon to talk of Reaſon,
Or call it legal, when the Sword will have it treaſo
It conqners the Crown too, the Furs & the Gown to
This ſet up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him down to
This ſubtill Deceiver turn'd Bonnet to Beaver,
Down drops a Biſhop, and up ſtarts a Weaver.

This fits a lay-man to preach and to pray man,
'Tis this can make a Lord of him that was a dray
Forth from the dull pit of Follies full pit; (man
This brought an Hebrew Ironmonger to the Pulpit
Such pittiful things be more happier then Kings be
This got the Herauldry of Thimblebee & Slingsbee
No Goſpel can guide it, no Law can decide it,
In Church or State untill the Sword hath ſanctifi-
(i
Down goes the Law-tricks, for from that Matrix
Sprung holy *Hewſons* power, and tumbled down S
The ſword prevails ſo highly in *Wales* too, (*Patrick*
Shinkin ap Powel cries, and ſwears Cuts-plutter-nails
In *Scotland* this Waſter did make ſuch diſaſter, (too
They ſent their money back for which they ſold thei
Maſter
It batter'd ſo their *Dunkirks*, and did ſo the *Don* firke
That he is fled, and ſwears, the devil is in *Dunkirke*

He that can tower o'er him that is lower,
Would be but thought a fool to put away his powe

Ta

Take books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,
When as the Sword replies, *negatur argumentum*?
Your grand Colledge Butlers must stoop to your (sutlers,
There's not a Library living like the cutlers;
The bloud that is spilt, sir, hath gaind all the guilt, sir,
Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the (hilts Sir.

A Medly of Nations.

The Scots.

I Am a bonny *Scot*, Sir, my name is *mickle John*,
'Twas I was in the Plot, Sir, when first the war (begun:
I left the Court one thousand six hundred forty one,
But since the flight at *Woster*-fight we all are undone;
I serv'd my Lord & Master, when as he lig'd at home,
Our Cause did shrink, Gods bread, I think
The Deel's got in his room:
He no man fears, but stamps and stares
Through all Christendom.
I have travell'd mickle ground
Since I came from *Worcester* Pound,
I have gang'd a gallant round
Through all our neighbouring Nations,
And what their opinions are
Unto you I shall declare,

Of

Of the Scotch and English War,
And their approbations;
We were beaten Tag and Rag,
Foot and Leg, Wem and Crag;
Hark, I hear the Dutchmen brag,
And begin to bluster.

The Dutch.

GOds Sacrament, shall *Hogen mogen* States
strike down their Topsailes unto puny powers
Ten hundred tun of divels damn the fates
If all their ships and goods do not prove ours;
Since that bloudy wounds delight them,
Tantara rara let the Trumpet sound,
Let *Vantrump* go out and fight them,
Eldest states should first be crown'd
English *Schellums* fight not on Gods side.
But alas, they have given our Flemish Boats such (broad-side
That we shall be forced to retreat;
See the French-man cometh in compleat.

The French.

BEgar *Monsieur* 'Tis much in vain
For *Dutchland*, *France*, or *Spain*
To cross the *English* Nation;
They are now grown so strong,
The divel ere it be long

Mu

Must learn the English Tongue;
'Tis better that we should combine,
And sell them wine,
And learn of them to make a Lady fine;
We'll learn of them to trip and mince,
To kick and wince.
For by the Sword we never shall convince,
Since every Brewer there can beat a Prince.

The Spaniard.

WHat are the English so quarrelsome grown,
That they cannot of late let their Neighbours alone?
And shall a great and a Catholick King
Let his Scepter be controul'd by a Sword or a Sling?
Or, shall *Austria* endure
Such affronts for to be?
No, we'll tumble down their power,
As your shall *Senior* see.

The Welch.

T*Affie* was once a Cod-a-mighty of *Wales*,
But her Cosin *O.P.* was a Greature,
Come into her Country, Cods-splutter-anails,
Her take her welch-hook and her beat her;
Her eat up her Sheese, Turkey and Geese,
Her Pig and her Capon did die for't,

Ap *Robert*, ap *Evan*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Stephen*,
But *Shinkin* and *Powel* did flie for't.

The Irish.

OHone, O hone, poor *Irish Shon*
Must howl and cry:
Saint *Patrick* help thy Country-man,
Or faith and troth we dye;
The English still doth us pursue,
And we are forc'd to flee:
Saint *Patrick*, help we have no Saint but thee,
Let's cry no longer, *O hone, a Cram a Cree.*

The English.

A Crown, a Crown, make room.
The English man doth come,
Whose Valour is taller than all *Christendom*;
The *Spanish*, *French*, and *Dutch*, *Scots*, *Welch* and (*Irish* grutch,
We fear not, we care not, for we can deal with such;
When you did begin in a Civil War to waste,
Ye thought that our Tillage your Pillage should be (at last;
And when that we could not agree, you did think (to share our fall,
But ye do find it worse, ne'er stir, for we shall noose ye all.

A quarrel betwixt Tower-Hill *and* Tyburne.

I'LL tell you a Story that never was told,
A tale that hath both head and heel,
And though by no Recorder inroll'd,
I know you will find it as true as steel.

When General *Monck* was come to the Town,
A little time after the Rump had the rout,
When Royalty rose, and Rebellion fell down,
They say, that Tower-hill and Tyburn fell out.

Quoth terrible Tyburn to lofty tower-hill,
Thy longed-for days are come at last,
And now thou wilt dayly thy belly fulfill
With King-killers bloud whilst I must fast.

The High Court of Justice will come to the Bar:
There to be cooked and dressed for thee,
Whilst I, that live out of Town so far,
Must only be fed by Fellony.

If Treason be counted the foulest act,
And a dying be a Traitors due,
Then why should you all the glory exact?
You know, they are fitter for me than you.

He plaies, he toyes, he fain would do,
  But often times he misses;
He gives her Rings and such fine things
  A Fan and Muff and Night-hood:
But if you cheat a City pate,
  You must bait your hook with Knight-hood.

There is no Angler like a Wench
  Stark-naked in the water,
She'l make you leave both Trout and Tench
  And throw your self in after;
Your Hook and Line she will confine,
  Then tangled is the intangler,
And this I fear hath spoyl'd the ware
  Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'l Trowl for a *Scriv'ners* soul
  Cast in a rich young Gallant,
To take a *Courtier* by the pole,
  Though in a Golden Tallent:
But yet I fear the draught will ne'er
  Compound for half the charge an't,
But if you'l catch the Devil at a snatch
  You must bait him with a *Sergeant*.

Thus have I made my Anglers Trade
  To stand above defiance,
For like the Mathematick Art,
  It runs through every Science;

If

If with my Angling Song I can
  To Mirth and pleasure seize you,
I'le bait my hook with Wit again,
  And Angle still to please you.

Of the two Amorous Swains.

TOM and *Will* were Shepherds Swains
  Who lov'd and lived together,
Till fair *Pastora* grac'd the Plains,
  Alas! why came she thither:
Tom and *Will* fed several Flocks,
  Yet felt both one desire;
Pastora's Eyes and comely Locks
  Set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of a gentle race
  By Father and by Mother,
Will was noble, but alass
  He was a younger Brother!
Tom was toy-some, *Will* was sad,
  No Hunts-man nor no Fowler,
Tom was held the properer Lad,
  But *Will* the better Bowler.

Tom would drink her health and swear
  The Nation could not want her,
Will would take her by the Eare
  And with his Voice enchant her:

Tom kept alwaies in her ſight
And ne'er forgot his duty,
Will was witty and would write
Sweet *Sonnets* on her Beauty.

Yet which of them ſhe loved beſt,
Or whether ſhe lov'd either;
'Twas thought they found it to their coſt
That ſhe indeed lov'd neither:
Yet ſhe was ſo ſweet a ſhe
So pleaſing in behaviour,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefeſt in her favour.

Paſtora was a lovely Laſs
And of a comely feature,
Divinely good and fair ſhe was,
And kind to every Creature:
Of favour ſhe was provident:
And yet not over-ſparing,
She gave no looſe encouragment,
Yet kept men from deſpairing.

When tatling fame had made report
Of fair *Paſtora's* beauty,
Paſtora's ſent for to the Court,
For to perform her duty;
And to the Court *Paſtora's* gone,
It were no Court without her,

The

The Queen of all her Train had none
  Was half ſo fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and flung away
  His Sheep hook, and his Wallet;
Will broke his Pipes, and Curſt the day
  That ere he made a Ballet;
Their Nine-pins and their bowls they brake,
  Their Tunes were turn'd to Tears;
'Tis time for me an end to make,
  Let them go ſhake their Ears.

Sweet reſt in the Grave.

Wake all you dead what Ho what Ho (low;
  How ſoundly they ſleep whoſe Pillows lie
They mind not your lovers who walk above
On the decks of the world in ſtorms of Love,
  No whiſper now, no Glance can paſs
  Through wicks or through panes of Glaſs,
For our Windows and Doores are ſhut and Barr'd
Lie cloſe in the Church and in the Church yard,
  In every grave, make room, make room,
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.
The State is now, Loves foe, Loves foe,
Has ſeiz d on his Arms, his Quiver and Bowe,
Has pinion'd his Wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Becauſe he made way for Lovers to meet;

But oh ſad chance, his Judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold
No man being young, his Proceſs would draw,
Oh Heavens that Love ſhould be ſubject to Law,
Lovers go wooe the dead the dead!
Lie two in a grave, and to bed, to bed.

The Production of the Female Kind.

THere is a certain idle kind of Creature,
By a fooliſh name, we call a woman;
A pox upon this little old whore Nature;
That e're ſhe brought this Monſter to undo man;
Many have wondred how it came to paſs,
But mark, and I will tell you how it was:

When firſt ſhe brought forth man, her ſon and heir,
The Gods came all one day to goſſip with her,
Her husband, *Lenus*, proud to ſee them there,
Drank healths apace to bid them welcome thither,
Till drunk to bed he went, and in the fit
He got the ſecond child, this female Chit.

The Privy Council of the Heavens and Planets,
Whoſe wiſdom governs all Affairs on Earth,
Held many conſultations in their Senates
What ſhould become of this prodigious Birth,

At

At length agreed to give these strange formallities
As many strange and correspondent quallities.

Saturn, gave sullenness; *Jove*, soveraignity;
Mars, sudden wrath, and unappeased hate;
Sol, a garish look, and a wanton eye;
Venus, desires and Lusts insatieties;
Mercury, craft, and deep dissembling gave her;
Luna, inconstant thoughts, still apt to waver.

The Bow-*Goose*.

THe best of Poets write of Frogs,
Some of *Ulysses* charmed Hogs,
And some of Flies, and some of Dogs
In former Ages told:
Some of the silver Swan in Prose,
Though mine be not a Swan, what though?
It was a Goose was brought from *Bow*
To *Algate*.

As harmless, and as innocent
She was as those that with her went;
Nor do I think the watchmen meant
More sillier than She;
She gave them never a word at all,
But only rested on a stall,
And yet these Cannibals did fall.
About her.

But

But ſhe with ſilence there ſtood ſtill,
Till he perceived each mans bill,
Deſiring them not uſe them ill
That lookt ſo like them all:
Then they diſdaining, did begin
To bring us all into a gin,
And then the Conſtable came in,
And took us.

To him they ſtraight reveal'd the caſe,
And vow'd each man to quit his place,
If we were ſuffered to diſgrace
The Kings Lievtenant ſo:
And then the Ganders eminence
The Gooſe and us commanded thence,
And made us graduates commence
The Counter.

We thither went, but then my Gooſe,
Which pinion'd was before, got looſe,
For having her within a nooſe
What fear had they of her?
Then into every room we went,
And here and there our money ſpent
Untill the Conſtable had ſent
Next morning.

We ſummoned were for to appear
Before an Alderman, I ſwear,

That

That might have been that very year
Lord Maior for his wit:
He tooke our Gooſes caſe in hand,
And all things with ſuch Judgement ſcan'd,
That having done, we ſcarce could ſtand
For laughing.

For he did not only reprehend
Our follies, but did much commend
The Conſtable, his honeſt friend,
For his good ſervice done;
How is that noble City bleſt
With Officers above the reſt,
That now may add unto their Creſt
My Bow Gooſe?

But now, with grief, I'll tell you what,
My Gooſe that was before ſo fat,
That might have been accepted at
A Maior or Sheriffs own boord,
Grew lanck and lean, and ſtraight ſo ill,
That from her wings ſhe ſhed a Quill,
Deſiring me to write her Will,
Which I did.

Then thus my dying Gooſe began,
Unto the Reverend Alderman
I do bequeath my brain-ſick pan,
And all that it contains:

And

And Maſter Conſtable, to you
My empty head, which is your due;
My Bill I'll give the curſed crue
Your Watchmen.

I do bequeath my bodies trunk
Unto Good Fellows for the Rump,
Deſiring that it may be drunk
In Clarret and Canary:
I pray diſcharge your company
All ſuch as ſhall Recuſants be
To drink a health in memory
O'th' Bow-Gooſe.

My Giblets to the City Cook
That dwels not far from Paſty-nook,
That he unto my Corps may look,
And coffin't in a Cruſt;
My guts for Marſhal red-face ſave,
To hang about his neck ſo brave,
That on his Palfrey the proud Knave
May ſwagger.

And to my fellow priſoners all,
That now here are, or ever ſhall,
That come to lye within this wall,
I give my heavy heart;
My claws and pinions I do give
Unto the Serjeants and Sheriff,

To catch and pinion them that live
Indebted.

And furthermore, it is my will
The City Clerk ſhall have a quill
Such learned ſpeeches to write ſtill,
As his grave Lordſhip utters;
And likewiſe Miſtris Alderman
Shall have my tail to make a Fan;
My Legs I'll give the Gentleman
Her Uſher.

Becauſe my kindred of *Bridewel*
Such aſſes to the Cart compel
As occupy their Trades ſo well,
I do forbid them all,
That they preſume not for to come
Whereas my Dirges ſhall be ſung,
For I'll have wiſer in the room
Than they are.

The Beadle and the Bell-man I
Executors do make, thereby
Such legacies to ſatisfie
As I have here related;
And that all things perform'd may be,
This my laſt Will to overſee
I do ordain the Deputy
Of Duck-lane

There's

There's one thing more I do conceive,
Almost forgot, I do bequeath
My Tongue, which tatling cannot leave,
Unto the City Council,
That they may mediate a truce
Between the City and me their Goose,
Who wooes to be their constant Muse
For ever.

Write on my Tombe this Epitaph,
Whereat, I pray, let no man laugh:
Here lies a Goose that could not quaff,
And yet was a good Fellow;
The coursest of our kindred must
Return with me unto the dust,
And after me who shall be first
None knoweth.

Now let them in their Liveries call
The boys from every Hospitall
To sing my solemn funeral
With Dirges to my grave;
And when my Goose had uttered this
O then my Goose began to piss,
And sighing, with a harmeless hiss,
Departed.

News

News.

WHite Bears are lately come to Town,
That's no news;
And Cuckolds Dogs ſhall pull them down,
That's no news;
Ten Dozen of Capons ſold for a Crown,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Jackanapes at a Merchants door,
That's no news;
An Iriſh man in an Ale-houſe ſcore,
That's no news;
And *Graveſend* Barge without a Whore,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A fizling Cur in a Ladies lap,
That's no news;
A Feather to ſhake in a Fools cap,
That's no news;
A Lyon caught in a Mouſe Trap,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A younger Brother ſlow to thrive,
That's no news;
A Drone to rob the poor Bees hive,
That's no news;

A Parſons wife not apt to ſwive,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Taylor brisk in ſwaggering hoſe
That's no news;
A Frenchman ſtradling as he goes,
That's no news;
A Drunkard without a Copper noſe,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Dutchman to be dayly drunk,
That's no news;
A Captain to maintain a Punk.
That's no news;
A Wardrobe in an empty Trunk,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

To ſee two Ships at ſea to grapple,
That's no news;
To ſee a horſe that's all dapple,
That's no news;
To ſee a red noſe roaſt an apple,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Petty-fogger brib'd with fees,
That's no news;
A Welchman cramn'd with toaſted Cheeſe,
That's no news;

A Lad and a Lass in bed to freeze
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Sattin suit without a Page,
That's no news;
A rayling Poet o'er the Stage,
That's no news;
A rich man honest in this Age,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Lawyer to turn hypocrite,
Tha'ts no news;
A Serjeant to arrest a Knight,
That's no news;
A Court without a Parasite,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

Before my news be overslipt,
That's no news,
I wish all Knaves from *London* Shipt,
That's no news,
And all the whores in *Bridewell* whipt,
Hey ho, that's news indeed.

A Discourse between a Sea-man and a Land-Souldier.

We Sea-men are the honest boys,
We fear no storms, nor Rocks-a,
Whose Musick is their Cannons noise,
Whose sporting is with Knocks-a.

Mars hath no Children of his own,
But we that fight by Land-a
Land-Souldiers Kingdoms up have thrown,
Yet they unshaken stand-a.

'Tis brave to see a tall Ship sail
With all her trim geer on her,
As though the divel were in her tail
Before the wind she'll run-a.

Our main Battalia when it moves
There's no such glorious thing-a,
Whose Leaders, like so many *Joves*,
Abroad their thunders fling-a.

Come let's reckon what Ships are ours,
The Gorgon, and the Dragon,
The Lyon which in field is bold,
The Bull with bloudy Flagon.

Come

Come let's reckon what works are ours,
Forts, Bulwarks, Barricadoes,
Mounts, Gabinets, Parrapits, Counter-mines,
Casimates, and Pallizadoes,

Field-Peeces, Musquets, groves of Pikes,
Carbines, and Canoneers,
Quadrants, and Half-moons, and Ranks of Files,
And Fronts, and Vans, and Rears.

A health to brave Land-Souldiers all,
Let Cans a piece go round-a :
And to all Seamen, great and small,
Let lofty Musick sound-a.

A Song.

MY Mistris is in Musick passing skilful,
And Plaies and sings her part at the first sight,
But in her play she is exceeding wilful,
And will not play but for her own delight,
Nor touch one string, nor play one pleasing strain,
Unless you take her in a pleasing vein.

Also she hath a sweet delicious touch
Upon the Instrument whereon she plaies,
And thinks that she doth never do too much,
Her pleasures are dispers'd so many waies ;

She hath ſuch Judgement both in time and mood,
That for to play with her 'twill do you good.

And then you win her heart: but here's the ſpight,
You cannot get her for to play alone,
But play with her, and ſhe will play all night,
And next day too, or elſe 'tis ten to one,
And run diviſion with you in ſuch ſort,
Run ne'er ſo ſwift ſhe'll make you come too ſhort.

Still ſo ſhe ſent for me one day to play,
Which I did take for ſuch exceeding grace,
But ſhe ſo tir'd me ere I went away:
I wiſht I had been in another place:
She knew the play much better than I did,
And ſtill ſhe kept me time for heart and bloud.

I love my miſtris, and I love to play,
So ſhe will let me play with intermiſſion:
But when ſhe ties me to it all the day,
I hate and loath her greedy diſpoſition;
Let her keep time, as nature doth require,
And I will play as much as ſhe'll deſire.

In Praiſe of Ale.

WHen the chill Charokoe blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale,

And

And Pies and Daws, and Rooks and crows
Do sit and curse the frost and snows,
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a *Saxon Rumkin* then,
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate,
Bids Valour bargain in t all men,
Quickens the Poets Wits and Pen,
Despises Fate.

Ale, that the absent Battel fights
And forms the March of Swedish Drums,
Disputes the Princes Laws and Rights,
What's past and done tells mortall Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the Plough-mans heart up keeps,
And equals it to Tyrants Thrones:
That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
Their very bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, *Bacchus* Daughter,
Wines emulous Neighbour, if but stale:
Ennobling all the Nymphs of Water,
And filling each mans heart with laughter,
Oh give me Ale.

The Rebellion.

NOw, thanks to the Powers below,
We have even done our do,
The Myter is down, and so is the C——
And with them the Coronet too:
All is now the Peoples, and then
What is theirs is ours we know;
There is no such thing as B—— or K——
Or Peer, but in name or show;
Come Clowns, and come Boys, come Hoberde-hoys,
Come Females of each degree,
Stretch out your throats, bring in your Votes,
And make good the Anarchy:
Then thus it shall be, saies *Alse*,
Nay, thus it shall be, saies *Amie*,
Nay, thus it shall go, saies *Taffie*, I trow,
Nay, thus it shall go, saies *Jemmy*,

Oh but the truth, good People all, the truth is such a (thing,
For it will undo both Church and State too,
And pull out the throat of our King:
No, nor the Spirit, nor the new Light
Can make the Point so clear,
But we must bring out the devil'd coat,
What thing the truth is, and where,

Speak

Speak *Abraham*, speak *Hester*,
Speak *Judith*, speak *Kester*,
Speak tag and rag, short coat and long:
Truth is the spel that made us rebel,
And murder and plunder ding dong;
Sure I have the truth, saies *Numphs*,
Nay, I have the truth, saies *Clem*,
Nay, I have the truth, saies reverend *Ruth*,
Nay, I have the truth, saies *Nem*.

Well, let the truth be whose it will,
There is something else is ours,
Yet this devotion in our Religion
May chance to abate our Powers:
Then let's agree on some new way,
It skills not much how true,
Take *Pryn* and his club, or *Smec* and his tub,
Or any Sect, old or new,
The divel is in the pack if choice you can lack,
We are fourscore Religions strong,
Then take your choice, the Major voice
Shall carry't right or wrong;
Then let's have King *Charles*, saies *George*,
Nay, we'll have his son, saies *Hugh*,
Nay, then let's have none, saies gabbering *Jone*,
Nay we'll be all Kings, saies *Prue*.

Nay, but neighbours and friends, one word more,
There's something else behind,

And wise though you be, you do not well see
In which door sits the wind;
And for Religion, to speak truth,
And in both Houses sence,
The matter is all one if any or none,
If it were not for the pretence;
Now here doth lurk the key of the work,
And how to dispose of the Crown
Dexteriously, and as it may be
For your behalf and our own;
Then we'll be of this, saies *Meg*,
Nay, we'll be of this, saies *Tib*,
Come, he'll be of all, saies pittifull *Paul*,
Nay, we'll be of none, saies *Gib*.

Oh we shall have, if we go one
In Plunder, Excise, and Blood,
But few folks, and poor, to domineer o'er,
And that will not be so good;
Then let's agree on some new way,
Some new and happy course,
The Country is grown sad, the City is Horn mad,
And both Houses are worse;
The Sinod hath writ, the General hath shit,
And both to like purpose, for
Religion, Laws, the Truth, and the Cause
We talk on, but nothing we do;
Come, then let's have peace, saies *Nel*,
No, no, but We won't, saies *Meg*,

But

But I say we will, saies fiery-face *Phil*,
We will, and we won't, saies *Hodge*.

Thus from the rout who can expect
Ought but confusion,
Since true unity with good Monarchy
Begin and end in one?
If then when all is thought their own,
And lies at their belief,
These popular pates reap nought but debates
From these many round-headed beasts;
Come Royallist then, do you play the men,
And Cavaliers give the word,
And now let's see what you will be
And whether you can accord;
A health to King *Charles*, saies *Tom*,
Up with it, saies *Ralph*, like a man,
God bless him, saies *Doll*, and raise him, saies *Moll*,
And send him his own, saies *Nan*.

But now for these prudent Wights,
That sit without end, and to none,
And their Committees in Towns and Cities
Fill with confusion;
For the bold Troopes of Sectaries,
The Scots and their Partakers,
Our new Brittish States, Col. *Burges* and his mates,
The Covenant and its makers:
For all these wee'll pray, and in such a way,

That

That if it might granted be,
Both *Jack* and *Gill*, and *Moll* and *Will*,
And all the World will agree:
Else Pox take them all, saies *Bess*,
And a Plague too, saies *Mary*,
The devil, saies *Dick*, and his Dam too, saies *Nick*,
Amen and amen say we.

How to get a Child without help of a Man.

A Maiden of late, whose name was sweet *Kate*,
Was dwelling in *London*, near to *Aldersgate*;
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a Child without help of a man.

To a Doctor she came, a man of great fame,
Whose deep skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
I pray, master Doctor, shew me, if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a man.

Then listen, quoth he, since so it must be,
This wondrous strong medicine I'll shew you presently,
Take nine pound of thunder, six legs of a Swan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

The wooll of a Frog, the juyce of a Log,
Well parboyl'd together in the skin of a hog,

With

With the egge of a Mooncalf, if get it you can,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

The Love of false Harlots, the Faith of false Varlets,
With the Truth of decoys, that walk in their Scarlet,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

Nine Drops of rain, brought hither from *Spain*
With the blast of a Bellows quite over the main,
With eight quarts of brimstone, brew'd in a beer Can,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

Six Pottles of Lard squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of hailstones bak'd well in a Pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

These Medicines are good, and approved hath stood,
Well tempered together with a Pottle of blood,
Squeez'd from a Grashopper, and the naile of a Swan,
To make Maids conceive without help of a man.

Loves Fancy.

AFter the pains of a desperate Lover,
When day and night I had sighed all in vaine,

Ah

Ah what a pleasure it is to discover,
In her eyes pitty who causes my pain,
Chorus *Ah what*, &c.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes gives what her tongue doth deny
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venter,
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah What a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,
Ah what a Joy! oh beyond all expressing!
Ah what a Joy to hear it again!
Chor. *Ah what*, &c.

Fortune's Favours distributed.

BLind Fortune, if thou want'st a Guide,
I'll tell thee how thou shalt divide:
Distribute unto each his due,
Justice is blind, and so are you.

o Usurers this doom impart:
ay his Scriveners break, and then his heart,
ay his Debtors unto Beggars fall,
r what is as bad, turn Courtiers all.

nd unto Tradesmen, that sell dear,
long vacation all the year,
evenge us thus on their deceits,
nd send them Wives light as their Weights.

ut Fortune how wil't recompence
he French mans dayly insolence?
or them, I wish no greater pain,
han to be sent to *France* again.

nd lest thine Altar should want fire,
o Bridemens Votes grant their desire,
o Lovers, that will not believe
heir Sweet mistakes, thy blindness give.

nd lest the Players should grow poor,
nd them *Anglauris* more and more,
nd to the Puritan more cares,
han *Cealus* in his Garland wears.

nd to Physitians, if thou Please,
end them another new Disease;
o Scholars give if thou canst do't,
Benefice without a suit.

Unto

Unto Court-Lords, Monopolies,
And to their Wives Communities;
Thus, Fortune, thou canst please us all,
If Lords can rise, and Ladies fall.

And unto Lawyers, I beseech,
As much for silence as for speech;
To Ladies Ushers, strength of back,
And unto me, a cup of Sack.

If these Instructions make thee wise,
Men shall restore again thy eyes:
By a new name thou shalt commence,
Not fortune call'd, but Providence.

A Letany.

FRom *Mahomet*, and Paganisme,
From Hereticks, and Sects and Schisme,
From high-way Rascals, and Cutpurses;
From carted Bawds, Scolds, and dry Nurses,
From Glister-Pipes, and Doctors Whistles,
From begging Schollars stale Epistles,
From Turn-stile Boots, and Long lane Beavers,
From Agues, and from drunken Feavers,
Libera nos Domine.

From all ſeveral kind of Itches,
From Pantaloons, and Cloak-bag Breeches,
From Carbinadoed Sutes on Serges,
From a Baſtard that is the Clergies,
From thredden points, and Cap of Cruel,
From the danger of a Duel,
From a Tally full of Notches,
And from privy Seals of Botches,
Libera nos Domine.

From a Whore that's never pleaſant,
But in luſty Wine or Pheaſant,
From the Watch at twelve a clock,
And from *Beſs Broughtons* button'd Smock,
From Hackney Coaches, and from Panders,
That do boaſt themſelves Commanders,
From a Taylors tedious Bill,
And Pilgrimage up *Holborn* Hill,
Libera nos Domine.

From damages and reſtitutions,
From accurſed Executions,
From all new-found waies of ſinning,
From the ſcurf, and ſables Linnen,
From the Pox, and the Phyſitian,
And from the Spaniſh Inquiſition,
From a Wife that's wan and meager,
And from Lice and Winters Leaguer,
Libera nos domine.

From

From a griping ſlaviſh Cullion,
From the Gout, and the Strangullion,
From a Mountibanks Potion,
From his ſcarrings and his Lotion,
From the Buttocks of *Priſilla*,
That diers ſo with *Sarſapherilla*,
From a Lecture to the Zealous,
And from the Tub of old *Cornelius*,
Libera nos Domine.

From bawdy Courts, and Civil Doctors,
From drunken Sumners and their Proctors,
From occaſions for to revel
With a Lawyer at the Divel,
From Serjeants, Yeomen, and their Maces
And from falſe friends with double faces,
From an enemy More mighty
Than *Uſquebaugh* or *Aqua vitæ*,
Libera nos Domine.

Penance.

GOD bleſs my good Lord Biſhop,
And ſend him long to raign,
In health, wealth, and proſperity,
True juſtice to maintain,
He beats down ſin in every place,
Poor Wenches dare not do

Left they do Penance in a sheet,
And pay their money too.

Down lately in a Garden
It was my chance to walk,
Where I heard two Sisters
That secretly did talk:
Quoth the Younger to the Elder,
In faith, I dare not do,
Left I do Penance in a sheet,
And pay my money too.

Then quoth the Eldest Sister,
You are not of my mind,
For if I meet a proper Lad
That will to me prove kind,
In faith, quoth she, I will not care
To take a turn or two,
Though I do Penance in a sheet,
And pay my money too.

But here's the thing that vexes me,
And troubles much my brain,
If a poor man chance to get a child,
And cannot it maintain,
He must be censur'd by the Law
As Justice doth afford,
He must be stript, and then be whipt,
And brought before my Lord.

And when he comes before my Lord,
And hath no ready Tale,
His *Mittimus* is ſtraight-waies made,
And ſent unto the Jayle,
And there he muſt remaine
The ſpace of half a year,
If every Wench were ſerved ſo
Then kiſſing would be dear.

On Good Canary.

OF all the rare juices
That *Bacchus* or *Ceres* Produces,
There's none that I can nor dare I
Compare with the Princely *Canary*;
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuſes,
This firſt got a K——
And next the nine *Muſes*.
Twas this made old *Poets* ſo ſprightly to ſing
And fill all the world with glory and fame on't;
They *Hellicon* call'd it and the Thiſpian ſpring,
But this was the drink though they knew not the (name on't.
Our *Sider* and *Perry*
Make a man mad but not merry,
It makes the people Wind-mill pated,
And with crackers ſophiſticated,

And

And your *Hops*, *yest*, and *Malt*,
When they're mingled together
Makes your fancies to halt,
Or reeke any whither.
It stuffs up our Braines with *Froth* and with *Yest*;
That if one would write but a verse for a *Bellman*,
He must study till Christmas for an *Eight shilling* Jest
These liquors won't raise but drown & o're-
(whelm man.

3

Our drowsy *Metheglin*
Was only ordain'd to enveigle in
The Novice that knows not to drink yet;
But is fuddled before he can think it,
And your *Clarret* and *White*
Have a Gunpowder fury;
They're of the French spright,
But they won't long endure you:
And your Holliday *Muscadine Allagant* and Tent
Have only this property and virtue tha'ts fit in't
They'l make a man sleep till a Preachment be spent,
But we neither can warm our blood or our wit
(in't.

4

The Bagrag and Rhenish
You must with Ingredients Replenish,
It's a wine to please Ladies & Toys with
But not for a man to rejoice with:
But it's *Sack* makes the *sport*
And who gaines but the *Flavour*
Though an Abbesse he court

In his high ſhooes he'll have her:
It's this that advances the Drinker and Drawer,
Though his father come to Town in *Hobnailes*&
He turns it to Velvet & brings up an Heir,(*Leather*;
In the Town in his Chain, in the field, with his
(Feather.

Loves Lunatick.

HEard you not lately of a man
That ran beſide his wits,
And naked through the City ran,
Wrapt in his frantick fits.

My honeſt Neighbours it is I,
See how the people flout me;
See where the mad man comes, they cry,
With all the Boys about me.

Tom Bedlam was a *Sage* to me,
I ſpeak in ſober-ſadneſs,
For more ſtrange Viſions did I ſee
Than *Tom* in all his madneſs.

When firſt into this rage I hopt,
About the Market walkt I,
With Capons Feathers in my Cap,
Unto my ſelf thus talkt I:

Saw

Saw you not Angels in her face,
Each eye a Star out-darting ?
Heard you not Muſick from her voyce,
Her Lips all joy imparting ?

Is not her hair more pure than Gold,
Or Web of Spiders ſpinning ?
Methinks in her I do behold
My joyes and woes beginning.

Methinks I ſee her in a Cloud,
The Planets round about her,
I call'd and cry'd to them aloud,
I cannot live without her.

The Bracelets which I wore of late,
Inrich'd with Pearls and Gold,
Are turn'd now to Iron Chains,
Which keep my Pulſes cold.

I muſed thus unto my ſelf,
Each word with geſture acted :
The people cry'd, O look poor elfe,
See how the man's diſtracted.

I was a poor and harmleſs Wight
Till roguiſh *Cupid* caught me,
And till his Mother with her ſlight
Into this pickle brought me.

At which my friends they were not glad,
Pray *Jove* your Wits to cherish,
For once I was as proper a Lad
As was in all the Parish.

But whipt and stript I now must be,
Intangled now in Chains,
And for my love, you all may see,
I have this for my pains.

To Stable-straw I must go,
My time in Bedlam spending:
Good folk, you your beginning see,
But do not know your ending.

The new Medly of the country man, Citizen, and Souldier.

FRom what-you-call't Town, in what-call-you't (shire
To *London* Cham come, what fine Volk are here?
Sure thick is the place, itch smell the good chear.
Che'le knock at the Yate, then what ho God be here.
What are you Sir?
Cham a West Country man Zur.
Good Bumkin forbear,
Such hopnails as you are do seldom come here.
Cods sooks, here's a Yellow wo'd make a man zwear
Cham come to tell, Sir, with Master Lord Maior.

What

What to do Sir?
To ſee his fine Doublet, his Chain, and his Ruff,
His Beaver, his Gown, and ſuch finical ſtuff;
And what do you think of a kick or a cuff?
If my whip will but laſt, ifaith'chil give thee enough,
And well laid on.

Hold, hold, prethee Countriman be not ſo hot.
Che have a huge mind to lay a long lace on thy coat.
Prethee tell me thy name & my L.Maior ſhall know
My name is *Tem Hoyden*, what ſaieſt thou to that? (it
Tom Hoyden!

Then *Tom Hoyden* pack hence to *Croyden*,
The Country is fitter for thee.
Though you abhor us, and care not for us,
Without us you cannot be.
We can live without you and your Ruſtick coat,
Did we not Vittle your Houſe,
My Lady *Maries*, with all her Baries,
Would ſhite as ſmall as a Lowſe.

We have money. And we have honey.
And we have the Silver and Gold.
We have fuel.
And we have Jewels.
And we have Sheep in the Fold.
We have ſilk enough.
And we have milk enough.
But we have the Treaſure untold;

We have means, and eaſe.
But we have Beans and Peaſe,
And Bacon, hold belly, hold.

We have Purſes, and we have Horſes,
And we have Powder and ſhot.
We have Pullets.
And we have Bullets.
And we have Spirits as hot.
We have Honours, and we have Mannors,
But we are walled about.
But when we begin
To keep our Cattle in,
In faith, you'll quickly come out.

We have Gallies,
And we have Vallies.
And we have Canons of braſs;
We have Feathers,
And we have Weathers
On Mountains matted with graſs.
We have Wine, and Spice, Sugar, Fruit, and Rice.
But we have good Barley and Wheat:
And, were we put to it, can better live without
Money, than you without Meat.

Cho. Then ſince'tis ſo that we cannot be
Without one another
Let us two agree,

May the Country prove fruitful,
And City be free,
No Climate in *Europe* ſo happy as we.

Sol. He that would be made by a Souldiers Trade,
Let him be encouraged by me,
For never did any men gain by the Blade
As we have ſince forty three.

What Fellow is that? why, it ſeems a Souldate;
Good morrow, good morrow to thee;
Why how now my friends, all for your ends,
Will you make up a peace without me?

You know in a word the power of the Sword,
A Canon may conquer a King:
But a ſharp Sword will make a Scepter to ſhake;
Faith you have the World in a ſling.

Compare the whole Land to the parts of a man,
The Country's the Legs and the Toes,
And without a riddle the City is the middle,
But the Souldier is the head and the Noſe.

Though now we wear Blades,
We once were of Trades,
And ſhall be whilſt Trading endures:
Our Officers are, although men of war,

Some

Some Goldſmiths, ſome Drapers,
And Brewers.

Do you get increaſe, we'll guard you with peace,
The Sword ſhall not come where the Axe is,
We'll take off your cares: we'll take off your fears:
But when will you take of our Taxes?

We keep Spaniards from you,
That would overcome yee,
Whilſt you do plough, harrow, and threſh,
The Frenchman is our own. What is bred (bone in the
Will hardly get out of the fleſh.

We quarter in Villages, Cities, and Towns,
And ſometimes we lie in the Fields.
But if from your Colours you offer to run,
Then you muſt be laid neck and heels.

Through Countries we march, & for enemies ſearch,
And command all things in Bravadoes.
But oh, my good friend, if you do offend,
I'm ſure you muſt have the Strappadoes.

When, Sir, the City ſtill ſhall fit you
With what you do deſerve,
The Country Cowman and the ploughman
Will not let you ſtarve:

With

With Buff and Beaver we will ever
Bless the back and head.

We will give thee mony enough, and Ammunition,
And seal to this condition. And so do I introth.
And I will spend my bloud Sir.
And I will spend my Treasure
To do the Souldier pleasure.
Why, now I thank you both.

(Court and the

Cho. Let the City, the Country, the Camp
Be the places of pleasure and Royal resort,
And let us observe in the midst of our sport,
That Fidelity makes us as firm as a Fort:
A Union well-grounded no malice can hurt.

The indifferent Lover.

NO man Love's fiery passions can approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion:
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion:

For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
To think that lovers mean as they pretend:
If all that said they died, had died indeed,
Sure long ere this the World had had an end.

Some

Some one perhaps of long Consumption dried,
And after falling into love might dye,
But I dare swear he never yet had died
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.

Another, rather than incur the slander
Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove;
I'll neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'll neither hang nor drown my self for love.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have died for Love as others do,
Prais'd be Great *Jove* I died in such a sort,
As I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd, till now,
And ne'r had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise shall do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

Loves Torment.

WHen blind God *Cupid*, all in an angry mood,
And *Cythera*, the fairest Queen of Love,
Did leave *Sylvanus* pleasant shadowed woods,
And mounted up into the Heavens above,
Even then when *Sol*,
Even then when *Sol*

In

In water ſet his bed,
Did ſeek to hide,
Did ſeek to hide
His golden ſhining head.

Like *Philomel*, all in a dolefull wiſe,
I paſs the ſilent-coloured night in woe;
No reſt nor ſleep can ſeize upon my eyes,
Oh cruel beauty that did torment me ſo!
No one can tell,
No one can tell
How I in ſorrows dwelt,
Save only ſhe,
Save only ſhe
That hath like Paſſions felt.

The night is paſt all, and *Aurora* red
Begins to ſhew her ruby-coloured face,
Leaving old *Tytan* and his aged head,
The cloudy darkneſs from the skies to chaſe;
Ah my poor heart,
Ah my poor heart
In flames of fire doth fry;
I live in love,
I love and live,
I live, and yet I dye.

Each pretty little bird injoys his Mate,
And gently billing ſits upon a Tree,

And

And on the Verdant ſhadowed woods do prate,
Chirping their Notes with pleaſant Harmony;
I wiſh my Love,
I wiſh my Love
My pretty bird may be
To eaſe my grief,
To eaſe my grief
And cure my malady.

The Rebel Red-coat.

COme Drawer, come fill us about more wine,
Let us merrily tipple, the day is our own,
We'll have our delights, let the Country go pine,
Let the King and the Kingdom groan:
For the day is our own, and ſo ſhall continue,
Whilſt Monarchy we baffle quite,
We'll ſpend all the Kingdoms Revenue,
And ſacrifice all to delight:
'Tis power that brings us all to be Kings,
And we'll be all crown'd by our might.

A fig for Divinity, Lecture and Law
And all that to Royalty do pretend,
We will by our Swords keep the kingdoms in aw,
And our power ſhall never have end:
The Church and the State we'll turn into liquor,
And ſpend a whole town in a day,

We'l

We'll melt all their Bodkins the quicker
Into Sack, and ſo drink them away,
We'll ſpend the demeans o'th' Biſhops & Deans,
And over the Presbyter ſway.

The nimble St. *Patrick* is ſunk in a bog,
And his Country-men ſadly cry, *Oh hone, Oh hone,*
St. *Andrew* and's kirk-men are loſt in a fog,
And we are the Saints alone:
Thus on our ſuperiours and equals we trample,
Whilſt Jockie the ſtirrop ſhall hold,
The Citie's our Mule for example,
While we thus in plenty are roll'd,
Each delicate Diſh ſhall but anſwer our wiſh,
And our drink ſhall be cordial Gold.

Love lies a bleeding: In Imitation of Law lies a bleeding.

LAy by your pleading,
Love lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Poetry, and throw away your reading.
Piety is painted,
And Truth is tainted,
Love is a reprobate, and Schiſm now is Sainted,
The Throne Love doth ſit on,
We dayly do ſpit on,

It

It was not thus, I wis, when *Betty* rul'd in *Britain.*
But friendſhip hath faultred,
Loves Altars are altered, (tred.
And he that is the cauſe, I would his neck were hal-

When Love did nouriſh
England did flouriſh,
Till holy hate came in and made us all ſo curriſh.
Now every Widgeon
Talks of Religion,
And doth as little good as *Mahomet* and his Pidgeon.
Each coxcombe is ſuiting
His words for confuting, (puting.
But heaven is ſooner gain'd by ſuffering than by diſ-
True friendſhip we ſmother,
And ſtrike at our Brother
Apoſtles never went to God by killing one another.

Let Love but warm ye
Nothing can harm ye,
When Love is General, there's Angels in the Army.
Love keeps his quarters,
And fears no tortures, (tyrs.
The braveſt fights are written in the Book of Mar-
Could we be ſo civill
As to do good for evill
It were the only happy way to o'recome the divel.
The Flowers Love hath watred,

Sedition

Sedition hath ſcattred, (of hatred.
We talk with tongues of holineſs, but act with hearts

He that doth know me,
And love will ſhew me,
Hath found the neareſt noble way to overcome me.
He that hath bound me,
And then doth wound me, (me.
Wins not my heart, doth not conquer, but confound
In ſuch a condition
Love is the phyſitian,
True Love and Reaſon makes the pureſt politician.
But ſtrife and confuſion,
Deceit and deluſion,
Though it ſeem to thrive at firſt will make a ſad (conclusion.
Love is a fewel,
A pretious Jewel, (the duel.
'Tis Love muſt ſtanch the blood when Fury fights
Love is a loadſtone,
Hate is a bloodſtone, (ſtone.
Heaven is the North Point, and Love is the Load-
Though fury and ſcorn
Loves Temples have torn,
He'll keep his Covenant, and will not be forſworn.
His Laws do not border
On ſtrife and diſorder,
He ſcorns to get his wealth by perjury and murder.

What falſhood drew in,
Grace never grew in,
Love will not raiſe him upon anothers ruine.
He can preſent ye
With peace and plenty, (twenty.
Love never advanceth one by throwing down of
Where Love is in ſeaſon,
There Truth is and Reaſon,
The ſoul of Love is never underlaid with Treaſon.
He never doth quarrel
For Princely apparrel,
Nor ever fixed a chair of ſtate upon a barrel.

Love from the dull pit
Of Follies full pit
Never took an Anvil out, and put it in a pulpit.
Love is no ſinker,
Truth is no ſlinker,
In mending breaches Love did never play the tinker.
Where Vengeance and Luſt is,
No truth nor truſt is,
As will appear at laſt inGods high Court of Juſtice.
Pity and remorſe is
The ſtrength of Loves Forces,
Paul never converted men by ſtables fill'd with (horſes.

Mercy is fading,
Truth is degrading,
Love is the only cauſe of Plenty, Peace, & Trading.

Love

Love is a fire
Made of desire,
Whose chief Ambition is to heaven to aspire.
It stops the gradation
Of fury and passion,
It governs all good Families, and best can guide a (Nation.
The Low Land, the high Land,
And my Land, and thy Land,
Grew all in common straight when Love had left (this Island
Where peace is panting,
And rage is ranting,
'Tis an undoubted sign the King of Love is wanting.
Father and Mother,
Sister and Brother,
If Love be lacking, quickly mischief one another.
Where wrath is, the rod is
That ruines our bodies;
With hate the divel is, but where Love is God is.
Then let us not doubt it,
But streight go about it,
To bring in Love again, we cannot live without it.

Then let the Graces
Crown our embraces,
And let us settle all things in their proper places.
Lest persecution
Cause dissolution,
Let all purloyned wealth be made a restitution.

For though now it tickles,
'Twill turn all to prickles, (ſickles.
Then let's live in peace, and turn our Swords to
When *Noah's* Dove was ſent out,
Then Gods Pardon went out, (it.
They that would have it ſo, I hope, will ſay Amen to

A Catch.

BRing forth your Cunny skins, fair maids, to me,
And hold them fair that I may ſee
Gray, Black, and blew; for your ſmaller skins
I'll give you Glaſſes, Laces, Pins:
And for your whole Cunny
I'll give you ready money.

Come, gentle *Jone*, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black Cunny skin,
And *Mary* then, and *Kate* will follow
With their ſilver'd-hair'd skins, and their yellow;
Your white Cunny-skin I will not lay by,
Though it be fat, it is fair to the Eye.

Your gray is is warm, but for my money
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney;
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay,
Come and take money, maids, put your ware away;
I have fine Bracelets, Rings,
And I have ſilver Pins;

Coney

Coney skins, Coney skins,
Maids, have you any Coney skins.

A Catch of the Beggars.

FRom hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who lives a merrier life than we;
Our bellies are full, and our backs are warm,
And against all Pride our Rags are a Charm;
Enough is a feast, and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.

The City, and Town, and every village
Afford us an Alms, or a Pillage;
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in straw:
If fair and warm, in yea-Cock and nay-Cock
The Fields afford us a hedge or a hey-Cock.

The Time-server.

ROom for a Gamester that plaies at all he sees,
Whose fickle fancy fits such times as these,
One that saies *Amen* to every factious prayer,
From *Hugh Peters* Pulpit to S. *Peters* Chair,
One that doth defie the Crosier and the Crown.
But yet can bouze with Blades that Carrouze

Whilſt Pottle-pots tumble down, dery down;
One that can comply with Surplice and with Cloak,
Yet for his end can I depend,
Whilſt Presbyterian broke *Britains* yoke.

This is the way to trample without trembling,
'Tis the Sycophant's only ſecure,
Covenants and *Oaths* are badges of diſſembling,
'Tis the politick pulls down the pure:
To Profeſs and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the only ready way to be great,
Flattery doth the feat:
Ne'r go, ne'r ſtir, will venter further
Than the greateſt *Dons* in the Town,
From a Copper to a Crown.

I am in a temp'rate humour now to think well,
Now I'm in another for to drink well,
Then fill us up a Beer-boul boys, that we
May drink it merrily,
No knaviſh Spy ſhall underſtan d,
For if it ſhould be known,
'Tis ten to one we ſhall be trappan'd.

I'll drink to thee a brace of quarts,
Whoſe Anagram is call'd *True Hearts*,
If all were well as I would ha't,
And *Britain* cur'd of its tumour,

I ſhould very well like my Fate,
And drink my Sack at a cheaper rate,
  Without any noiſe or rumour,
  Oh then I ſhould fix my humour.

But ſince 'tis no ſuch matter, change your hue,
  I may cog and flatter, ſo may you:
Religion is a Widgeon, and Reaſon is a Treaſon,
  And he that hath a Loyal heart may bid the world (adieu.

We muſt be like the Scottiſh man,
  Who with intent to beat down Schiſm,
Brought in the Presbyterian,
  With Canon and with Catechiſm:
If Beuk won't do't, then *Jockey* ſhoot,
  For the *Kirk* of *Scotland* doth command,
And what hath been, ſince they came in,
  I think w'have cauſe to underſtand.

A Song.

GAther your Roſe-buds while you may,
Old time is ſtill a flying,
For that Flower that ſmells to day,
To morrow will be dying.

That Age is beſt, which if ſhe force
While youth and blood are warmer,

But being ſhe grows worſe and worſe,
And ſtill ſucceeds the former.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The ſooner will his race be Run,
And nearer to his ſetting.

Then be not coy, but uſe your time,
And while you may, go marry,
For if you loſe but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

The Gelding of the Divel.

A Story ſtrange I will you tell
Of the gelding of the Divel of hell,
And of the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
That ſold his bread both white and brown;
To *Nottingham* Market he was bound,
And riding under the Willows clear
The Baker ſung with a merry chear.

The Bakers horſe was luſty and ſound,
And worth in Judgement full five pound;
His skin was ſmooth, and his fleſh was fat,
His Maſter was well pleas'd with that,
Which made him ſing ſo merry, merrily
As he was paſſing on the way.

But as he rode over the hill
There met him two divels of hell:
O Baker, Baker, then cry'd he,
How comes thy horse so fat to be?
These be the words the Baker did say,
Because his stones are cut away.

Then, quoth the divel, if it be so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go;
First tye thy horse to yonder tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me;
The Baker he had a knife for the nonce
Wherewith to cut out the devils stones.

The Baker, as it came to pass,
In haste alighted from his horse,
And the divel on his back he lay,
While the Baker cut his stones away,
Which put the divel to great pain
And made him to cry out amain.

O, quoth the divel, beshrew thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart,
And for the deed that thou hast done
I will revenged be agen,
And underneath this Green-wood tree
Next Market day I will geld thee.

The

The Baker then but a little ſaid,
But at his heart was ſore afraid;
He durſt no longer then to ſtay,
But he rode hence another way:
And coming to his Wife, did tell
How he had gelt the divel of hell.

Moreover to his Wife he told
A tale that made her heart full cold,
How that the divel to him did ſay,
That he would geld him next Market day:
O, quoth the good wife, without doubt
I had rather both thy eyes were out.

For then all the people far and near,
That know thee, will but mock and jeer,
And good-wives they will ſcold and brawl,
And ſtoneleſs Gelding will thee call;
Then hold content, and be thou wiſe,
And I'll ſome pretty trick deviſe.

I'll make the divel change his note,
Give me thy Hat, thy Band, and Coat,
Thy Hoſe and Doublet eke alſo,
And I like to a man will go;
I'll warrant thee next Market day
To fright the divel clean away.

When

When the Bakers wife was ſo dreſt,
With all her bread upon her beaſt,
To *Nottingham* Market, that brave Town,
To ſell her bread, both white and brown,
And riding merrily over the hill,
O there ſhe ſpy'd the two divels of hell.

A little divel, and another,
As they were playing both together;
Oh ho, quoth the divel, right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding amain:
Now be thou well, or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou doſt go.

The Bakers wife to the divel did ſay,
Sir, I was gelded yeſterday:
O, quoth the divel, I mean to ſee;
And pulling her coats above her knee,
And ſo looking upward from the ground,
O there he ſpy'd a terrible wound.

O, quoth the divel, now I ſee
That he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when that he had cut out the ſtones,
He ſhould have cloſed up the wounds,
But if thou wilt ſtay but a little ſpace
I ll fetch ſome ſalve to cure the place.

He had not ran but a little way,
But up her belly crept a Flea:
The little divel ſeeing that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat,
Which made the good wife for to ſtart,
And with that ſhe let go a rowzing fart.

O, quoth the divel, thy life is not long
Thy breath it ſmells ſo horrible ſtrong,
Therefore go thy way, and make thy will,
Thy wounds are paſt all humane skill;
Be gone, be gone, make no delay,
For here thou ſhalt no longer ſtay.

The good wife with this news was glad,
But ſhe left the divel almoſt mad;
And when ſhe to her husband came,
With a joyful heart ſhe told the ſame,
How ſhe had couzned the divel of hell,
Which pleas'd her Husband wondrous well.

The Vagabond.

I Am a Rogue, and a ſtout one,
A moſt couragious *drinker*:
I do excell, it's known full well,
The Ratter, *Tom*, or *Tinker*:

Then

Then do I cry, Good your Worſhip
Beſtow ſome ſmall Denier a,
And bravely then at the bouking Ken
I'll bouze it all in beera.

My dainty Dames and Doxes,
When that they ſee lacking,
Without delay, poor wretches, they
Will ſend the Duds a packing:
Then do I cry, &c.

Ten miles unto a Market
I go to meet a Miſer,
And in the throng I'll nip a bung,
And the party ne'r the wiſer:
Then do I cry, &c.

If the Centry be coming,
Then ſtreight it is my faſhion,
My leg I'll tye cloſe to my thigh
To move them to compaſſion:
Then do I cry, &c.

When I hear a Coach come rumbling,
To my Crutches ſtreight I hye me,
For being lame, it is a ſhame
Such Gallants ſhould deny me;
Then do I cry, &c.

My *Peg* in a ſtring doth lead me
When I go into the Town, Sir,
For to the blind all men are kind,
And with their Alms beſtow, Sir;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

I'th' winter time ſtark naked
I go into ſome City,
And every man, that ſpare them can,
Will give me cloaths for pity;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

My doublet ſleeves hang empty,
And for to beg the bolder,
For meat and drink my arm I'll ſhrink
Up cloſe unto my ſhoulder,
Then do I cry, *&c.*

If any gives me lodging
A courteous knave they find me,
For in my bed, alive, or dead,
I leave ſome Lice behind me;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

If from out the Low Countries
I hear a Captains name, Sir,
Then ſtraight I'll ſwear I have been there,
And ſo in fight came lame Sir;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

In

In *Pauls* Church-yard by a Piller
Sometimes you ſee me ſtand, Sir,
With a writ that ſhews what cares, what woes
I have paſt by Sea and Land, Sir;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

Come buy, come buy a Horn-book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles:
Such things do I in the City cry
Oftimes to ſcape the Beadles;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

Then blame me not for begging,
And boaſting all alone, Sir,
My ſelf I will be praiſing ſtill,
For Neighbours I have none, Sir;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

The Jovial Loyalliſt.

STay, ſhut the Gate,
T'other quart, 'faith 'tis not ſo late
As your thinking,
The Stars which you ſee in the Hemiſphere be,
Are but ſtuds in our cheeks by good drinking;
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea boys,
To morrow he'll bluſh that he's paler than we boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis Sack makes us the (boys.

Fill

Fill up the Glaſs,
To the next merry Lad let it paſs,
Come away with't:
Let's ſet foot to foot, and but give our minds to't,
'Tis heretical Six that doth ſlay wit:
Then hang up good faces, let's drink till our noſes
Give freedom to ſpeak what our fancy diſpoſes,
Beneath whoſe protection, now under the roſe is.

Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your ſoul
With Canary;
For a carbuncl'd face ſaves a tedious race,
And the *Indies* above us we carry:
No *Helicon* like to the juice of good wine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is, & mine (is.

This muſt go round,
Off with your hats till the pavement be crown'd
With your Bevers.
A Red-coated face frights a Sergeant and his Mace,
Whilſt the Conſtable trembles to ſhivers,
In ſtate march our faces like ſome of the *quorum*,
While the whores do fall down, & the vulgar adore 'um,
And our noſes like Link-boys run ſhining before 'um.

Merry

MERRY DROLLERY, Complete.

OR,

A COLLECTION

Of { Jovial *Poems*, Merry *Songs*, Witty *Drolleries*,

Intermixed with Pleasant *Catches*.

The *Second* Part.

The Answer.

HOld, quaff no more,
But restore,
If you can, you've lost by your drinking,
Three Kingdoms and Crowns,
With their Cities and Towns,
While the King and his Progeny is sinking;
The studs in your cheeks have obscured his star, boys,
Your drink and miscarriages in the late war, boys,
Hath brought his Perogative thus to the Bar, boys.

Throw down the Glass,
He's an Ass
That extracts all his worth from Canary:
That valour will shrink,
Which is only good in drink,
'Twas the Cup made the Camp to miscarry.
Ye thought in the world there was no power could tame ye,
Ye tipled and whor'd till the Foe overcame ye,
Cuds-nigs and ne'r-stir Sir, hath vanquisht God-dam-me.

Fly from the coast,
Or y' are lost,
And the water will run where the drink went,

From

From hence you must slink,
If you swear and have no chink,
'Tis the curse of a Royal Delinquent.
Ye love to see Beer-bowls turn'd over the thumb Well,
Ye love three fair Gamesters, four Dice and a Drum Well,
But you'd as live see the divel as *Oliver Cromwel.*

Drink not the round,
You'll be drown'd
In the source of your Sack and your Sonnets,
Try once more your Fate
For the Kirk against the State,
And go barter your Bever for Bonnets:
I see how you'r charm'd by your female inchanters,
And therefore pack hence to *Virginia* for planters,
For an act and two red-coats will rout all the Ranters.

A Catch.

Had she not care enough, care enough,
Care enough of the old man?
Shewed him, she fed him,
And to the bed she led him;
For seven long winters she lifted him on:
But oh how she negl'd him, negl'd him,
Oh how she negl'd him all the night long!

A Catch.

Here's a Health unto his Majesty with a Fa la la, &c.
Conversion to his enemies with a Fa la la, &c.
And he that will not pledge this Health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a Rope to hang himself with a Fa la la, &c.

Good Advice against Treason.

BUT since it was lately enacted high Treason
For a man to speak truth against the head of a State,
Let every wise man make use of his reason, (prate,
To think what he will, but take heed what he
For the Proverb doth learn us, (skin,
He that staies from the battel sleeps in a whole
And our words are our own, if we keep them within,
What fools are we then that to prattle do begin,
Of things that do not concern us.

Tis no matter to me who e'r gets the battel,
The Tubs or the Crosses, 'tis all one to me,
It neither increaseth my goods nor my cattel,
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be,
Unless he turn Traytor.
Let Misers take courses to hoard up their treasure,
Whose bounds have no limits whose minds have no measure,

But

Let me be but quiet, and take a little pleasure,
A little contents my own nature.
But what if the Kingdom returns to one of the
Prime ones?
My mind is a Kingdom, and so it shall be,
I'll make it appear, if I had but the time once,
He's as happy in one, as they are in three,
If he might but enjoy it:
He that's mounted aloft, is a mark for the Fate,
And an envy to every pragmatical pate,
Whilest he that is low is safe in his estate,
And the great ones do scorn to annoy him.

I count him no wit that is gifted in rayling,
And flurting at those that above him do sit,
Whilst they do out-wit him with whipping and goa-(ling,
His purse and his person must pay for his wit:
But it is better to be drinking,
If Sack were reform'd to twelve pence a quart,
I'd study for money to Merchandize for't,
With a friend that is willing in mirth we would (sport,
Not a word; but we'd pay it with thinking.

My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,
Without either Custom, or cursed Excize,
That the wits may have freedom to drink deeper
and deeper,
And not be undone whilst our Noses we baptize,
But we'll liquor them, and drench them;

If this were but granted, who would not desire,
To dub himselfe one of *Apollo's* acquire?
And then we will drink whilst our Noses are on fire,
And the quart-pots shall be Buckets to quench them.

The feasting of the Divel by Ben-Johnson.

COok-*Laurel* would needs have the divel his guest,
And bad him once into the *Peake* to dinner;
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
Provided him at the charge of a sinner.

His stomack was queasie (for comming there coacht)
The jogging had caused some crudities rise,
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

And so recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promooter in plum-broath was the first dish;
His own privy Kitchin had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher;
As soon as he spide the bawd, and bacon,
By this you may note the divel's a wencher.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women fit for his pallet,
With feather-men, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-sawce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seen sawce.

Then carbinadoed, and cookt with pains
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants Face;
The sawce was made of the Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
(The Feast had nothing been without 'um,)
Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Fur'd;
Their chains like Sawsages hung about' um.

The very next dish was the Mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch boys boyl'd to a jelly.

A *London* Cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The divel chopt up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to have choakt him.

The Chine of a Leacher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlots haunch and Garlick;
A Panders pettitoes that had boasted
Himself a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Mid-wife hot,
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffind in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-grown-Justice of peace
With a Clark like a gizard thrust under each arm,
And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease
Set over a chafing-dish to be kept warm.

The Jowle of a Jaylor served for Fish,
A Constable souz'd with Vinegar by,
Two Alder-men Lobsters asleep in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Church-warden pye.

All which devoured, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call,
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce;
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the divels Arse.

And

And there he made ſuch a breach with the wind,
The hole too ſtanding open the while,
That the ſcent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfum'd moſt part of the Iſle.

And this was *Tobacco*, the Learned ſuppoſe,
Which ſince in Country, Court, and Town,
In the divels Gliſter-pipe ſmoakes at the Noſe
Of Polcat and Madam, of Gallant, and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with ſwines-fleſh & Ling,
Or any thing elſe that's feaſt for the Fiend,
Our Captains and we cry God ſave the King,
And ſend him good meat, & Mirth without end.

A Catch.

A Fig for eare, why ſhould we ſpare
The Pariſh is bound to find us,
For thou and I and all muſt dye,
And leave the world behind us.

The Clerk ſhall Sing, the Bells ſhall Ring
And the Old Wives wind us;
Sir *John* ſhall lay our Bones in Clay,
Where no body means to find us.

The Virtue of Wine.

LEt Souldiers fight for praiſe, and pay,
And Money bid the Miſers wiſh;
Poor Scholars ſtudy all the day,
And gluttons glory in their diſh;
'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives ſad ſouls,
Therefore give me the chearing bowls.

Let Minions marſhal every hair,
And in a Lovers lock delight,
And artificial colours wear,
We have the native red and white;
'Tis wine, Pure wine, *&c*,

Take Pheaſant, Puet, and Culvered Salmon,
And how to pleaſe your Pallats think:
Give us a ſalt Weſtphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink;
'Tis wine, pure wine, *&c*.

Some have the Ptyſick, ſome the Rheume,
Some have the Palſie, ſome the Gout;
Some ſwell with fat, and ſome conſume,
But they are ſound that drink all out;
'Tis wine, tis wine, *&c*.

Some

ome men want Wit, and ſome want Wealth;
ome want a Wife, and ſome want a Punk;
ome men want Food, and ſome want Health,
ut he wants nothing that is drunk;
'Tis wine, 'tis pure wine, *&c.*

t makes the backward ſpirits brave,
hem lively, that before were dull;
hoſe grow good Fellows that are grave,
nd kindneſs ſprings from Cups brim-full;
'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives ſad ſoules,
Therefore give me the Charming bowles.

A *Catch.*

NE'er trouble thy ſelf at the times or their turnings,
Afflictions run Circular and wheele about,
Away with thy murmurings, & thy heart-burnings,
With the juice of the Grape we'll quench the fire out.
Ne'er chain nor impriſon thy ſoul up in ſorrow,
What failes us to day, may befriend us to morrow,
Let us ſcorn our content from others to borrow.

A *Catch.*

THree merry boys came out of the Weſt,
To make Salt-peter ſtrong;
They turn'd it into Gunpowder,
To charge the Kings Canon;
And ſo let this health go round, go round,
And ſo let this health go round,
Although thy ſtocking be made of Silk
Thy knee ſhall touch the ground.
God bleſs his Majeſty,
And ſend him Victory.
Over his Enemy's
All or none.

A Loves Song.

CAlm was the Evening, and clear was the Skie,
And new budding Flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went *Amyntas* and I
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing.
I ſate, and he laid him down by me,
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear,
He began to come near,
He was daſht with a ah, ah, ah.

He

He blusht to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire,
But streightly convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire.
Ah *Silvia*, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe,
Then once more he prest
With his hands to my brest,
But was dasht with a ah, ah, ah.

I knew 't was his passions caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his case,
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A shepheard came by us and saw,
And just as our bliss
Began with a Kiss:
He burst out with a Ha, Ha, ha, Ha.

The Brewers Praise.

THere's many a blinking verse was made
In honour of the Blacksmiths trade,
But more of the Brewers may be said,
Which no body can deny.

I need not elſe but this repeat,
The Blackſmith cannot be compleat,
Unleſs the Brewer do give him a heat,
Which no body, *&c.*

When Smug unto his Forge doth come
Unleſs the Brewer doth liquor him home
Could ne'er ſtrike my pot and thy pot *Tom*,
Which no body, *&c.*

Of all the Profeſſions in the Town,
This Brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reacht up to the Crown,
Which no body, *&c.*

Much bloud from him did ſpring,
Of all the trades this was the King,
The Brewer had got the world in a ſling,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though Honour be a Princeſs daughter,
The Brewer will woe her in bloud and ſlaughter,
And win her, or elſe it ſhall coſt him hot water,
Which no body, *&c.*

He fear'd no pouder, nor martial ſtops,
But whipt Armies as round as tops,
And cut off his foes as thick as hops,
Which no body, *&c.*

He div'd for riches down to the bottom,
And cri'd, my Masters, when he had got 'um,
Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
Which no body, *&c.*

In warlike Arts he scorn'd to stoop,
For when his party began to droop,
He'd bring them all up as round as a hoop,
Which no body, *&c.*

The Jewish Scots, who fear to eat
The flesh of Swine, our brewers beat,
'Twas the sight of their hogsheads made them to retreat
Which no body, *&c.*

Poor *Jockie* and his basket-hilt
Was beaten, and much bloud was spilt,
When their bodies, like barrels, did run a tilt,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though *Jemmy* did give the first assault,
The Brewer he made them at length to hault,
And gave them what the Cat left in the mault,
Which no body, *&c.*

They did not only bang the Kirk,
But in *Ireland* too they did as much work,
'Twas the Brewer made them surrender *Cork*,
Which no body, *&c.*

This

This was a ſtout Brewer, of whom we may brag,
But ſince he was hurried away with a hag,
We have brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag,
Which no body, *&c.*

They ſaid that Antichriſt came to ſettle
Religion within a Cooler and a Kettle,
His Noſe and his Copper were both of a mettle,
Which no body, *&c.*

He had a ſtrong, and a very ſtout heart,
And look'd to be made an Emperour for't,
But the Divel did ſet a ſpoke in his Cart,
Which no body, *&c.*

The Chriſtian Kings began to quake,
And ſaid, with that Brewer no quarrels we'll make
We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake,
Which no body, *&c.*

But yet by the way you muſt needs underſtand,
He kept all his Paſſions ſo under command,
Pride never could get the upper-hand,
Which no body, *&c.*

And now may all ſtout ſouldiers ſay,
Farewell the glory of the Dray,
For the Brewer himſelf is turn'd to Clay,
Which no body, *&c.*

Thus

Thus fell a brave Brewer the bold ſon of ſlaughter,
Who need not to fear muchwhat ſhould follow after,
That dealt all his life-time in fire and water,
Which no body, *&c.*

And if his Succeſſor had had but his might,
We all had not been in that pitiful plight,
But alas, he was found many grains to light,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though Wine be a Juice ſweet, pleaſant, and pure,
This Trade doth ſuch pleaſure and profit procure,
That every Vintner in Town is turn'd Brewer,
VVhich no body, *&c.*

But now let's leave ſinging, and drink off our Bub,
Let's call for a Reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub,
VVhich no body can deny.

The Song of the Blacksmith.

OF all the Trades that ever I ſee,
There's none to the Blacksmith compared may be;
VVith ſo many ſeveral tooles works he,
VVhich no body can deny.

The firſt that ever Thunderbolts made
VVas a *Cyclops* of the Blackſmiths Trade,
As in a Learned Author is ſaid,
VVhich no body, *&c.*

When thundring like we ſtrike about,
The fire like Lightning flaſhes out,
Which ſuddenly with water we d'out,
Which no body, *&c.*

The faireſt Goddeſs in the skies,
To marry with *Vulcan* did adviſe,
And he was a Blackſmith grave and wiſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did build her a Town by day and by night,
And gave it a name which was *Hammerſmiths* hight,
Which no body, *&c.*

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Eſtate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacoal-lane* for a Joynter,
Which no body, *&c.*

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort, you'd wiſh no ſtronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body, *&c.*

Smithfield he did cleanſe from durt,
And ſure there was great Reaſon for't,
For there he meant ſhe ſhould keep her Court,
Which no body, *&c.*

But

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the Blacksmith rectifi'd
To the honour of *Edmund Ironside*,
Which no body, *&c.*

Vulcan after made a traine,
Wherein the God of war was tane,
Which ever since hath been call'd *Pauls* chaine,
Which no body, *&c.*

The common Proverb as it is read,
That a man must hit the naile on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Blacksmiths lot,
That a man strike while the Iron is hot,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The Blacksmiths justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast & beat him with the spit
When no body, *&c.*

Another comes in our Blacksmiths way,
When things are safe, as old wives say,
We have them under lock and key,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another that's in the Blacksmiths books,
And only to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the hooks,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,
When a man's held to it buckle and thong,
VVhich no body, *&c.*

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,
When a Reason's as plain as a Pike staffe,
Which no body, *&c,*

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a good cause may mar,
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though your Scrivener seek to crush and to kill
By his counterfeit deed, and thereby doth ill,
Yet your Blacksmith may forge what he will,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes
And laugh at their Creditors, and their Catchpoles
Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the coals
VVhich no body, *&c.*

Though

Though *Jockie* in the ſtable be never ſo neat
To look to his nag, and preſcribe him his meat,
Yet your Blackſmith knows better how to give a (heat,
Which no body, *&c.*

If any Taylor have the Itch,
The Blackſmiths water, as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thorough ſtitch,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's never a ſlut, if filth o'r ſmutch her,
But owes to the Blackſmith for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongues there's no man will (touch her,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your roaring boy, who every one Quails,
Fights, domineers, ſwaggers, and rayls,
Could never yet make the Smith eat his Nails,
Which no body, *&c.*

If a Schollar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The Blackſmith he can hammer it out,
Which no body, *&c.*

Now if to know him you would deſire,
You muſt not ſcorn, but rank him higher,
For what he gets, is out of the fire,
Which no body, *&c.*

Now here's a good health to Blacksmiths all,
And let it go round, as round as a ball;
We'll drink it all off, though it cost us a fall,
Which no body can deny.

The Gypsies, a Catch.

COme my dainty doxies,
My Dove, my Darle, my Dear,
We have neither meat nor drink,
Yet never want good chear;
We take no care for Candle, Rents,
We lye, we swear, we snort in Tents,
Come rouse betimes
All you that love your dinners,
Our store now taken
With Pigs, Hens, and Bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners.

At Fairs and Wakes we cuzzen
Poor Country Folk by the dozen;
Some come to disburses,
And some to pick purses;
We for want of use
We steal both hose and shooes,
Gilded Spurs with jingling Rowels,
Shirts or Smocks, Sheets or Towels;

Come

Come live with us all you that love your eaſe,
He that's a Gipſie may be drunk when he pleaſe,
We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we ſnuffle
We drink, we Drab, we cheat, we ſhuffle,

In imitation of Come my Daphne, *a Dialogue betwixt* Pluto *and* Oliver.

Pluto. COme Imp Royal, come away,
Into black night we will turn bright day.
Oliver. 'Tis *Pluto* calls, what would my Syre?
Pluto. Come follow to the Stygian fire.
Where *Ireton* doth wait to welcome thee in (State.
Oliver. Were I in bed with my ſweet wife,
I'd quit thoſe joys for ſuch a life.
Pluto. My Princely *Nol* make haſt,
For thee we keep a faſt.
Oliver. In theſe diſmal ſhades will I
Unto thee unfold my Villany.
Pluto. In my boſome I'll thee lay,
For thy ſake we'll all keep holy day.

Chorus. We'll rage and roar, and fry in flames,
And *Charles* himſelf ſhall ſee
How damn'dly we agree,
Yet ſcorn to change our Chains
For his Eternal diety.

A Catch.

THe *wise men* were but seven, ne'r more shall be (for me;
The *Muses* were but 9, the worthies 3 times 3:
And three merry boys, & three merry boys are we;

The *Vertues* were but seven. & three the greater be;
The *Cæsars* they were twelve, & the fatal Sisters three;
And three merry Girles, & three merry Girles are (we.

The Power of Wine.

HOw poor is his Spirit, how lost is his name?
Deceiveth Opinion, and curtels his Fame,
When as his design turns neer to their hate,
'Twixt shall I, and shall I suspects their one wait,
Hath traffickt for honour, but lost the whole fraight;
He that's stout in the front, but not so in the rear,
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is cowed down by fear.

A small part of honour to him doth belong,
Consults not his glory, but faints in the throng,
That fears to embrace what his Country doth vote,
And yields up her liberty to a Red-coat;
Sure *Midsummer* is near, and some men do doat,

I like the bold Romans, whose Fame ever rings
That kept in subjection such pitiful things.

He that will be Bugbear'd is turn'd again Child,
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to weild;
Examine that story, no story you'll find
Than saving that story that Cat will to kind;
The world is deluded, the Commonwealth blind,
Your false stamps of honor proves but copper mettle
And Fame sounds as loud from a tinkers old kettle.

He that hath past the Pike, and found Canon-free,
Which shews that no curse from his Parents could be,
Had a soul so devout made killing a trade,
And now to retreat at the scent of a blade, (made,
Doth shew of what mould our Knight-errant is
He that flags in his flight when his ambition soars
Doth stab his own merit, & gives fame the lye. (high

Then *Cicero*-like you gown-men drench cares,
O'rwhelm'd with your own & your Countries af-
And Pulpit-men to be as ayry as he; (fairs,
Do you but preach Sack up, we'll ne'r disagree
That Common-wealth's best that is the most free,
Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in our
We fancy a King up, or fancy him down. (Crown,

The mad Zealot.

AM I mad, O noble *Festus*,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the Colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

In the house of pure *Emanuel*
I had my Education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazell'd mine eyes
With the light of Revelation,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

They bound me like a Beldam,
They lasht my four poor quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

These injuries I suffer
Through Antichrists perswasions;
Take off this chain,
Neither *Rome* nor *Spain*
Can resist my strong invasions,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

Of the beasts ten horns (God bless us)
I have knockt off three already:
If they let me alone,
I'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

When I Sack'd the seven hill'd-City,
I met the great red Dragon:
I kept him aloof,
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on:
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

With a fiery Sword and Target
There fought I with this Monster:
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I unhors'd the whore of *Babel*
With a Lance of Inſpirations:
I made her ſtink,
And ſpill her drink
In the cup of Abominations,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I have ſeen two in a Viſion,
With a flying Book between them:
I have been in deſpair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading *Greenham*,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I obſerv'd in *Perkins* Tables
The black Lines of Damnation,
Thoſe crooked veins
So ſtuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my Reprobation,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

In the holy land of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefeſt pleaſure,
Till I prick't my foot,
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all meaſure,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I appear'd before th' Archbiſhop,
And all the High Commiſſion:
I gave him no Grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd Superſtition,
Boldly I preach, hate a Croſs, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

Drunk with Love.

I Doat, I doat, but am a Sot to ſhew it,
I was a very fool to let her know it,
For now ſhe doth ſo cunning grow,
And proves a friend worſe than a Foe,
She will not hold me faſt, nor let me go:
She tells me I cannot forſake her,
Then ſtraight I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me ſtay throws a kiſs in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.

Thus I retire, ſalute, and ſit down by her
There do I fry in froſt, and freeze in fire;
Now nectar from her lips I ſup,
And though I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am Fox'd with kiſſing of the Cup:

For her lips are two brimmers of Clarret,
Where firſt I began to miſcarry,
Her breaſts of delight are two bottles of White,
And her eyes are two cups of Canary,

Drunk, as I live, dead drunk beyond reprieve,
For all my ſecrets dribble through a ſieve;
About my neck her arms ſhe layeth,
Now all is Goſpel that ſhe ſaith,
Which I lay hold on with my fudled faith;
I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out,
With hips, and with lips, with black eyes & white (thighs
Blind *Cupid* ſure tipled his eyes out.

She bids me riſe, tells me I muſt be wiſe,
Like her, for ſhe's not in love ſhe cries;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
I begin to run, but cannot go;
I prethee, ſweet, uſe me more kindly,
You were better to hold me faſt,
If you once diſengage your bird from his cage,
Believe it he'll leave you at laſt.

Like Sot I ſit, that fill'd the Town with wit,
But now confeſs I have moſt need of it;
I have been fox'd with Duck and Deer
Above a quarter of a year

Beyond

Beyond the cure of ſleeping, or ſmall beer;
I think I can number the Months too,
July, *Auguſt*, *September*, *October*,
Thus goes my account, a miſchief light on't,
But ſure I ſhall go when I'm ſober.

My Legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and all my body is enflam'd,
As by experience I can prove,
And ſwear by all the Powers above,
'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love:
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our foreheads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope, yet there's ſome hope
That a man may be ſober next morning.

Thus, with command, ſhe throws me from her hand,
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot ſtand;
I meaſure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot ſo drunk with ſips,
Or can a man be overſeen with lips?
I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
Then do not deceive me, either love me or leave (me,
Or let me go home to my lodging.

I have too much, and yet my folly is ſuch,
I cannot hold, but muſt have t'other touch;
Here's a health to the King: how now?

I'm

I'm drunk and ſpeak treaſon I vow,
Lovers and Fools ſay any thing you know;
I fear I have tired your patience,
But I'm ſure 'tis I have the wrong on't;
My wits are bereft, and all I have left
Is ſcarce enough to make a Song on't;
My Miſtris and I ſhall never comply,
And there's the ſhort and the long on't.

A Preſent to a Lady.

LAdies I do here preſent you
With a token Love hath ſent you;
'Tis a thing to ſport and play with,
Such another pretty thing
For to paſs the time away with;
Prettier ſport was never ſeen;

Name I will not, nor define it,
Sure I am you may devine it:
By thoſe modeſt looks I gueſs it,
And thoſe eyes ſo full of fire,
That I need no more expreſs it,
But leave your fancies to admire.

Yet as much of it be ſpoken
In the praiſe of this love-token:
'Tis a waſh that far ſurpaſſeth

For the cleanſing of your blood,
All the Saints may bleſs your faces,
Yet not do you ſo much good.

Were you ne'r ſo melancholly,
It will make you blithe and jolly;
Go no more, no more admiring,
When you feel your ſpleen's amiſs,
For all the drinks of Steel and Iron
Never did ſuch cures as this.

It was born in th' Iſle of Man
Venus nurs'd it with her hand,
She puffed it up with milk and pap,
And lull'd it in her wanton lap,
So ever ſince this Monſter can
In no place elſe with pleaſure ſtand.

Coloſſus like, between two Rocks,
I have ſeen him ſtand and ſhake his locks,
And when I have heard the names
Of the ſweet Saterian Dames,
O he's a Champion for a Queen,
'Tis pity but he ſhould be ſeen.

Nature, that made him, was ſo wiſe
As to give him neither tongue nor eyes,
Suppoſing he was born to be
The Inſtrument of Jealouſie,

Yet here he can, as Poets feign,
Cure a Ladies love-sick brain.

He was the first that did betray
To mortal eyes the milky way;
He is the *Proteus* cunning Ape
That will beget you any shape;
Give him but leave to act his part,
And he'll revive your saddest heart.

Though he want legs, yet he can stand,
With the least touch of your soft hand;
And though, like *Cupid*, he be blind,
There's never a hole but he can find;
If by all this you do not know it,
Pray Ladies give me leave to shew it.

A Combate of Cocks.

GO you tame Gallants, you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
And count all dunghil breed that cannot shew
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think no vice,
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice:
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If y' are no fighting-cocks, y' are not for me;

I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to express the fight,
Must make his ink o' th' bloud which they did spill;
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtfull people set
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their sharp-heel'd Warriours, and they
Were both in linnen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding sheet.
With that in th' pit they are put, & when they were
Both on their feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleere
Looks stoutly at his ne'r -before seen foe,
And like a Challenger begins to crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display
His warlike Colours, which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths
His comely crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground:
With that they meet, not like the coward breed
Of *Æsop*, that can better fight than feed.
They scorn the dung-hill, 'tis their only prize,
To dig for Pearl within each others eyes:
They fight so long, that it was hard to know
To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no,
Had not the bloud which died the fatal floor
Born witness of it; yet they fight the more,

As if each wound were but a ſpur to prick
Their fury forward : lightning's not more quick
Nor red than were their eyes :'twas hard to know
Whether 'twas bloud or anger made them ſo :
And ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe by being fenced in by blood.
Yet ſtill they fight, but now (alas)at length
Although their courage be full tried, their ſtrength
And bloud began to ebbe ; you that have ſeen
A water-combat on the Sea, between
Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
They march,and meet, and daſh their curled brows,
Swelling like graves, as if they did intend
T'intomb each other, ere the quarrel end:
But when the wind is down, and bluſtring weather,
They are made friends,& ſweetly run together,(low
May think theſe champions ſuch, their combs grow
And they that leapt even now, now ſcarce can go :
Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
(As if they did applaud themſelves) now flapt.
And having loſt the advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each others bloud they only reel.
From either eyes ſuch drops of bloud did fall,
As if they wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they would fain fight, they come ſo near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whiſper death ; and when they cannot riſe,
They lie and look blows in each others eyes.

But

But now the Tragick part after the fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting (like a dying Tapre) all
His force, as meaning with that blow to fall;
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now Poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by th' Antipathies:
With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er see, his heart most rue.
At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquered wings his Feather-bed,
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetcht in haste an Apothecary;
But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That 'twas uncapable of any Glister,
Wheresoever at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
Decently to be boyl'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.
Item, *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my side laid seven to one:

And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his heirs my comb I give;
Together with my brains, that all may know,
That (ſen times his brains did uſe to crow.
Item, *it is my Will to the weaker ones,*
Whoſe wives complain of them, I give my ſtones;
To him that's dull, I do my ſpurs impart,
And to the Coward, I bequeath my heart:
To Ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers ſhould be giv'n; and for my bill,
I'd giv't a Taylor, but it is ſo ſhort,
That I'm afraid he'l rather curſe me for't:
And for the Apothecaries fee, who meant
To give me a Gliſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly, becauſe I feel my life decay,
I yield, and give to Wisbich *Cock the day.*

In praiſe of Sack.

COme faith let's frolick, fill ſome Sack,
For then we ſhall not lack
Food for the belly, nor phyſick for the back,
This Beer breeds the Chollick, let us ſpread
Our Cheeks with Royal Red,
And then we'll ſing, hey toſs the divel's dead,
To Faction we never more will bow the knee:
Great *Britains* fate in faith 'twas long of thee.

You

You may ſee what Madam *England* hath been at
When we behold her Noſe is faln ſo flat.

To Wine we'll build a Shrine,
  And an Altar divine,
High as the ſign, where thy red noſe and mine
  Like Tapers ſhall ſhine:
Then let's drink for the Bets, 'tis the loſer that gets,
  In ſpight of their threats, and our Creditors nets,
We'll drink off our debts,
  Where he that's dead drunk, ſhall be
Laid out in ſtate, as well as he
  Whoſe dignity the only objects be
Of new Idolatry.
We'll guard his corps like a Bride
  To the grave-ſide, ſo copious and wide,
With as much pride as he that lately dyed,
  The Railing ſet aſide.

Fifty red-faces free, ſhall his Torch-bearers be;
Six maudlin mourners his Coffin ſhall carry,
There we will tipple free unto the memory
Of our fraternity drown'd in Canary:
In the Divel-Tavern we commonly will ſhew him,
  We'll bury him from the divel,
  Others fair men to him.

We'll be blythe and trimmer,
We'll have Muſick to——

Jews-harp, tongues and Skimmer,
Thy Cup —— my Cup ——
Bar-boy fill the other brimmer,
Fly cup ——ſtrike up—— there boy,
Till our eyes do grow dimmer.

Money ſhall be ſpent in Bays,
Every pen ſhall vent a praiſe
And a Monument we'll raiſe
Over his bones.
Where his Epitaph ſhall be,
That he dyed in Loyalty,
Never gain'd by Cruelty,
Kingdoms, nor Crowns.
That he never lived by injury,
Nor confounded men for forgery,
Neither put a prop of Perjury
Under his thrones;
That althongh he drank his Cares away,
And ſometimes his Loyal fears away,
Yet he never drank the tears away
Of Orphans Groans.

Thus he ſhall be both frollick and free,
Who's kindly kill'd with Canary,
With red and white, or other delight,
If tippling makes him miſcarry,
Provided he Bachanel be,
And ſcorns to admit of a parley

With

With Ale or Beer, or other ſuch geer,
  Polluted with Hop or with Barley,
Good wine doth ring; like Prieſt and King,
  But 'tis Ale that looks like a Lay-man,
Then for the Vineyard draw your Whynyard,
  The Divel go with the Dray-man.

A Maidenhead.

WHat is that you call a Maidenhead?
A thing oft ſmothered in a bed,
Which ſome have now, which all have had,
Which freely given makes one ſad.

'Tis got for nought with little pain;
'Tis kept, but loſt, not got again;
'Tis that you call a Maidenhead,
By proving quick 'tis ever dead.

A lump which Laſſes bear about
Till putting in doth put it out;
A herb it is which proves a weed
When firſt the husk doth bear a Seed.

It's that a Maidenhead we call,
A thing by ſtanding made to fall;
It is a Maiden-head, ſay we,
That's kept by holding cloſe the knee.

Which

Which youths were often uſed to lurch,
Which Brides do ſeldom bear to Church;
At fifteen rare, at eighteen ſtrange,
VVhich either loſe when two do change.

That fit's when Maidens begin to reak,
VVhen ere it parts, it makes them ſqueak,
And being gone, they ſtreight repent:
This by a Maidenhead is meant.

The Night encounter.

WHen *Phœbus* had dreſt his courſe to the Weſt
To take up his reſt below,
And *Cynthia* agreed in her glittering weed
Her light in his ſtead to beſtow:
I walking alone, attended by none,
I ſuddenly heard one cry,
O do not, do not kill me yet,
For I am not prepared to dye.

At length I drew near to ſee and to hear,
And ſtraight did appear to ſhew,
The Moon was ſo bright, I ſaw ſuch a ſight
It's fit no Wight ſhould it know:
A man and a maid together were laid,
And ever ſhe ſaid, nay fie,
O do not, *&c.*

The

The youth was ſo tough he pull'd up her ſtuff,
And to blindman-buff he did gò,
Though ſtill ſhe did lye, yet ſtill ſhe did cry,
And put him but by with a no;
But he was ſo ſtrong, and ſhe was ſo young,
That ſhe reſted a while for to cry,
O do not, *&c.*

Thus ſtriving in vain, well pleaſed again,
She vowed to remain his foe,
She kept ſuch a coyl, when he gave her the foyl,
The greater the broyl did grow;
For he was prepar'd, and did not regard
Her words, when he heard her cry,
O do not, *&c.*

He ſaid to the Maid, Sweet be not afraid,
Thy Phyſitian I will be;
If I light in the hole that pleaſeth me beſt,
I'll give thee thy Phyſick free;
He went to it again, and hit in the Vein
Where all her whole grief did lye;
O kill me, kill me once again,
For I am prepared to dye.

At length he gave o'r and ſuddenly ſwore,
He'd kill her no more that night,
He bid her adieu, for certain he knew
She wou'd tempt him to more delight:

But

But when they did part it went to her heart,
For at length he had taught her to cry,
O kill me, kill me once again,
For now I am prepared to dye.

The Protecting Brewer.

A Brewer may be a Burgeſs grave,
And carry the matter ſo fine and ſo brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which no body can deny.

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man
For there the knavery firſt began,
And Brew moſt cunning Plots he can,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the wars with ſuch a grace,
That he may get a Captains place,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may ſpeak ſo monſtrous well,
That he may raiſe ſtrange things to tell,
And ſo be made a Colonel,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raiſe his fortunes, ſo that he
Lieutenant General may be,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer he may be all in all,
And raiſe his powers both great and ſmall,
That he may be a Lord General,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer by's Exciſe and Rate,
Will promiſe his Army he knows what,
And ſet it upon the Colledge-gate,
Which no body, *&c.*

Methinks I hear one ſay to me,
Pray why may nor a Brewer be,
Lord-Chancelour o'th' Univerſity,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may be as bold as a Hector,
When he has drunk off his cup of Nectar,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which no body, *&c.*

Now

Now here remains the ſtrangeſt thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor doth bring,
To be an Emperour, or a King,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may do what he will,
Rob th Church and State, to ſell
His ſoul unto the divel of hell,
Which no body can deny.

Cromwel's *Coronation.*

O *Liver*, *Oliver*, take up thy Crown,
For now thou haſt made three Kingdoms thine
Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation, (own;
To ride us to ruine, who dare thee oppoſe:
Whilſt we thy good people are at thy devotion,
To fall down and worſhip thy terrible Noſe.

To thee and thy Mermydons *Oliver*, we,
Do tender thy homage as fits thy degree,
We'll pay thee Exſize and Taxes, God bleſs us,
With fear and contrition, as penitents ſhould,
Whilſt you, great ſirs, vouchſafe to oppreſs us,
Not daring ſo much as in private to ſcold.
(Sword.
We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee & thy
For now thou haſt made thy ſelf *Englands* ſole Lord,

By mandate of Scripture, and heavenly warrant,
The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too;
To *Charles* & his Kingdoms thou art Heir apparent,
And born to rule over the Turk and the Jew.

Then *Oliver*, *Oliver*, get up and ride,
Whilst Lords, Knights, & Gentry, do run by thy side,
The Maulsters and Brewers account it their glory,
Great God of the Grain-tub's compared to thee:
All Rebels of old are lost in their story,
Till thou Plod'st along to the *Paddington*-tree.

The Drunkard.

When I do travel in the night
The Brewers dog my brains do's byte,
My heart grows heavy, and my heels grow light,
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humour well.

When with upsie freeze I line my head,
My Hostis Sellar is my bed,
The worlds our own, and the divel is dead,
And I like, *&c.*

Then I'll be talking of matters of Court,
About the taking of some Fort,
Then I'll swear a lye is true report,
And I like, *&c.*

Then

Then I'll be talking of matters of State,
  Of News from *Pallatinate*,
What Princes are confederate,
  And I like, *&c.*

If my Hoſtis bids me pay my ſcore,
And ſtand if I can, I call her whore,
I reel and tumble out of her doore,
  And I like, *&c.*

That I came from the War, I roar and ſwear
I made a fellow die for fear,
How many I killed that I never came near,
  And I like, *&c.*

If I meet with a Taylors Stall,
And the ſtones with my noſe with fighting fall,
We kiſs and are friends, and ſo there's all,
  And I like, *&c.*

With an Indian Chimney in my hand,
Having a Boy at my command,
Like a brave Commander up I ſtand,
  And I like, *&c.*

Then I juſtle with every poſt I meet,
I kick the dunghils about the ſtreet,
I trample the kennels about my feet,
  And I like, *&c.*

The

The Conſtable I curſe and ban,
That bids me ſtand if I be a man,
I tell him he bids me do more than I can,
And I like, *&c.*

If I fall to the ground, and the watchmen ſee
And ask of me, if I foxed be?
I tell them 'tis my humility,
And I like, *&c.*

Then home I go, and my Wife doth skold
She bawls the more I bid her hold,
It is my patience makes her bold,
And I like, *&c.*

Then I grope to bed, but miſs the way,
Forget me where my Cloaths, I lay,
I call for drink by break of day,
And I like my humour.

Song of Sir Eglamore.

SIr *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight, fa, la, la, la, la,
He put on his Sword, & he went to fight, fa, la,
And as he rid o'r hill and dale,
All armed in his Coat of Maile,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lalla, la.

There ſtarts a huge Dragon out of his Den, fa, la,
Which had kill'd I know not how many men, fa, la,
But when he ſee Sir *Eglamore*,
If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

This Dragon he had a plaguy hard hide, fa, la, la,
Which could the ſtrongeſt ſteel abide, fa, la, la,
He could not enter him with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight to his heart bloud & guts,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

All the trees in the wood did ſhake, fa, la, la,
Horſes did tremble, and man did quake, fa, la, la,
The birds betook them to their peeping,
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
Fa, la, la.

But now it was no time to fear, fa, la, la,
For it was time to fight Dog, fight Bear, fa, la, la,
But as the Dragon yawning did fall,
He thruſt his Sword down hilt and all,
Fa, la, la.

For as the Knight in Choller did burn, fa, la, la,
He ought the Dragon a ſhrewd good turn, fa, la, la,
In at his mouth his Sword he ſent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament.
Fa, la, la.

Then

Then the Dragon, like a Coward, began to flee, fa, la,
Into his Den that was hard by, fa, la, la,
There he laid him down and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword,
Fa, la, la,

The Sword it was a right good blade, fa, la, la,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made, fa, la, la,
I, for my part, do forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it,
Fa, la, la.

When all was done, to the Alehouse he went, fa, la,
And presently his two pence he spent, fa, la, la,
He was so hot with tugging with the Dragon,
That nothing would squench him but a hole flagon,
Fa, la, la.

Well, now let us pray for the King & Queen, fa, la,
And eke in *London* there may be seen, fa, la, la,
As many Knights, and as many more,
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, lalla, la.

The Rump.

IF none be offended with the Scent,
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content

To ſing of the Rump of a Parliament,
Which no body can deny.

I have ſomtimes fed on a Rump in Souſe,
And a man may imagine the Rump of a Louſe;
But till now was ne'r heard of the Rump of a houſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's a rump of beef, and the rump of a gooſe
And a rump whoſe neck was hang'd in a nooſe;
But ours is a Rump can play faſt and looſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Rump had *Jane Shore*, and a Rump *Meſſaleen*,
And a Rump had *Antonies* reſolute Queen;
But ſuch a Rump as ours is, never was ſeen,
Which no body, *&c.*

Two ſhort years together we Engliſh have ſcarce
Been rid of thy rampant Noſe (old *Mars*,)
But now thou haſt got a prodigious Arſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

When the parts of the body did fall out,
Some votes it is like did paſs for the Snout;
But that the Rump ſhould be King was never a (doubt
Which no body, *&c.*

A Cat has a Rump, and a Cat has nine lives,
Yet when her head's off, her Rump never ſtrives;
But our Rump from the grave hath made two re-
Which no body, *&c.* (trives,

That the Rump may all their enemies quail,
They'l borrow the Divels Coat of Mayl,
And all to defend their eſtate in Tayl,
Which no body, *&c.*

But thought heir ſcale now ſeem to be th'upper, (per,
There's no need of the charge of a thankſgiving ſup-
For if they be the Rump, the Armies their Crupper,
Which no body, *&c.*

There is a ſaying belongs to the Rump,
Which is good although it be worn to the ſtump
That on the Buttock, I'll give thee a thump,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's a Proverb in which the rump claims a part,
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a fart,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's another Proverb gives the Rump for his
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jeſt, (Creſt,
That of all kind of lucks ſhitten luck is the beſt,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's another Proverb that never will fail,
That the good Rump will do when they prevail,
Is to give us a flap with a Fox-tail,
Which no body, *&c.*

There is a ſaying, which is made by no fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the Rump will ſpend all we have in cloſe-
Which no body, *&c.* (ſtools,

There's an obſervation wiſe and deep,
Which, without an Onion, will make me to weep,
That flies will blow Maggots in the Rump of a
Which no body, *&c.* (ſheep,

And ſome, that can ſee the wood from the trees,
Say, this Sanctified Rump in time we may leeſe:
For the Cooks do challenge the rumps for their Fees,
Which no body, *&c.*

When the Rump do ſit, we'll make it our moan,
That the Reaſon be'nacted, if there be not one,
Why a Fart hath a tongue, and a Fieſt hath none,
Which no body, *&c.*

And whil'ſt within the walls they lurk,
To ſatisfie us, will be a good work,
Who hath moſt Religion, the Rump or the Turk,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Rump's a Fag end, like the baulk of a furrow,
And is to the whole like the jail to the burrough,
'Tis the bran that is left when the meal is run tho-
Which no body, &c. (rough,

Consider the world, the heav'n is the head on't,
The earth is the middle, and we men are fed on't,
But hell is the rump, and no more can be said on't,
Which no body can deny.'

The Red-coats Triumph.

COme Drawer, and fill us about some wine,
Let's merrily tipple, the day is our own;
We'll have our delights, let the Country go pine,
Let the King and the Kingdom groan:
The Crown is our own, and so shall continue,
We'll baffle Monarchy quite,
We'll drink of the Kingdoms Revenue,
And sacrifice all to Delight;
'Tis power that brings us all to be Kings,
And we'll all be crown'd by our might.

A fig for Divinity Lectures, and Law,
And all that true Loyalty do pretend;
We will by the Sword keep Kingdoms in awe,
And our Powers shall never end;
The Church and the State we'll turn into liquor,
And spend a whole town in a day:

We'll melt all the Bodkins the quicker
Into Sack, and drink them away;
We'll keep the demeans of the Bishops and Deans,
And over the Presbyter sway.

Now nimble Saint *Patrick* is sunk in a bog,
And his Country-men sadly cry, *O hone, O hone*;
Saint *Andrew* and his Kirkmen are lost in a fog,
And now we are the Saints alone;
Thus on our Equals and Superiours we trample,
And *Jockie* our stirrop shall hold,
The Citie's our Mule for example,
Whilst we will in plenty be rou'ld;
Each delicate dish shall but eccho our wish,
And our drink shall be cordial Gold.

The Bulls Feather.

IT chanced not long ago, as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me where two were a talking:
'Twas a man said to his wife, die had I rather,
Than to be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather,

Then presently she reply'd, Sweet, art thou jealous?
Thou canst not play *Vulcan* before I play *Venus*:
Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather:
There's many an honest man has worn the Bulls Fea
(ther.
Though

Though it be inviſible, let no man it ſcorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn,
He that diſdains it in heart or mind either
May be the more ſubject to wear the Bulls Feather.

He that lives diſcontent, or in deſpair,
And feareth falſe meaſure, becauſe his wife's fair:
His thoughts are inconſtant, much like winter wea-
(ther,
Though one or two want it, he ſhall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common as *Ergo* in Schools,
And only contemned by thoſe that are fools:
Why ſhould a Bulls Feather cauſe any unreſt,
Since neighbours fare alwaies is counted the beſt?

Thoſe women wh' are faireſt, are likely to give it;
And husbands that have them, are apt to believe it.
Some men though their wives ſhould ſeem for to
(tedder,
They would play the kind neighbour, and give the
(Bulls feather.
Why ſhould we repine that our wives are ſo kind,
Since we that are husbands are of the ſame mind?
Shall we give them feathers, and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that diſdains my Bulls feather to day,
May light of a Laſs that will play him foul play,
There's

There's ne'r a proud gallant that treads on Cows (Leather,
But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather.

Though Beer of that brewing, I never did drink,
Yet be not displeas'd if I speak what I think,
Scarce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'll have it, or else they will give it.

Then let me advise all those that do pine,
For fear that false jealousie shorten their time: (ver;
That disease will torment them worse than any fea-
Then let all be contented to wear the Buls feather.

Old England *turned* New.

YOu talk of *New-England*, I truely believe
Old *England* is grown new, & doth us deceive,
I'll ask you a question or two, by your leave,
And is not old *England* grown new?

Where are your old Souldiers with slashes and skars
That never used drinking in no time of wars,
Nor shedding of bloud in mad drunken jars?
And is not, *&c.*

New Captains are come that never did fight,
But with Pots in the day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief care is to keep their swords bright,
And is not, *&c.*

Where

Where are your old Swords, your bills, & your bows,
Your Bucklers and Targets that never feared blows?
They are turned to Steelettoes, with other fair shews,
And is not, *&c.*

Where are your old Courtiers, that used to ride
With forty blew-coats and footmen beside?
They are turned to six horses a coach with a guide,
And is not, *&c.*

And what is become of your old fashion Cloaths,
Your long-sided breeches, and your trunk hose?
They are turned to new fashions, but what, the Lord knows,
And is not, *&c.*

Your Gallant & his Taylor some half year together,
To fit a new suit to a new hat and feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, silk, cloath, stuff, or leather,
And is not, *&c.*

We have new fashion'd beards, and new fashiond locks,
And new fashion'd hats for your new pated blocks,
And more new diseases besides the French pox,
And is not, *&c.*

New houses are built, and the old ones pull'd down,
Untill the new houses sell all the old ground,
And then the house stands like a horse in the pound,
And is not, *&c.*

New

New fashions in houses, new fashions at table,
The old servants discharged, the new are more able
And every old custome is but an old fable,
And is not, *&c.*

New trickings, new goings, new measures, new (paces
New heads for your men, for your women new faces
And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases,
And is not, *&c.*

New tricks in the Law, new tricks in the holds,
New bodies they have, they look for new souls
When the money is paid for building of *Pauls*,
And is not, *&c.*

Then talk you no more of *New-England*,
New-England is where Old *England* did stand, (man'd
New furnish'd, new fashion'd, new woman'd, new
And is not Old *England* grown New.

A merry Song.

COme Drawer, turn about the bowle
Till every soul has made a scrowle
As long as his arm:
Again, my boy, be filling still
Till every will has had his fill,
Twill keep us from harm:

For

or he that is copious, and doth freight with Sack,
as the world at will, and doth nothing lack;
He's richeſt then can drink off a Tun,
The braveſt men that are under the Sun;
Now the world is ſo giddy, that it ſcarce knows
To ſmell out the truth now it has loſt its noſe:
That has left behind a Pitiful caſe,
It ſmels, you'l find, in every place.

Then ſince he is happieſt that drinks the moſt,
Joy, call mine Hoſt, that honeſt toſt,
He ſhall have his ſhare;
For intereſt we'll give him drink,
Now wine is chink, yet let him think
Our dealing is faire;
For I'll maintain his reckoning's good.
Though we had drunk on tick ſince *Noah's* flood,
We'll clear it all in *Platoes* year,
You'l hear we ſhall be *Catoes* there:
Then he's an aſs will ſpare for Chalk
To purchaſe Sack; what e'r you talk,
He's not great, nor rich, nor wiſe;
An errant Cheat does Wine deſpiſe.

A Scottiſh Covenant we'll take
To burn at ſtake, if not forſake
The old hereſie
Of bowzing to a petticoat,
If healths of note we could not vote
Paſt any ſhe,

They

They are but blazes, and ſoon are gone,
Fine trifles for us to play upon:
When we have nought, or little to do,
We'll have 'um brought, and tickle 'um too;
Mean time let us drink a Carouſe to thoſe
Who are neither the French nor the Spaniards foe
For all our treaſure is there in their Mines,
There's no pleaſure here but in their wines.

The Contented.

PRay why ſhould any man complain,
Or why diſturb his breaſt or brain
At this new alteration?
Since that which has been done's no more
Than what has oft been done before,
And that which will be done again,
As long as there are ambitious men,
That ſtrive for domination.

In this mad age there's nothing firm,
All things have period, and their term,
Their riſe and declination;
Thoſe gaudy nothings we admire,
Which get above and ſhine like fire,
Are empty vapours raiſed from ground,
Their mock-ſhine paſt th'are quickly down,
Muſt fall like exhalation.

But ſtill we Commons muſt be made
A gaull'd, a lame, thin hackney Jade,
And all by turns will ride us;
This ſide, or that, no matter which,
For both do ride with ſpur and ſwitch,
Till we are tired, and then at laſt
We ſtumble, and our riders caſt,
'Cauſe they'd not feed nor guide us.

Th' inſulting Clergy quite miſtook,
Thinking that Kingdoms paſt by book,
Or Crowns were got by prating;
'Tis not the black coat, but the red,
Has power to make, or be the head;
Nor is it oaths, nor words, nor tears,
But Muſquets and full Bandeleers
Have power of legiſlating.

The Lawyers muſt lay by their books,
And ſtudy *Monck* much more than *Cooks*;
The Sword is the Learned Pleader:
Reports and Judgements will not do't,
But 'tis Dragoons and Horſe and Foot;
Words are but wind, but Swords come home,
A ſtout tongued Lawyer is but a mome,
Compared to a ſtout file-leader.

Such wit and valour root all things,
They pull down, and they ſet up Kings,

All

All Law is in their bosoms;
That side is alwaies right that's strong,
And that that's beaten must be wrong:
And he that thinks it is not so,
Unless he's sure to beat 'um too,
He's but a fool to oppose 'm.

Let them impose taxes and rates,
'Tis but on them that have estates,
Not such as thou and I are:
But it concerns those wordlings which
At least are made, or else grow rich,
Such as have studied all their daies
The saving and the thriving waies,
To be the mules of power.

If they'l reform the Church or State,
We'll ne'r be troubled much thereat:
Let each man take his opinion,
If we don't like the Church, you know
Taverns are free, and there we'l go;
And every one will be
As clearly unconcern'd as we,
They'l ne'r fight for domination.

The indifferent.

WHat an Aſs is he
Waits a womans leiſure
For a minutes pleaſure,
And perhaps may be
Gull'd at laſt, and loſe her,
What an aſs is he?

Shall I ſigh and die
'Cauſe a maid denies me,
And that ſhe may try me,
Suffer patiently?
O no! Fate ſhall tye me,
To ſuch cruelty.

Love is all my life,
For it keeps me doing:
Yet my love and wooing
Is not for a Wife:
It is good eſchewing
Warring, care, and ſtrife.

What need I to care
For a womans favour?
If another have her,

Why ſhould I deſpair,
When for gold and labour
I can have my ſhare.

If I fancy one,
And that one do love me,
Yet deny to prove me,
Farewel, I am gone.
She can never move me,
Farewel, I am gone.

If I chance to ſee
One that's brown, I love her,
Till I ſee another,
That is browner than ſhe,
For I am a lover
Of my liberty.

Every day I change,
And at once love many,
Yet not tied to any,
For I love to range,
And if one ſhould ſtay me
I ſhould think it ſtrange.

What though ſhe be old,
So that ſhe have riches,
Youth and Form bewitches,

But 'tis ſtore of Gold
Cures laſcivious itches,
So the Criticks hold.

A Weſt-country Mans Voyage to New-England.

MY Maſters give audience, and liſten to me,
And ſtreight che will tell you where che have be:
Che have been in *New-England*, but now cham come o'er,
Itch do think they ſhal catch me go thither no more.

Before che went o'er Lord how Voke did tell
How viſhes did grow, and how birds did dwell
All one mong, t'other in the wood and the water,
Che thought had been true, but che find no ſuch matter.

When firſt che did land che mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all daies on a Satterday night,
Che wondred to ſee the ſtrong building were there,
'Twas all like the ſtanding at *Bartholmew* Fair.

Well, that night che ſlept till near Prayer time,
Next morning che wondred to hear no Bells chime,
And when che had ask'd the reaſon, che found
'Twas becauſe they had never a Bell in the Town.

At laſt being warned to Church to repair, (prayer,
Where che did think certain che ſho'd hear ſome
But the Parſon there no ſuch matter did teach,
They ſcorn'd to pray, they were all able to preach.

The virſt thing they did, a Zalm they did ſing,
I pluckt out my Zalm book, which with me did bring
Che was troubled to ſeek him, 'cauſe they call him by name, (ſame.
But they had got a new Song to the tune of the

When Sermon was done was a child to baptize
About ſixteen years old, as volk did ſurmiſe,
And no Godfather nor Godmother, yet 'twas quiet and ſtill,
The Prieſt durſt not croſs him for fear of his ill will.

A Sirra, quoth I, and to dinner che went,
And gave the Lord thanks for what he had ſent;
Next day was a wedding, the brideman my friend,
He kindly invites me, ſo thither I wend.

But this, above all, to me wonder did bring,
To ſee a Magiſtrate marry, and had ne'r a ring;
Che thought they would call me the woman to give
But che think he ſtole her, for he askt no man leave.

Now this was new *Dorcheſter* as they told me,
A Town very famous in all that Country;

They

They ſaid 'twas new building, I grant it was true,
Yet methinks old *Dorchester* as fine as the new.

Che ſtaid there among them till che was weary at heart,
At length there came ſhipping, che got leave to depart:
But when all was ended che was coming away,
Che had threeſcore ſhillings for ſwearing to pay.

But when che ſaw that, an oath more che ſwore,
Che would ſtay no more longer to ſwear on the ſcore;
Che bid farewel to thoſe Fowlers and Fiſhers,
So God bleſs old *England* and all his well wiſhers.

A medicine for the Quartan Ague.

THe Aphoriſms of *Galen* I count but as ſtraws,
Profound Piſpot-peepers be you all mute,
The old quartan feaver breaks all Phyſick-Laws,
To help to cure it I think it is boot:
Peruſing of late a wormeaten book,
Brought hither from *Cinthia* down in *Charles*'s wain;
A curious medicine out thence I took,
To cure the quartan Feaver again.

Firſt chooſe a Phyſitian that will not exceed
Probatum eſt, ſpeaking no more than he knows,

Who hath more skill in his tongue than his head;
Who his Potions on Patients *gratis* bestows,
Three Midsummer moons in one, let him pray
To *Apollo*, and the Moon being full in the wane,
And *Scola Salerna* twice backward to say,
And it will cure the quartan Feaver again.

His Patients water then let him cast
In a pure Urinal of old *August* Ice,
And diet him strictly, no gross meats to eat,
But feed him with fancies, and antick device,
To walk every morning some eight miles or more,
Before *Phœbus* rises, in the sunshine,
And before he be up to be seen without door,
And 'twill cure, &c.

Then let him take from him nine drops and a half
Of purified bloud, but pierce not the skin,
Only open a vein in the heel of the calf,
Some half a year before the fit do begin;
To sweat eleven minutes in an Oven let him lye,
Heat with a North wind, and a shower of rain,
And sleep every night with one half of an eye,
And 'twill cure, &c.

To keep his body alwaies soluble and loose,
That he shall never fear to be subject to be bound,
Let him drink Woodcocks water in the quill of a Goose,

And

And alwaies untruſs when he goes to ground;
Thus being prepared, let the Doctor proceed
With all other ingredients to conquer his pain,
And profeſs more Art than ere he did read,
To cure the quartan, *&c.*

Then let him take the wind of the wing of a Crane,
As he flies over *Caucaſus* hill,
With the precious ſtone was in *Gyges* his Ring,
Mix them with three turns of an honeſt windmil,
Boyl theſe altogether from a pint to a quart
In a Travellers mouth whoſe tongue cannot ſeigne,
And having new din'd give him this next his heart,
And 'twill cure, *&c.*

Then three handfull take of Popes holy ſhadow,
When *Sol* is new entred into the dog-daies,
Three skreeches of an Owl four kaws of a Jackdaw,
With the brains and the heads of three ninepenny (nailes,
Fry theſe together within a meal-ſive,
With the ſweat of the ſouth-ſide of a French bean,
And this to his Patient Morn & Even let him give,
And 'twill cure, *&c.*

Take three merry thoughts of a Bride the firſt night
She's to lye with her Groom, to purge melancholly,
Three gingles of the ſilver ſpur of a field Knight,
Four Puritan faces, not counterfeit holy,

Take three youthful capers of an old Oxe,
And thorough a joyned ſtool them let him ſtrain,
And then drink the juice through a tail of a Fox,
And it will cure, *&c.*

Moreover, becauſe I ſtrive to be brief,
Take three honeſt thrums of a weavers ſhuttle,
Three ſnips of a Taylors ſheers that's no thief,
A cut-purſes thumb, with his horn and his whittle,
The mind of a miller that ne'r took a corn,
More than his due in grinding of grain,
Burn theſe all together with Jeeny red ſtalks,
And 'twill cure, *&c.*

And laſtly, this counſel my old Author gives,
Take the bloud of a Beetle in the ayre as ſhe flies,
Who, like a Phyſitian, of excrement lives,
And therewith let Empericks anoynt his quick eyes:
This being practiſed, he ſhall ſee ſoon
All natural myſteries perfect and plain,
And know as much Phyſick as the man in the Moon
To cure the quartan feaver again.

A Catch.

NOw I am married, Sir *John* I'll not curſe,
He joyn's us together for better, for worſe;
But if I were ſingle I tell you plain,
I would be adviſed ere I marri'd again.

Of

Of Levelling.

I Have reason to fly thee, & not to sit down by thee,
For I hate to behold one so sawcy and bold,
That derides and contemns his superiours;
Your Madams and Lords,
With such manerly words,
With gestures that be
Fit for our degree
Are things that we and you
Do claim as our due
From all those that are our inferiours, (know,
For from the begining there were Princes we
'Tis your Levellers do hate 'cause they cannot be (so.
All titles of honour were at first in the Donors,
But being granted away by that persons stay,
Where he wore a small soul or a bigger,
There's a necessity
That there should be a degree,
Though *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Jack*,
Will serve you and your pack,
Where 'tis due we'll afford
A Sir *John*, or my Lord,
Honest *Dick's* name is enough for a digger;
He that hath a strong purse may all things be, or
Be valiant, and wise, and religious too. (do,

We

We have cauſe to adore that man that hath ſtore
Though a boor or a ſot, there's ſomething to be got
Though he be neither honeſt nor witty,
Make him high, let him rule,
He'll be playing the fool,
And tranſgreſs, then we'll ſqueeze
Him for fines and for fees,
And we ſhall gain
By the vanities of his brain,
'Tis the fools Cap that maintains the City;
If honour be but air, 'tis in common, and as fit
For the fool, or the Clown, as the champion or wit

Then why may not we be of a different degree,
And each man aſpire to be greater and higher
Than his wiſer or honeſter brother,
Since Fortune and Nature
Their favours do ſcatter,
This hath Valour, that Wit
To his wealth, nor is it fit
That one ſhould have all,
For then what would befall
He that is born not to one nor the other? (chatte
Though honor were a prize from a'firſt, now it's
And as meer huntable now as your ware, lands o
(cattl
But in this we agree to live quiet and free,
To drink Sack and ſubmit, and not ſhew your wit
By your prating, but ſilence and thinking;

L

Let the Presbyter Jews
Read Diurnals and News,
And lard their discourse
With a Covenant that's worse;
That which pleaseth me best
Is a Song or a Jest,
And my obedience I'll shew it by my drinking;
And the name I desire is an honest good fellow,
And that man hath no worth that won't some-
(times be mellow.

In praise of a Mistresse.

I Have the fairest *Non-perel*,
The fairest that ever was seen,
And had not *Venus* been in the way,
She had been Beauties Queen.

Her lovely looks, her comely grace,
I will describe at large;
God *Cupid* put her in his books,
And of this Jem took charge.

The *Grecian Helen* was a Moore,
Compar'd to my dear Saint,
And fair fac'd *Syrens* beauty poor,
And yet she doth not paint.

Andromeda, whom *Perseus* lov'd,
Was foul were she in sight,
Her lineaments so well approv'd,
In praise of her I'll write.

Her hair not like the Golden wyre,
But black as any Crow,
Her brows so beetl'd all admire,
Her forehead wondrous low.

Her squinting, staring, gogling eyes
Poor Children do affright,
Her nose is of the Sarasens size;
O she's a matchless wight.

Her Oven-mouth wide open stands,
And teeth like rotten pease,
Her Swan-like neck my heart commands,
And breasts all bit with Fleas.

Her tawny dugs, like two great hills,
Hang sow like to her waste,
Her body huge, like two wind-mills,
And yet she's wondrous chaste.

Her shoulders of so large a breadth,
She'd make an excellent Porter,
And yet her belly carries most,
If any man could sort her.

No Shoulder of Mutton like her hand,
For broadneſs thick and fat,
With a pocky Mange upon her wriſt:
Oh *Jove*! how love I that?

Her belly Tun-like to behold,
Her buſh doth all excell,
The thing that, by all men extoll'd,
Is wider than a well.

Her brawny buttocks, plump and round,
Much like a Horſe of War,
With ſpeckled thighs, ſcab'd and ſcarce ſound;
Her knees like Bakers are.

Her legs are like the Elephants,
The calf and ſmall both one,
Her anckles they together meet,
And ſtill knock bone to bone.

Her pretty feet not 'bove fifteens,
So ſplay'd as never was,
An excellent Uſher for a man
That walks the dewy graſs.

Thus have you heard my Miſtris prai'sd,
And yet no flattery us'd,
Pray tell me, is ſhe not of worth?
Let her not be abus'd.

If any to her have a mind,
He doth me wondrous wrong,
For as ſhe's beautious, ſo ſhe's chaſte,
And thus concludes my Song.

Senſual Delight.

ARe you grown ſo melancholly,
That you think of nought but folly?
Are you ſad, are you mad, are you worſe,
Do you think want of chinck is your curſe?
Do you love for to have longer life, or a grave?
Then this will cure you.

Firſt I would have a bag of Gold,
That ſhould ten thouſand pieces hold,
And all that in your lap would I poure
For to ſpend on your friend or your whore,
For to play away at dice, or to ſhift you from you (lice
And this will cure you.

Next I would have a ſoft bed made,
Wherein a Virgin ſhould be laid
That will play any way you deviſe,
That will ſtick like an itch to your thighs,
That will bill like a dove, lie beneath or above,
And this will cure you.

Nex

Next the bowl that *Jove* divine
Drunk Nectar in, fill'd up with wine
And all that, like a Greek, you should quaff
Till your cheeks they look red, and you laugh,
Unto *Ceres*, and to *Venus*, unto *Bacchus*, and *Silenus*,
And this will cure you.

Next seven Eunuchs should appear
Singing in Spheare-like manner here
In the praise of the wayes of delight,
Venus can use with man in the night,
When she seemeth to adorn *Vulcans* head with a (horn.
And this will cure you.

But if no gold nor women can,
Nor wine, nor Song make merry man,
Let the Batt be your mate and the Owle,
Let the pain in the brain make you howl:
Let the Pox be your friend, and the Plague be your (end.
And this will cure you.

On Captain Hick *his* Oxford *Jeasts.*

Sublimest discretions, have clubd for expressions
Which are muster'd up here by our Captaine;
Some staler, some milder, some tamer, some wilder,
And all in clean Linnen are wrapt in:

2

Oxford Univerſity approves her ſelf witty,
In Jeſts of more jovial concerning,
And jocoſe Apprehenſions prefer their Inventions,
Before all the reſt of her learning.

3

Here is choice, here is ſtore, Eight Hundred or more
The Cream, and the Crown of all Jeſting;
All brave ſouls be Gueſts at this Banquet of Jeſts
Lucullus had never ſuch feaſting.

4

Such wit here's expreſt in every choice Jeſt
They'll make *Mellancholliens* frolick,
And all thoſe to forget to groan, and to fret,
That are troubled with Stone and the Chollick.

5

Will Sumners and Scoggin with Archee be Jogging
Your Quirks and your Quibbles are folly:
No ſuch rare Antidotes, ere took flight from the (throats,
'Gainſt the poyſon of black Mellancholly.

6

One reading a ſcore did with laughter give o're
Or his broad ſides had elſe ſplit in ſunder;
At next Ordinary he with repeating of three
Made the wits at the board to knock under.

7

(turnies,
Theſe will ſhorten the Journeys of Clarks and At-
With wits moſt refin'd Recreations,

And

And when they are far remote from the Barr
We'll cheer up their hearts in Vacations.

8

Now all you brave Blades leave your Shops & your (trades
Your lying and sollemn protesting,
And if ever you'll thrive cease to drink, swear, & —
And study the science of Jesting.

9

To Gratifie Jesters sinks Angells to Testers
But here without fear of Expences,
You may pick, you may chuse, you may take or refuse
As suits with the moods, and the tences.

10

At home and abroad on our walks or the Road
These Cordials will prove Efficacious,
Search the Books of all Ages, & ransack their Pages
You shall find nothing half so Solacious.

A Catch.

A Pox on the Jaylor and on his fat Jole,
There's liberty lies in the bottom of th'Bole,
A fig for what ever the Rascal can do,
Our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too;
Then Drink we round in despite of our foes,
And make our hard Irons cry clink in the close:
Now laugh we and quaff we, untill our rich Noses
Grow red, and contest with our chapplets of Roses.

Phillis, *her Lamentation.*

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my Fare;
But that which troubles me most is
The unkindness of my Dear:
Yet still I cry O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,;
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what remedie!

I ll Crown thee with Garlands of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a Rush Ring;
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing,
O turn to me my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me;
For thou art the man that alone can'st
Procure my libertie.

But if thou wilt harden thy Heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw alone:
Yet still I cry O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me;
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misrie.

The Song of the Redlers.

FRom the fair *Lavinian* Shore
I your Markets come to ſtore,
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell
And my wares come here to ſell:
Such is the ſecret hunger of Gold,
Then come to my Pack,
While I cry, what d' ye lack,
What d' ye buy? for here it is to be ſold.

I have Beauty, Honour, and Grace,
Fortune, favour, Time and Place;
And what elſe thou would'ſt requeſt,
Even the thing thou likeſt beſt:
Firſt let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad
Thou ſhalt have what thy Dad
Never gave; for here it is to be ſold.

Madam, come ſee what ye lack,
Here's Complexion in my pack;
White and red you may have in this place
To hide your old ill wrinkled face.
Firſt let me have a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou ſhalt ſeem
Like a Wench of fifteen,
Although you be threeſcore year old.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

CAlm was the Evening and clear was the skie,
And the ſweet budding flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went *Amintor* and I
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing :
I ſate, and he lay'd him down by me,
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear he began to come near,
He was daſht with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

He bluſht to himſelf, and laid ſtill a while,
'Twas his modeſty curb'd his deſire ;
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire :
Ah ! *Silvia*, ſaid he, you are cruel
To keep your poor lover in awe
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breſt,
But was daſht with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his paſſion that cauſed his fear,
And therefore I Pitied his caſe ;
I whisper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And lay'd my Cheek cloſe to his Face :
But as he grew bolder and bolder
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw,
And ſtraight as our bliſs, began with Kiſs,
He laughs out with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

In praiſe of Sack.

FEtch me *Ben. Johnſons* ſcull, and fill't with Sack
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſs in the wine,
There's virtue in a Cup to mak't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſte too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it; and I fear
There's Hereſie in Hops; give *Calvin* Beer,
And his preciſe Diſciples, ſuch as think
There's Powder-treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink;
Call Sack an Idoll, nor will kiſs the Cup,
For fear their Conventicle will be blown up
With ſuperſtition: give to theſe Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is Six ſhilling Beer, and Pſalms;
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoul with heavenly fire;
That thou ſublim'ſt the Genius making wit,
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love, or live by it;
Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and fair,
Whil'ſt our conceits build Caſtles in the air:

Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee;
Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
Welcome be thee our Muse begins her scapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark now it chinks:
And do esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And charge the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And so by consequence till rich *Spains* Wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine
And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bless us)
I think my self a better man than *Crœsus*.
And now I do conceit my self a Judge,
And coughing laugh to see my Clients trudge
After my Lordships Coach unto the Hall
For Justice, and am full of Law withal,
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long since for want of honestie:
But I'll be Judge no longer though in jest,
For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest
When I am sober; who can chuse but think
Me wise, that am so wary in my drink!
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty sport,
I am come back from *Westminster* to Court;

And

And am grown young again; my Ptisick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When she invites young lovers for to play
Upon her flowry bosome: I could win
A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin.
Oh for a score of Queens! you'd laugh to see
How they would strive which first should ravish me,
Three Goddesses were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* sipt
From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kiss
Fair *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliss:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone:
Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire,
Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.
Inestimable Sack! thou mak'st us rich:
Wise, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake
If I be once inflam'd, against thy Nose
That could preach down thy worth in small-beer (Prose
I should do miracles bad, or worse,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horse:
T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks:

Let it be full, if I do chance to ſpill
Ov'r my ſtandiſh by the way I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,
Write my ſelf ſober, and fall to't agen.

A Catch.

NOw that the *Spring* hath fill'd our Veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green Liveries for the Plains
And every Grove a Quire.

Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee,
And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
And here's to thee, and thou to me
And every thirſty ſoul.

Shear ſheep that have them, cry we ſtill,
But ſee that none eſcape,
To take off this Sherry, that makes us ſo merry
And plump as the luſty Grape.

The Huntſman.

OF all the ſports the world doth yield
Give me a pack of hounds in field,
Whoſe eccho ſounds ſhrill through the sky,
Makes *Jove* admire our harmony,

And

And wiſh that he a mortal were,
To ſee ſuch pleaſures we have here.

Some do delight in Masks and plays,
And in *Diana's* Holy daies.
Let *Venus* act her chiefeſt skill,
If I diſlike I'll pleaſe my will;
And chooſe ſuch as will laſt,
And not to ſurfeit when I taſte.

Then I will tell you of a ſcent,
Where many a horſe was almoſt ſpent,
In *Chadwel* Cloſe a Hare we found,
That led us all a ſmoaking round;
O'r hedge and ditch away ſhe goes,
Admiring her approaching foes.

But when ſhe felt her ſtrength to waſte,
She parleys with the Hounds in haſte.
The Hare. You gentle dogs forbear to kill
A harmleſs beaſt that ne'r did ill:
And if your Maſters ſport do crave,
I'll lead a ſcent as they would have.

The Hounds. Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haſte we ſay, and get thee gone;
We'll give thee leave for half a mile,
To ſee if thou canſt us beguile:

But then expect a thundering cry,
Made by us and our company.

The Hare. Then since you set my life so light,
I'll make Black lovely turn to White;
And *York-shire* Gray, that runs at all,
I'll make him wish him in his stall;
And Sorrel, he that seems to fly,
I'll make him sickly ere I die.

Let *Burham Bay* do what he can,
And *Barton Gray*, Which now and then
Doth strive to winter up my way;
I'll neither make him sit nor play,
And constant *Robin*, though he lie
At his advantage, what care I?

But here *Kit Bolton* did me wrong,
As I was running all along;
For with one pat he made me so,
That I went reeling too and fro:
Then, if I die your masters tell,
That fool did ring my passing-Bell.

But if your masters pardon me,
I'll read them all to *Througabby*;
Where constant *Robin* keeps a room
To welcome all the Guests that come,

To laugh, and quaff in Wine, and Beer,
A full Carouze to their Career.

The Hounds. Away, away, ſince 'tis our nature
To kill thee, and no other Creature,
Our Maſters they do want abit,
And thou wilt well become the ſpit:
They eat the fleſh, we pick the bone,
Make haſt, we ſay, and get thee gone.

The Hare. Your Maſters may abate their cheer,
My meat is dry; and Butter dear;
And if with me they'd make a friend,
They had better give a Puddings end:
Beſides, once dead, then ſport they'l lack,
And I muſt hang on th' Huntſman's back.

The Hounds. Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree;
But all thy doubling ſhifts we fear
Will not prevent thy death ſo near,
Then make thy Will, for it may be that
May ſave thee; elſe, we know not what.

The Hare's Will. Then I do give my body free,
Unto your Maſters courteſie;
And if they'l ſpare till ſport be ſcant,
I'll be their game, when they do want:

But

But when I'm dead each greedy hound
Will trail my entrails on the ground.

The Hounds. Were ever Dogs ſo baſely croſt?
Our Maſters call us off ſo faſt,
That we the ſcent have almoſt loſt;
And they themſelves muſt loſe the roaſt,
Wherefore, kind *Hare* we pardon you:
The Hare. Thanks gentle *Hounds*, and ſo Adieu.

A Catch.

O The wily wily *Fox*, with his many wily mocks,
We'll Earth him if you'l but follow,
And now that we have done't, to conclude our mer-
Let us roundly whoop and hollow: (ry hunt,
Prethee drink, prethee drink, prethee, prethee drink,
That the Hunters may all follow.

A Song.

SHe lay all naked in her bed,
And I my ſelf lay by,
No Vail nor Curtain there was ſpread,
No covering but I:
Her head upon one ſhoulder ſeeks
To hang in careleſs wiſe,

All

All full of bluſhes were her cheeks,
  And wiſhes were her eyes.

Her bloud lay fluſhing in her face,
  As on a meſſage came,
To ſay that in ſome other place
  It meant ſome other Game;
Her neather Lip moyſt, plump, and fair,
  Millions of kiſſes crown'd,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
  And weighed the branches down.

Her breaſts, that lay ſwell'd full and high,
  Bred pleaſant pangs in me,
And all the world I did defie
  For that felicity;
Her thighs and belly, ſoft and plump,
  To me were only ſhewn:
To have ſeen ſuch meat, and not to have eat,
  Would have angred any one.

Her knees lay up, but ſtoutly bent,
  And all was hollow under,
As if on eaſie terms they meant
  To fall unforc'd aſunder:
Juſt ſo the *Cyprian* Queen did lye,
  Expecting in her bower;
When too long ſtay, had kept the boy
  Beyond his promiſed hour.

Dull Clown, quoth ſhe, why doſt delay
  Such proffered bliſs to take?
Canſt thou find no other way
  Similitudes to make?
Mad with delight I thundred in,
  And threw mine arms about her,
But a pox upon't 'twas but a dream,
  And ſo I lay without her.

Of a Good Wife *and a* Bad.

SOme Wives are Good and ſome are Bad,
  (Reply) *Methinks you touch them now,*
And ſome will make their Husbands mad,
  (Cho.) *And ſo will my Wife too:*
  And my Wife and thy Wife,
  And my Wife ſo will do.

Some Women love to breed diſcord,
  Methinks, &c.
And ſome will have the latter word,
  (Cho.) *And ſo will my wife too:*
  And my Wife, &c.

Some Women will Spin, and ſome will Sow,
  Methinks, &c.
And ſome will to the Tavern go,
  (Cho.) *And ſo will my Wife too:*
  And my Wife, &c.

Some

Some Women will say they'r sick at Heart,
Methinks, &c.
And some will let a rousing Fart,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some Women will ban and some will curse,
Methinks, &c.
And some will pick their Husbands Purse,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Brawle, and some will Scold,
Methinks, &c.
And some will make their Husbands Cuckold,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will drink, and some will not,
Methinks, &c.
And some will take the t'other Pot,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some Women are sick, and some are sound,
Methinks, &c.
And some will take it on the Ground,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Thus

Thus of my ſong I'll make an end,
Methinks, &c.
Hoping all women will amend,
(Cho.) *And ſo will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

A Catch.

CAll *George* again boy, call *George* again,
And for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* again.
George is a good boy, and draws us good wine,
Or fills us more Clarret our wits to refine;
George is a brave Lad, and an honeſt man,
If you will him know, he dwells at the *Swan.*

A Song.

POX take you Miſtris I'll be gone,
I have friends to wait upon;
Think you I'll my ſelf confine,
To your humours (Lady mine:)
No, your louring ſeems to ſay:
'Tis a rainy drinking day,
To the Tavern I'll away.

There have I a Miſtris got,
Cloyſtered in a Pottle pot:

Brisk

Brisk and ſprightly as thine eye,
When thy richeſt glances fly,
Plump AND bounding, lively, fair,
Buckſome, ſoft, and debonair:
And ſhe's call'd Sack, my DEAR.

Sack's my better Miſtris far,
Sack's my only beauty-ſtar;
Whoſe rich beams, and glorious raies,
Twinkle in each red roſe and face:
Should I all her vertues ſhew,
Thou thy ſelf would love-ſick prove,
AND ſhe'd prove thy Miſtris TOO.

She with no dart-ſcorn will blaſt me;
But upon thy bed can caſt me;
Yet ne'er bluſh her ſelf too red,
Nor fear of loſs of Maiden-head:
And ſhe can (the truth to ſay)
Spirits into me convey,
MORE than thou canſt take AWAY.

Getting kiſſes here's no toyl,
Here's no Handkerchief to ſpoyl;
Yet I better Nectar ſip,
Than dwells upon thy lip:
And though mute and ſtill ſhe be,
Quicker wit ſhe brings to me,
Than e'er I could find in THEE.

If I go, ne'r think to ſee
Any more a fool of me ;
I'll no liberty up give,
Nor a Maudlin-like love live,
No, there's nought ſhall win me to't,
'Tis not all thy ſmiles can do't,
Nor thy Maiden-head to BOOT.

Yet if thou'lt but take the pain
TO be good but once again ;
If one ſmile then call me back,
THOU ſhalt be that Lady Sack :
Faith but try, and thou ſhalt ſee
What a loving Soul I'll be,
WHEN I am drunk with nought but thee.

The Anſwer.

I Pray thee, Drunkard, get thee gone,
Thy Miſtris Sack doth ſmell too ſtrong:
Think you I intend to wed,
A ſloven to be-piſs my bed?
No, your ſtaining me's to ſay,
You have been drinking all this day.
Go, be gone, away, away.

Where you have your Miſtris Sack,
Which hath already ſpoy'ld your back,

And methinks ſhould be too hot,
To be cloyſtered in a pot.
Though you ſay ſhe is ſo fair,
So lovely, and ſo debonair,
She is but of a yellow hair.

Sack's a whore which burns like fire,
Sack conſumes and is a dryer;
And her waies do only tend
To bring men unto their end:
Should I all her vices tell,
Her rovings and her ſwearings fell,
Thou wouldſt dam her into Hell.

Sack which no dart-ſcorns will blaſt thee,
But upon thy bed ſtill caſt thee:
And by that impudence doth ſhew,
That no vertue ſhe doth know:
For ſhe will, the truth to ſay,
Thy body in an hour decay,
More than I can in a day.

Though for kiſſes there's no toyl,
Yet your body ſhe doth ſpoil:
Sipping Nectar whilſt you ſit,
She doth quite beſot your wit:
Though ſhe is mute, ſhe'll make you loud:
Brawl and fight in every croud,
When your reaſon ſhe doth cloud.

Nor do you ever look to ſee
Any more a ſmile from me,
I'll no liberty, nor ſign,
Which I truly may call mine.
No, no ſleight ſhall win me to't,
Tis not all thy parts can do't,
Thy Perſon, nor thy Land to boot.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain,
To be ſober once again,
And but make much of thy back,
I will be inſtead of Sack.
Faith but try, and thou ſhall ſee,
What a loving ſoul I'll be:
When thou art drunk with nought but me.

A Catch.

SHe that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed,
And ſpend the morn in dreſſing of her head,
And ſit at dinner like a Maiden-bride;
And nothing do all day, but talk of pride;
Jove of his mercy may do much to ſave her,
But what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her.

St. George

St. George *for* England.

WHy ſhould we boaſt of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing ſo many men have endured hot fights;
Beſides King *Arthur*, and Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Sir *Triſtram de Lionel*, that fought for Ladies ſake,
Read old Hiſtories, and then you ſhall ſee,
That St. *George*, St. *George* did make the Dragon flee;
St. *George* for *England*, St. *Dennis* for *France*,
Sing *Hony ſoit qui maly penſe*.

Mark how father *Abraham*, when firſt he reſcued *Lot*,
Only by his houſhold what conqueſt there they got;
David elected a Prophet and a King,
He ſlew great *Goliah* with a ſtone and a ſling;
Theſe were no Knights of the Table round,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did confound;
St. *George*, &c.

Joſhua and *Gideon* did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the *Amorites*, and put them to flight;
Hercules labour's upon the Plains of *Baſs*,
And *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand with the jaw bone of an aſs,
Beſides a goodly Temple there he did ſpoyl,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he did ſoyl;
St. *George*, &c.

The wars of the Monarchs they were too long to tell
And next of all the Romans, for they did far excell,
When *Hannibal* and *Scipio* so many fields did fight,
Orlando Furioso was a worthy Knight;
Remus and *Romulus*, that first *Rome* did build,
But St. *George*, St. *George* did make the dragon yield,
St. *George*, &c.

Many have fought with proud *Tamberlain*,
And *Cutlax* the *Dane*, great wars did maintain,
Rowland, and *Bryan*, and good Sr. *Oliveer*;
In the forrest of *Arden* there slew both Bull & Bear,
Beside the noble Hollander, Sir *Goward* with his bill,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the dragon's bloud did spill;
St. *George*, &c.

Bevis conquered *Askupart*, and after slew the bore,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combate
with a Moor,
Sir *Isinbrass* & *Egleman* they were Knights bold (told
And good Sir *John Mandevil* of travels much have
These were all English Knights that pagans did con-
But St. *George*, &c. pluckt out the Dragons heart. (vert.
St. *George*, &c.

The noble *Alphonso*, that was the Spanish King,
The order of the red scarfs and bedrowl he did bring,
He had a troop of mighty Knights when first he did,
begin,

That

That ſought adventures far and nigh what conqueſt
they might win,
The ranks of the Pagans full oft he put to flight,
But St. *George*, St. *George* did with the Dragon fight;
St. *George*, &c.

The noble Earle of *Warwick*, that called was Sir *Guy*,
The Infidels and Pagans much he did defie,
He ſlew the Gyant *Brandemoor*, &after was the death
Of the moſt gaſtly dun Cow, the divel of *Dunſmore*
heath,
Beſides other noble Deeds he did beyond the ſeas,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did appeaſe;
St. *George*, &c.

Valentine and *Orſon* of King *Pipins* blood,
Alfred and *Henry* they were Knights good;
The four Sons of *Amon* that fought for *Charlemain*,
Sir *Hugo de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bullaign*,
Theſe were all french Knights that lived in that age,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did aſſwage;
St. *George*, &c.

When at the firſt K. *Richard* was King of this Land,
He gorged a Lyon with his naked hand;
The noble Duke of *Auſtria* nothing he did fear,
He killed his Son with a box on the ear,
Beſides other noble deeds done in the holy-Land,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did withſtand;
St. *George*, &c.

When as the third King *Edward* had conquered all
France,
He quartered their Arms his honour to advance,
He ransack'd their Cities, threw their Castles down,
And garnished his head with a double double Crown,
He thumped the *French*,& homeward then he came,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he did tame;
St. *George*, &c.

St. *David* of *Wales* did the Welchmen much advance,
St. *James* for *Spain*, that never yet broke Lance,
St. *Patrick* for *Ireland*, that was St. *Georges* Boy,
Seven years he kept his horse,&then stole him away,
For which filthy act a slave he doth remain,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he hath slain;
St. *George* for *England*, St. *Denis* for *France*,
Sing *Honysoit qui maly pense*.

Arthur of Bradly.

SAw you not *Pierce* the Piper,
His Cheeks as big as a Myter,
Piping among the Swains,
That's down in yonder Plains:
Where *Tib* and *Tom* doth tread it,
And Youths the hornpipe lead it,
With every one his carriage
To go to yonder Marriage,

For

For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*,
Oh brave *Arthur* of *Bradly*, O fine *Arthur* of *Bradly*,
O brave *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh.

Arthur hath gotten a Lass,
A bonnier never was;
The chiefest youths in the Parish
Come dancing in a *Morris*,
With Country Gambols flouncing,
Country Wenches trouncing,
Dancing with mickle pride,
Every man his wench by his side,
For the honour of *Arthur*, &c.

But when that *Arthur* was married,
And his Bride home had carried;
The Youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat:
Francis carried the Furmety,
Michael carried the Mince-pye,
Bartholomew the Beef and the Mustard,
And *Christopher* carried the Custard,
Thus every one went in this Ray,
For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, *&c.*

But when that dinner was ended,
The Maidens they were befriended;
For out stept *Dick* the Draper,
And he bid pipe up scraper;

Be

Better to be dancing a little,
  Than into the Town to tipple;
He bid him play him a Horn-pipe,
  That goes fine of the Bagpipe:
Then forward Piper, and play
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, *&c*,

Then *Richard* he did lead it,
  And *Margery* she did tread it;
Francis followed them,
  And after courteous *Jane*:
And every one after another,
  As if they had been sister and brother,
That 'twas a great sight to see
  How well they did agree,
And then they all did say,
  Hay for *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh fine, *&c*.

When all the Swains did see
  This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did flinch,
  But every man kist his Wench:
But *Giles* was greedy of gain,
  And he would needs kiss twain;
His Lover, seeing that,
  Did rap him on the pate,
That he had not one word to say
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh fine, *&c*.

The Piper look'd aside,
  And there he spide the Bride;
He thought it was a hard chance
  That none would lead her a dance:
For never a man durst touch her,
  But only *Will.* the Butcher;
He took her by the hand
  And danc'd whilst he could stand;
The Bride was fine and gay,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, *&c.*

Then out stept *Will.* the Weaver,
  And he swore he'd not leave her;
He hopt it all of a Leg,
  For the honour of his *Peg*,
But *Kester* in *Cambrick* Ruffe,
  He took that in snuff:
For he against that day
  Had made himself fine and gay;
His Ruff was whipt over with blew,
  He cryed a new dance, a new;
Then forward Piper and play,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh fine, *&c.*

Then 'gan the Sun decline,
  And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
  And leave the Bridegroom alone.

To't to't, quoth lusty *Ned*,
  We'll see them both in bed:
For I will jeopard a joynt
  But I will get his codpiece point:
Then strike up Piper and play,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
  And no man homeward went,
That there was such crouding aud thrusting,
  That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed:
  For all the skill they had,
He was got to his Bride,
  And laid him close by her side,
They got his Points and Garters,
  And cut them in peeces like quarters;
And then they bid the Piper play,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, oh fine, &c.

Then *Will.* and his sweet heart
  Did call for *Loath to depart*,
And then they did foot it and toss it,
  Till the Cook had brought up the posset,
The Bride-pye was brought forth,
  A thing of mickle worth,
And so all at the bed-side
  Took leave of *Arthur* and his Bride,

And ſo they went all away
From the wedding of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, oh, *&c.*

On the Printing of the Oxford *Jeſts.*

1

I Tell thee *Kit*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt Jeſts have zeen,
O Jeſts without compare,
Zuch Jeſts again cannot be ſhewn,
In *Oxford* no nor *Cambridge* town;
They be ſo very rare.

2

I yeſterday did go to buy
A book, (thou know'ſt) for thee and I,
Of zomething that was pretty,
And when poor *Robins* Jeſts I zaw,
Methoughts they were old, and lean, and raw,
Not like his Almanacks witty.

3

I then did ask for the *Oxford* Jeſts,
Which *Kit* thou knoweſt came from the Breſts,
Of our Univerſity;
The man to me did then confeſs,
They were not yet come out o'th preſs,
Quoth I the more's the pitty.

4

At laſt he ſhew'd the very coppy,
Of that i'th preſs, I'm a very puppy
Kit, if e'er the like was zeen;
Before I half a ſcore had read,
With laughing (if it may be zed)
I'd like to have broke my ſpleen.

5

I then did point to read 'um o'er,
Zuch Jeſts I never heard before,
Fore *George* tis true our *Kit*;
And e'er that I had read 'um half
I found I was ſo great with laugh,
I thought my zides would ſplit.

6

Then hey for *Oxford* now I zay
Evaith I long to ſee the day
That they ſhall printed be;
Then thee and I will each buy one,
For our two ſweet hearts *Nell* and *Jone*,
For Mirth and Mellodie.

A Catch.

THere was three Cooks in *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a pudding he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.

There

There was ſwaſh Cook, and ſlaſh Cook,
And thy Noſe in my Narſe Cook,
And all was for a pudding he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.
Then they fell all upon our Cook,
And numbled him ſo, that he did look
As black as the pudding which he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.

The Blackſmith.

OF all the Sciences beneath the Sun,
Which have been ſince the world begun,
The Smith by his art great praiſe hath won,
Which no body can deny.

The faireſt Goddeſs in the skies
To marry with him did deviſe,
That was a cunning Smith and wiſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

Then *Mars* came down for *Venus* ſake,
The Smith he did his armour make,
In love together he did them take,
Which no body, *&c.*

The firſt that ever Muſick made
Was *Tubal* of the Blackſmiths Trade,

By hammering ſtrokes as it was ſaid,
Which no body, *&c.*

He did invent continually
The Iron work for the Country,
A Smith for mirth and husbandry,
Which no body, *&c.*

What Occupation can you name,
But firſt the Smith muſt help the ſame,
With working tools their work to frame?
Which no body, *&c.*

What horſe can poſt to carry news,
But firſt the Smith ſets on his ſhooes,
With Spur and Stirrop for mens uſe?
Which no body, *&c.*

What Ship upon the Sea can ſail,
If Iron work in her do fail,
Though Anchor hold 'twill not prevail?
Which no body, *&c.*

What can you build with lime or ſtone
If Iron-work therein be none?
Smiths make for houſes many a one,
Which no body, *&c.*

How can you go to Plough or Cart,
Except the Smith do play his Part,
With Coulter and Shaire made well by Art?
Which no body, *&c.*

The

The Axletree Pin, the plowing Chain,
The Bill, the Axe, the Wedges twain,
The Pitchfork, and the Dung-fork plain,
Which no body, *&c.*

The Butchers Axe, the Shooe-makers Awl,
The cutting knives on every ſtall,
That lies to cut and carve withall,
Which no body, *&c,*

The Coopers Adds, the Brewers Slings.
The Carpenters Tools for many things,
The plyers for the Goldſmiths Rings,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your Tongs, your Spits, Trevits, and Racks,
And many other things that lacks,
And for your houſes pretty Knacks,
Which no body, *&c.*

Weights and Skales to buy and ſell,
A thouſand things I need not tell,
The Smith hath match'd all things ſo well,
Which no body, *&c.*

I could rehearſe a thouſand things,
Of iron Bars, Bolts, and Pins,
Latches, Catches, Staples, Rings,
Which no body, *&c.*

He makes all ſeveral kinds of Locks,
For horſes, for doors, for Cheſt, for Box,
For houſes, and for Churches Clocks,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your fire Irons, ſmall and great,
Your pothooks, and forks ſo fine and neat,
Your Jack that turns your ſpits of meat,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your Paviours Pickax, great and ſmall,
Your Pattens for women, low and tall;
Your Shovel and Spade to work withall,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your branding Iron to brand your Kine,
Your Clappers for Bells to ring and chime,
Your ſtamps for Gold and Silver fine,
Which no body, *&c.*

The horſes Bits, that finely gingle,
The Barbers Tools, that is ſo nimble,
The Taylors ſheer, his Bodkin and thimble,
Which no body, *&c.*

And for all weapons for the fight
The Smith I am ſure makes ſuch a ſight,
So long, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair, ſo bright,
Which no body, *&c.*

Bills

Bills, Pikes, Dags, and Guns,
Halberds, Spears, and many things,
Through the hammer of the Smith all come,
Which no body, *&c.*

To love the Smith all Trades are bound,
Which make him thus to be renown'd,
For which his hammers they are crown'd,
Which no body, *&c.*

Of Smiths now living at this hour,
There was a Smith within the Tower
Which might be counted for a flower,
Which no body, *&c.*

Thus of my Song I make an end,
The Smith is every bodies friend,
He seeks his Country to defend,
Which no body can deny.

A North Country Song.

WHen Ise came first to *London* Town,
Ise wor a Novice, as other men are;
Ise thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And the way tol heaven had been through the (star.

Ise set up my horse, and Ise went to *Pauls*,
Good Lord, quoth I, what a Kirk been here?
Then Ise did swear by all Kerson sonls,
It wor a mile long, or very near,

It wor as high as any Hill,
A Hill, quo I, nay as a Mountain,
Then went Ise up with a very good will,
But glad wor I to come down again.

For as Ise went up my head roe round.
Then be it known to all Kerson people,
A man is no little way fro the ground,
When he's o'th' top of all *Pauls* steeple.

Ise lay down my hot, and Ise went to pray,
But wor not this a pitious case,
Afore I had done it wor stolen away,
Who'd have thought theeves had been in that place?

Now for my Hot Ise made great moan,
A stander by unto me said,
Thou didst not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watcht, as well as pray'd.

From thence Ise went, and I saw my Lord Mayor,
Good lack what a sight was there to see,
My Lord and his horse were both of a hair,
I could not tell which the Mare should be.

From

From thence to *Westminster* I went,
Where many a brave Lawyer I did see,
Some of them had a bad intent,
For there my purse was stoln from me.

To see the Tombs was my desire,
I went with many brave fellows store
I gave them a penny that was there hire,
And he's but a fool that will give any more.

Then through the rooms the fellow me led,
Where all the sights were to be seen,
And snuffling told me through the nose,
What formerly the name of those had been.

Here lies quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou li'st like a knave, he saies never a word;
And here lies *Richard* the Second interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edwards* Sword.

Under this Chair lyes *Jacobs* stone,
The very same stone lies under the Chair,
A very good jest, had *Jacob* but one,
How got he so many Sons without a pair?

I staid not there, but down with the tide
I made great haste, and I went my way;
For I was to see the Lions beside,
And the Paris-garden all in a day.

When Ise came there, I was in a rage,
I rayl'd on him that kept the Bears,
Instead of a Stake was suffered a Stage
And in Hunkes his house a crue of Players.

Then through the Brigg to the Tower Ise went,
With much ado Ise entred in,
And after a penny that I had spent,
One with a loud voice did thus begin.

This Lyon's the Kings, and that is the Queens,
And this the Princes that stands here by,
With that I went neer to look in the Den
Cods body, quoth he, why come you so nigh?

Ise made great haste unto my Inne,
I supt, and I went to bed betimes,
Ise slept, and I dream'd what I had seen,
And wak'd again by Cheapside Chimes.

The merry Goodfellow.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all the World is mad?
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
He that wallows in store
Is still gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As the wretch that ne'er any thing had.

How

How mad is that damn'd money-monger?
That to purchaſe to him and his heirs
Grows ſhriviled with thirſt and hunger;
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready-money,
And ne'er trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Thoſe guts that by ſcraping and toyling,
Do ſwell their Revenues ſo faſt,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks of each taxe,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lye down gall'd and weary at laſt.

While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whoſe jaws are ſo hungry and gripple,
We ne'er trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our wills are compos'd in a word.

Our money ſhall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldſmiths Hall,
No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us;
We, that have no Eſtates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can ſleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers;
For if the thieves do break in,
They go out empty agin,
Nay, the Plunderers lose their designs.

Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple aud laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow;
Those Cormorants which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toyl for the wealth they do borrow.

The Mayor in our Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than me?
He must vail to the man with his Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

The Rebels Reign.

NOw we are met in a knot, let's take t'other (pot,
And chirp o'r a Cup of Nectar;
Let's think on a charm to keep us from harm,
From the Fiend, and the new Protector.

Hertofore

Hertofore at a brunt a Crofs would have done't,
But now they have taken courfes, (left
With their Laws and their theft, there's not a crofs
In the Church, nor the Farmers purfes.

They're with you to bring for a ftuffing at a King,
For now you muft make no dainty,
To have your nofe ground on a ftone turned round
By *Nol*, and one and twenty.

But our Rights are kept for us in *Oliver's* ftore-houfe
'Twere as good they were fet in the ftocks:
They are juft in the pickle in the thirtieth Article,
Like *Jack* in a Juglers box.

We are loth to look for the Saints in a book,
But would not a man be vext,
To fee them fo rough with the blades and their buff,
But not a word on't in the Text.

We have been twelve years together by the ears
To prepare for a fpiritual raign:
Men were never fo fpic'd with the Scepter of Chrift
In the hands of a Saint in grain.

'Twas brew'd in their Hives by Citizens wives,
Who ventured their husbands far,
With *Robin* the fool there was ne'r fuch a tool
To lead in the womens war.

He

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,
So they sought out another more able:
Then *Fair*. undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the stakes,
And sends away *Fox* with a bauble.

Wil, Conqueror the second, without his host reck-(on'd,
And so did *Brown* billet his Mate:
They made a great noise mongst women and boys,
But now they are both out of date.

Cowardly *W*———had but a foule Fortune,
And wanted a knife to scrape it,
When his Oriphice ran there was no mortal man,
But *omnibus horis sapit*.

Bradshaw, the Knave, sent the King to his grave,
And on the bloud Royal did trample,
For which the next *Lent* he was made President,
And ere long may be made an example.

Dorislaus did steer to *Hans mine beer*,
And *Askew* to *Don* at *Madril*, (patcht,
Ere a man could have scratcht they were both dis-
Yet there they lye Leger still.

Martin and St. *Johns*, and more with a vengeance,
Had each a finger i'th' pye:
Some for the money, and some for the Conny,
And some for they knew not why.

The

The Parliament ſate as ſnug as a Cat,
And were playing for mine and yours:
Sweep-ſtakes was their Game till *Oliver* came,
And turn'd it to knave out of doors.

Then a new one was caſt, and made up in haſt,
But alas they could do no more
Than empty our purſe, and empty us worſe
Than e'r we were marred before.

But in a good hour they gave up their power
To one that was wiſer than they;
By common conſent 'twas the firſt Parliament
That ever was *felo de ſe*.

After all this Jeer we are never the near,
There ſits one at the helm commanding;
One that doth us nick with a trick for our trick,
And the ſtone in our foot notwithſtanding.

He'l not relax one groat of the Tax
Though it come to more than he need,
He may keep it in ſtore till his need be more,
'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought
The Realm to the manner he meant it;
The Fiſhes, and the fowl, and the divel and all
And the monthly pay his high rent.

All

All this we must bear, but 'twould make a man swear
When they call us a reformed Nation:
It can never sink into my head for to think
That this is a Reformation.

'Tis the man in the Moon, or the divel as soon,
Our Laws are asleep upon shelves: ('um,
Our Charter and Freedom we may bid God speed
'Tis well we can beg for our selves.

Since *Nol* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,
Not a horse or an Oxe to plough land;
Let *Oliver* pass, come fill up my glass,
And here's a good health to *Rowland*.

A Catch.

HAve you observ'd the wench in the street,
She's scarce any hose or shoes to her feet;
And when she cries, she sings,
I have hot Codlings, hot Codlings.

Or have you ever seen or heard
The mortal with his Lyon tauny beard?
He lives as merrily as heart can wish,
And still he cries, Buy a brush, buy a brush.

Since these are merry, why should we take care?
Musitians, like Camelions, must live by the Aire;
And let's be blithe and bonny, & no good meeting balk, (Chalk.
What though we have no money, we shall find

A new Medley.

The English, LEt the Trumpet sound,
And the Rocks rebound,
Our English Native's coming;
Let the Nations swarm,
And the Princes storm,
We value not their drumming.
'Tis not *France*, that looks so smug,
Old fashions still renewing,
It is not the *Spanish* shrug,
Scottish Cap, or *Irish* rug;
Nor the *Dutch-mans* double jug
Can help what is ensuing;
Pray, my Masters, look about,
For something is a Brewing.

He that is a Favorite consulting with Fortune,
If he grow not wiser, then he's quite undon;
In a rising creature we daily see certainly,
He is a retreater that fails to go on:

He

He that in a builder's trade
Stops e're the roof be made,
By the Air may be betray'd
And overthrown:
He that hath a race begun,
And lets the Goal be won;
He had better never run.
But let't alone.

Then plot rightly,
March ſightly,
Shew your glittering Arms brightly:
Charge hightly,
Fight ſprightly;
Fortune gives renown.
A right riſer
Will prize her,
She makes all the world wiſer;
Still try her,
We'll gain by her
A Coffin or a Crown.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*
Come but to oppoſe us,
We will thruſt them up at the main-yard
If they do but noſe us:
Hans, *Hans*, think upon thy ſins,
And then ſubmit to *Spain* thy Maſter;
For though now you look like friends,

Yet

Yet he will never truſt you after;
Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,
And let the tap and kan run faſter;
For faith at the laſt I think
A Brewer will become your Maſter.

Let not poor Teg and Shone
Vender from der houſes,
Leſt dey be quite undone
In der very Trouſes:
And all der Orphans beſtow'd under hatches,
And made in *London* free der to cry matches;
St. *Patrick* wid his Harp do tun'd wid tru ſtring
Is not fit to unty St. *Hewſon's* ſhoos-ſtrings.
Methinks I hear
The welch draw near,
And from each lock a louſe trops;
Ap Shon, ap LLoyd,
Will ſpend her ploot,
For to defend her mouſe-traps:
Mounted on her *Kifflebagh*
With cott ſtore of *Koradagh*,
The Prittiſh war begins.
With a hook her was overcome her,
Pluck her to her, thruſt her from her,
By cot her was break her ſhins.
Let Taffie fret,
And welch-hook whet,

And

And troop up petigrees,
We only tout
Tey will ſtink us out,
Wit Leeks and toaſted Sheeze.

But *Jockie* now and *Jinny* comes,
Our Brethren muſt approve on't;
For pret a Cot dey bert der drums
Only to break de Couvenant.
Dey bore Saint *Andrew's* Croſs,
Til our army quite did rout dem,
But when we put dem to de loſs,
De deal a Croſs about dem:
The King and Couvenant they crave,
Their cauſe muſt needs be further'd
Although ſo many Kings they have
Moſt barbarouſly, baſely murthered.

The French. The Frenchman he will give conſent,
Though he tickle in our veins;
That willingly
We may agree,
To a marriage with grapes and grains:
He conquers us with kindneſs,
And doth ſo far entrench,
That fair, and wiſe, and young, and rich,
Are finified by the *French*:
He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,
With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hoſe,

And

And faith they shall
Be welcome all
If they forbear the nose.
For love or for fear,
Let Nations forbear;
If Fortune exhibit a Crown,
A Coward he
Must surely be,
That will not put it on.

A Catch.

SHew a Room, shew a Room, shewa Room,
Here's a knot of Good fellowsare come,
That mean for to be merry
With Clarret and with Sherry;
Each man to mirth himself disposes,
And for the Reckoning tell *Noses*;
Give the *Red-Nose* some *White*,
And the *Pale-Nose* some *Clarret*,
But the *Nose* that looks *Blew*,
Give him a Cup of *Sack*, 'twill mend his hew.

The Contented.

VVHy should a man care, or be in despair,
Should Fortune prove never so unkind

Or why ſhould I be ſad for that I never had,
Or fooliſhly trouble my mind?
For I do much hate to pine at my Fate,
There's none but a fool will do ſo:
I'll laugh and be fat, for care kills a Cat,
And I care not howe're the world go.

Though I am poor, and others have ſtore,
Why ſhould I repine at their bliſs?
For I am content with what God hath ſent,
And I think I do not amiſs:
Let others have wealth, for I have health,
And money to pay what I owe,
I'll laugh, and be merry, and ſing hey down, down derry,
For I care not, &c.

Some men do ſuppoſe, even by their gay Cloaths,
For to be in great requeſt;
Though mine be but bare, I am not o'th' ſhow,
And I think my ſelf honeſtly dreſt;
Though every man cannot ſay ſo,
I like that I wear, though it coſt not ſo dear,
For I care not, &c.

Your Epicure eats of the beſt ſort of meat
And wine of the beſt he doth drink,
And laies him to reſt, and thinks himſelf bleſt,
On heaven he never doth think;

Though

Though my fare be but course, I am not the worse;
My health is the better I know;
Though plain be my food, my stomack is good,
And I care not, *&c.*

Your flattering Curs, that fawn upon Furs,
And hang at Noble mens ears,
If once they do fall, away they run all,
And this is their flattering fears:
Dissembling I scorn, for I am free-born,
My happiness lies not below;
Though my words want Art, I speak from my heart,
I care not, *&c.*

Some men do strive, and mightily thrive,
And some for Offices wait,
Much money they spend, and to little end,
And repent then when it's too late;
Low shrubs are secure, when Cedars endure
Great storms and tempests below,
Let others look high, for so will not I,
And I care not howe're the world go.

How to live happy.

HE that a happy life would lead
In these times of distraction,
Let him listen to me, and I will read
A Lecture without faction;

Let him want three things, whence misery springs,
They all begin with a letter,
Let him bound his desires to what nature requires,
And with reason his humour fetter.

Let not his wealth prodigious grow,
For that breeds cares and dangers;
Makes him envied above and hated below,
A constant slave to strangers;
They are happiest of all whose estates are but small,
Though but enough to maintain them,
They may do, they may say, having nothing to pay,
It will not quit cost to arraign them.

Nor would I have him clogg'd with a wife,
For houshold cares incumber,
Nor to one place to confine his life,
Cause he can't remove his Lumber;
They are happiest far who unmarried are,
And forrage, and all in common,
From all storms they can flye, or if they should die,
They ruine no child nor woman.

Let not his brains o'rflow with wit,
That capers o'r discretion,
It's costly to keep, and hard to get,
And dangerous in the possession;
They are happiest men that can scarce tell ten,

And

And beat not their brains about reason,
They may speak what will serve themselves to pre-(serve
And their words are not taken for treason.

But of all fools there's none to the wit,
For he takes pains to shew it,
His pride and his drink bring him into a fit,
Then streight he turns a Poet:
His jests he flings at States, or at Kings,
Or at Plays, or at Bays, or at shadows,
Thinks a Verse serves as well as a Circle or Cell,
Till he rimes himself to the Barbadows.

He that within these Lines can live,
May baffle all disasters,
To Fortune and Fate commands he can give,
Who Wordlings call their Masters;
He may sing, he may quaff, he may drink, he may
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly, (laugh,
He may sleep without care and speak without fear,
And laugh at the world and its folly

A Catch.

WHat Fortune had I, poor Maid as I am,
To be bound in eternal vow,
For ever to lye by the side of a man,
That would, but knows not how?

Oh can there no pity
Be in ſuch a City,
Where Lads enough are to be had.

Unfortunate Girl, that art wed to ſuch woe,
Go ſeek thee a lively Lad,
And let the poor that hath nothing to ſhew
Go ſeek for another as bad;
Then call for no pity
Thou dwelt'ſt in a City,
Where Lads enough were to be had.

Advice to Batchelors.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhe's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves Art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way,
Nay, when he's at his treaſure,
The gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtraight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a fool of's pleaſure.

Or if one old, and paſt her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be woing,
To buy her ware the cheaper,
But if he chuſe one moſt formoſe,
Ripe for't, ſhe'll prove libidinous,
Argus himſelf ſhan't keep her.

For when thoſe things are neatly dreſt,
They'l entertain each wanton gueſt,
Nor for their honour care,
If any give their pride a fall,
Th' have learn'd a trick to bear withal,
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, groſs, heavy Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alas! ſhe will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe.

If meager —— be thy delight,
She'l conquer in venerial fight,
And waſte thee to the bones.
Such kind of girles, like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or elſe they'l grind the ſtones.

If black, 'tis ods ſhe's dev'liſh proud,
If ſhort, *Zantippe* like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'l lazy be,
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſaith) if fair,
If wiſe and comely, danger's there,
Leſt ſhe do cuckold thee.

If ſhe bring ſtore of money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much;
Prove Miſtris, no good wife,
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'l fill the houſe with ſcolding thunder,
What worſe than ſuch a life;

But if her Dowry only be
Beauty, farewel felicity,
Thy fortunes caſt away.
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In belly, and in back-deſire,
To labour night and day.

And rather than her pride give o'r,
She'l turn perhaps an honoured whore,
And thou'lt *Actæon'd* be,
Whilſt like *Actæon* thou maiſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
Such as devour thee.

If being noble thou doſt wed
A ſervile Creature, baſely bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'l ſwear t'exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low deſcent it graces.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To ſcold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoyl your future fortune,
But if departed th'are this life,
You muſt be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

If bravely dreſt, fair fac'd and witty,
She'l oft be gadding to the City,
Nor may you ſay her nay,
She'l tell you (if you her deny)
Since women have Terms, ſhe knows not why,
But they ſtill keep them may.

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's less fear,
But stupid honesty
May teach her how to sleep all night;
And take a great deal more delight
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's consanguinity;
Then let no kin be chosen:
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure
To th' arms of his first Couzen.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at second hand;
Then chuse no widdowed mother:
The first cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why mayn't you prove
But taster to another?

Besides, if she bring children many,
'Tis like by thee she'l not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, she ne'r had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'l have none,
Whilst thou for weak back go.

For there where other Gard'ners have been ſowing
Their ſeed, but ne'r could find it growing
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
S'o'rplow'd, you muſt it fallow lay,
And ſtill for weak back go.

Then truſt not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdows place,
Thoſe weaker veſſels may
Spring-leak, or ſplit againſt a rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſily caſt away.

Yet be ſhe fair, foul, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.
He who conſiders this, may end the ſtrife,
Confeſs no trouble like unto a Wife.

A Catch.

IF any ſo wiſe is, that Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink ſmall beer, and be ſober,
Whilſt we drink Sack and ſing, as if it were ſpring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in *October*.
But be ſure if over night this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to ſettle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning:
And be not ſo ſilly to follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne-aſſueſcas* be put in his cap caſe,
And ſing *bi-bi-to vinum Jejunus*.

A Mock Song.

WHen I a Lady do intend to flatter
Oh, how I do begin to chatter;
I ſwear and vow
How much I'd do,
That I might once get at her ——

I ſay to kiſs her only is a Feaſt,
A *Cupids* Beaver at the leaſt;
Whilſt ſilly ſhe
Believeth me,
And thinks I love her beſt.

With thoſe fair phanſies which moſt comely are,
I oft her Ladyſhip compare;
I ſay the Roſe
And Lilly, when it blowes,
Are nothing near ſo fair.

Yet gazing on her face I've ſpent ſome hours,
Conſulted with each cheek, and all its powers,
But there none grow,
Unleſs below,
In pleaſures garden-ſpring her flowers.

Oft have I call'd her Jewel, oft have I
Call'd true, the falſe pearls of her eye,
Yet precious ſtone
She will have none,
Untill with me ſhe lie.

With what pure whiteneſs is her boſome bleſt,
Oft cry I, yet I do but jeſt;
For ſure I'm ſtill,
She never will,
Untill I ſ——her have a milk white breaſt.

Then

Then tell her by the rowling of her eyes,
I guess her secret rarities,
Swear he who enjoyes
Those pleasant toyes,
Ought much to esteem the prize.

Thus Ladies have I learn'd in *Cupids* schools,
My Master *Ovid's* Grammer Rules:
Thus can I prove
I am in love,
And thus I make ye fools.

FINIS.

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The duty of every one that will be ſaved? being Rules, Precepts, Promiſes, and examples, Directing all Perſons of what degree ſoever, how to govern their Paſſions, and to live virtuoſly and ſoberly in the World. Dr. *Spurſtow's* Meditations.

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A Help to Prayer.
Hell Torments ſhaken.
A New Method of Preſerving and Reſtoring Health, by the vertue of Coral and Steel.
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blished by Law; By E. Bagshaw of the Inner-Temple.
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BRITISH MUSEUM

Small Twelves.

The understanding-Christians-Duty.
A Help to Prayer.
Hell Tormentis shaken.
A New Method of Preserving and Restoring Health, by the venue of Coral and Steel.
David's Sling.

Love [illegible] upon another [illegible]

[illegible] ye

With peace and plenty, [illegible] (content

Love [illegible] by throwing down

Where Love is in [illegible]

There Truth is and [illegible]

The [illegible] of Love is never underlaid with Treason.

He never doth quarrel

For Princely appeasal,

Nor ever fixed a chair of state upon a barrel.

Love from the dull pit

Of Follies full pit

Never took an Anvil out, and put it in a pulpit.

Love is no sinker,

[illegible] is no sinker,

[illegible] Love did never play the sinker.

Where Vengeance and Lust is,

[illegible] truth nor trust is,

[illegible] will appear at last in Gods high Court of Justice.

Pity and remorse is

The strength of Loves Forces,

[illegible] never converted men by fables, filled with (horses.

Mercy is fading,

Truth is degrading,

Love is the only cause of Plenty, Peace, & Trading.

Love

[illegible]

[illegible]tion is to heaven to aspire.

[illegible]tion

[illegible] passion, (Nation.

[illegible] good Families, and best can guide a

The Low Land, the high Land,

And my Land, and thy Land,

Grew all in common straight when Love had left (this Island

Where peace is panting,

And rage is ranting,

'Tis an undoubted sign the King of Love is wanting.

Father and Mother,

Sister and Brother,

If Love be lacking, quickly mischief one another.

Where wrath is, the rod is

That ruines our bodies;

With hate the devil is, but where Love is God is.

Then let us not doubt it,

But straight go about it,

To bring in Love again, we cannot live without it.

Then let the Graces

Crown our embraces,

And let us settle all things in their proper places.

Left perseveration

Cause dissolution,

Let all purloyned wealth be made a restitution.

For though now it tickles,
'Twill turn all to prickles, (sickles
Then let's live in peace, and turn our Swords t
When *Noah's* Dove was sent out,
Then Gods Pardon went out, (i
They that would have it so, I hope, will say Amen t

A Catch.

BRing forth your Cunny skins, fair maids, to m
And hold them fair that I may see
Gray, Black, and blew; for your smaller skins
I'll give you Glasses, Laces, Pins:
And for your whole Cunny
I'll give you ready money.

Come, gentle *Jone*, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black Cunny skin,
And *Mary* then, and *Kate* will follow
With their silver'd-hair'd skins, and their yellow;
Your white Cunny-skin I will not lay by,
Though it be fat, it is fair to the Eye.

Your gray is is warm, but for my money
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney;
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay,
Come and take money, maids, put your ware away:
I have fine Bracelets, Rings,
And I have silver Pins;

Coney skins, Coney skins,
Maids, have you any Coney skins.

A Catch of the Beggars.

FRom hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who lives a merrier life than we;
Our bellies are full, and our backs are warm,
And against all Pride our Rags are a Charm;
Enough is a feast, and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.

The City, and Town, and every village
Afford us an Alms, or a Pillage;
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in straw:
If fair and warm, in yea-Cock and nay-Cock
The Fields afford us a hedge or a hey-Cock.

The Time-server.

ROom for a Gamester that plaies at all he sees,
Whose fickle fancy fits such times as these,
One that saies *Amen* to every factious prayer,
From *Hugh Peters* Pulpit to *S. Peters* Chair,
One that doth defie the Crosier and the Crown.
But yet can bouze with Blades that Carrouze

Whilst Pottle-pots tumble down, dery down;
One that can comply with Surplice and with Cloak,
Yet for his end can I depend,
Whilst Presbyterian broke *Britains* yoke.

This is the way to trample without trembling,
'Tis the Sycophant's only secure,
Covenants and *Oaths* are badges of dissembling,
'Tis the politick pulls down the pure:
To Profess and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the only ready way to be great,
Flattery doth the feat:
Ne'r go, ne'r stir, will venter further
Than the greatest *Dons* in the Town,
From a Copper to a Crown.

I am in a temp'rate humour now to think well,
Now I'm in another for to drink well,
Then fill us up a Beer-boul boys, that we
May drink it merrily,
No knavish Spy shall understan d,
For if it should be known,
'Tis ten to one we shall be trappan'd.

I'll drink to thee a brace of quarts,
Whose Anagram is call'd *True Hearts*,
If all were well as I would he't,
And *Britain* cur'd of its tumour,

I should very well like my Fate,
And drink my Sack at a cheaper rate,
Without any noise or rumour,
Oh then I should fix my humour.

But since 'tis no such matter, change your hue,
I may cog and flatter, so may you:
Religion is a Widgeon, and Reason is a Treason,
And he that hath a Loyal heart may bid the world (adieu.

We must be like the Scottish man,
Who with intent to beat down Schism,
Brought in the Presbyterian,
With Canon and with Catechism:
If Beuk won't do't, then *Jockey* shoot,
For the *Kirk* of *Scotland* doth command,
And what hath been, since they came in,
I think w'have cause to understand.

A Song.

GAther your Rose-buds while you may,
Old time is still a flying,
For that Flower that smells to day,
To morrow will be dying.

That Age is best, which if she force
While youth and blood are warmer,

But being she grows worse and worse,
And still succeeds the former.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be Run,
And nearer to his setting.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry,
For if you lose but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

The Gelding of the Divel.

A Story strange I will you tell
Of the gelding of the Divel of hell,
And of the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
That sold his bread both white and brown;
To *Nottingham* Market he was bound,
And riding under the Willows clear
The Baker sung with a merry chear.

The Bakers horse was lusty and sound,
And worth in Judgement full five pound;
His skin was smooth, and his flesh was fat,
His Master was well pleas'd with that,
Which made him sing so merry, merrily
As he was passing on the way.

But as he rode over the hill
There met him two divels of hell:
O Baker, Baker, then cry'd he,
How comes thy horse so fat to be?
These be the words the Baker did say,
Because his stones are cut away.

Then, quoth the divel, if it be so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go;
First tye thy horse to yonder tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me;
The Baker he had a knife for the nouce
Wherewith to cut out the devils stones.

The Baker, as it came to pass,
In haste alighted from his horse,
And the divel on his back he lay,
While the Baker cut his stones away,
Which put the divel to great pain
And made him to cry out amain.

O, quoth the divel, beshrew thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart,
And for the deed that thou hast done
I will revenged be agen,
And underneath this Green-wood tree
Next Market day I will geld thee.

The

The Baker then but a little said,
But at his heart was sore afraid;
He durst no longer there to stay,
But he rode hence another way;
And coming to his Wife, did tell
How he had gelt the divel of hell.

Moreover to his Wife he told
A tale that made her heart full cold,
How that the divel to him did say,
That he would geld him next Market day:
O, quoth the good wife, without doubt
I had rather both thy eyes were out.

For then all the people far and near,
That know thee, will but mock and jeer,
And good-wives they will scold and brawl,
And stoneless Gelding will thee call;
Then hold content, and be thou wise,
And I'll some pretty trick devise.

I'll make the divel change his note,
Give me thy Hat, thy Band, and Coat,
Thy Hose and Doublet eke also,
And I like to a man will go;
I'll warrant thee next Market day
To fright the divel clean away.

When

When the Bakers wife was so dress,
With all her bread upon her beast,
To *Nottingham* Market, that brave Town,
To sell her bread, both white and brown,
And riding merrily over the hill,
O there she spy'd the two divels of hell.

A little divel, and another,
As they were playing both together;
Oh ho, quoth the divel, right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding amain:
Now be thou well, or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou dost go.

The Bakers wife to the divel did say,
Sir, I was gelded yesterday:
O, quoth the divel, I mean to see;
And pulling her coats above her knee,
And so looking upward from the ground,
O there he spy'd a terrible wound.

O, quoth the divel, now I see
That he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when that he had cut out the stones,
He should have closed up the wounds,
But if thou wilt stay but a little space
I'll fetch some salve to cure the place.

He

He had not ran but a little way,
But up her belly crept a Flea:
The little divel seeing that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat,
Which made the good wife for to start,
And with that she let go a rowzing fart.

O, quoth the divel, thy life is not long
Thy breath it smells so horrible strong,
Therefore go thy way, and make thy will,
Thy wounds are past all humane skill;
Be gone, be gone, make no delay,
For here thou shalt no longer stay.

The good wife with this news was glad,
But she left the divel almost mad;
And when she to her husband came,
With a joyful heart she told the same,
How she had couzned the divel of hell,
Which pleas'd her Husband wondrous well.

The Vagabond.

I Am a Rogue, and a stout one,
A most couragious *drinker*:
I do excel [illegible] known full well,
The Ba[illegible], or *Tinker*;

Then

Then do I cry, Good your Worſhip
Beſtow ſome ſmall Denier a,
And bravely then at the bouking Ken
I'll bouze it all in beera.

My dainty Dames and Doxes,
When that they ſee lacking,
Without delay, poor wretches, they
Will ſend the Duds a packing:
Then do I cry, &c.

Ten miles unto a Market
I go to meet a Miſer,
And in the throng I'll nip a bung,
And the party ne'r the wiſer:
Then do I cry, &c.

If the Centry be coming,
Then ſtreight it is my faſhion,
My leg I'll tye cloſe to my thigh
To move them to compaſſion:
Then do I cry, &c.

When I hear a Coach come rumbling,
To my Crutches ſtreight I hye me,
For being lame, it is a ſhame
Such Gallants ſhould deny me;
Then do I cry, &c.

My

My *Peg* in a string doth lead me
When I go into the Town, Sir,
For to the blind all men are kind,
And with their Alms bestow, Sir;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

I'th' winter time stark naked
I go into some City,
And every man, that spare them can,
Will give me cloaths for pity;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

My doublet sleeves hang empty,
And for to beg the bolder,
For meat and drink my arm I'll shrink
Up close unto my shoulder,
Then do I cry, *&c.*

If any gives me lodging
A courteous knave they find me,
For in my bed, alive, or dead,
I leave some Lice behind me;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

If from out the Low Countries
I hear a Captains name, Sir,
Then straight I'll swear I have been there,
And so in fight came lame Sir;
Then do I cry, *&c.*

In *Pauls* Church-yard by a Piller
Sometimes you ſee me ſtand, Sir,
With a writ that ſhews what cares, what woes
I have paſt by Sea and Land, Sir;
Then do I cry, &c.

Come buy, come buy a Horn-book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles:
Such things do I in the City cry
Oftimes to ſcape the Beadles;
Then do I cry, &c.

Then blame me not for begging,
And boaſting all alone, Sir,
My ſelf I will be praiſing ſtill,
For Neighbours I have none, Sir;
Then do I cry, &c.

The Jovial Loyalliſt.

STay, ſhut the Gate,
T'other quart, 'faith 'tis not ſo late
As your thinking,
The Stars which you ſee in the Hemiſphere be,
Are but ſtuds in our cheeks by good drinking;
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea boys,
To morrow he'll bluſh that he's paler than we boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis Sack makes us the (boys.

Fill

Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't:
Let's set foot to foot, and but give our minds to't,
'Tis heretical Six that doth slay wit:
Then hang up good faces, let's drink till our nose
Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection, now under the rose is,

Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
With Canary;
For a carbuncl'd face saves a tedious race,
And the *Indies* above us we carry:
No *Helicon* like to the juice of good wine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is, & mine (is

This must go round,
Off with your hats till the pavement be crown'd
With your Bevers.
A Red-coated face frights a Sergeant and his Mace,
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers,
In state march our faces like some of the *quorum*,
While the whores do fall down, & the vulgar adore 'um,
And our noses like Link-boys run shining before 'um.

Merry

MERRY DROLLERY, Complete.

OR,

A COLLECTION

Of { Jovial *Poems*, Merry *Songs*, Witty *Drolleries*,

Intermixed with Pleasant *Catches*.

The *Second* Part.

The Answer.

HOld, quaff no more,
But restore,
If you can, you've lost by your drinking,
Three Kingdoms and Crowns,
With their Cities and Towns,
While the King and his Progeny is sinking;
The studs in your cheeks have obscured his star, boys,
Your drink and miscarriages in the late war, boys,
Hath brought his Perogative thus to the Bar, boys.

Throw down the Glass,
He's an Ass
That extracts all his worth from Canary:
That valour will shrink,
Which is only good in drink,
'Twas the Cup made the Camp to miscarry.
Ye thought in the world there was no power could tame ye,
Ye tipled and whor'd till the Foe overcame ye,
Cuds-nigs and ne'r-stir Sir, hath vanquisht God-dam-me.

Fly from the coast,
Or y' are lost,
And the water will run where the drink went,

From

From hence you must slink,
If you swear and have no chink,
'Tis the curse of a Royal Delinquent.
Ye love to see Beer bowls turn'd over the thumb well,
Ye love three fair Gamesters, four Dice and a Drum well,
But you'd as live see the divel as *Oliver Cromwel*.

Drink not the round,
You'll be drown'd
In the source of your Sack and your Sonnets,
Try once more your Fate
For the Kirk against the State,
And go barter your Bever for Bonnets:
I see how you'r charm'd by your female inchanters,
And therefore pack hence to *Virginia* for planters,
For an ack and two red-coats will rout all the Ranters.

A Catch.

Had she not care enough, care enough,
Care enough of the old man?
Shewed him, she fed him,
And to the bed she led him;
For seven long winters she lifted him on:
But oh how she negl'd him, negl'd him,
Oh how she negl'd him all the night long!

A Catch.

Here's a Health unto his Majesty with a Fa la la, &c.
Conversion to his enemies with a Fa la la, &c.
And he that will not pledge this Health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a Rope to hang himself with a Fa la la, &c.

Good Advice against Treason.

BUT since it was lately enacted high Treason
For a man to speak truth against the head of a State,
Let every wise man make use of his reason, (prate,
To think what he will, but take heed what he
For the Proverb doth learn us, (skin,
He that staies from the battel sleeps in a whole
And our words are our own, if we keep them within,
What fools are we then that to prattle do begin,
Of things that do not concern us.

Tis no matter to me who e'r gets the battel,
The Tubs or the Crosses, 'tis all one to me,
It neither increaseth my goods nor my cattel,
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be,
Unless he turn Traytor.
Let Misers take courses to hoard up their treasure,
Whose bounds have no limits whose minds have no measure,

But

Let me be but quiet, and take a little pleasure,
A little contents my own nature.
But What if the Kingdom returns to one of the
Prime ones?
My mind is a Kingdom, and so it shall be,
I'll make it appear, if I had but the time once,
He's as happy in one, as they are in three,
If he might but enjoy it:
He that's mounted aloft, is a mark for the Fate,
And an envy to every pragmatical pate,
Whilest he that is low is safe in his estate,
And the great ones do scorn to annoy him.

I count him no wit that is gifted in rayling,
And flurting at those that above him do sit, (ling,
Whilst they do out-wit him with whipping and goa-
His purse and his person must pay for his wit:
But it is better to be drinking,
If Sack were reform'd to twelve pence a quart,
I'd study for money to Merchandize for t, (sport,
With a friend that is willing in mirth we would
Not a word; but we'd pay it with thinking.

My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,
Without either Custom, or cursed Excize,
That the wits may have freedom to drink deeper
and deeper,
And not be undone whilst our Noses we baptize,
But we'll liquor them, and drench them;

If this were but granted, who would not desire,
To dub himselfe one of *Apollo's* acquire?
And then we will drink whilst our Noses are on fire,
And the quart-pots shall be Buckets to quench them.

The feasting of the Divel by Ben-Johnson.

Cook-Laurel would needs have the divel his guest,
And bad him once into the *Peake* to dinner;
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
Provided him at the charge of a sinner.

His stomack was queasie (for comming there coacht)
The jogging had caused some crudities rise,
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

And so recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promooter in plum-broath was the first dish;
His own privy Kitchin had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher;
As soon as he spide the bawd, and bacon,
By this you may note the divel's a wencher.

Six

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women fit for his pallet,
With feather-men, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-sawce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seen sawce.

Then carbinadoed, and cookt with pains
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants Face;
The sawce was made of the Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
(The Feast had nothing been without 'um,)
Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Fur'd;
Their chains like Sawsages hung about 'um.

The very next dish was the Mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch boys boyl'd to a jelly.

A *London* Cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The divel chopt up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to have choakt him.

The Chine of a Leacher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlots haunch and Garlick;
A Panders pettitoes that had boasted
Himself a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Mid-wife hot,
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffind in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-grown Justice of peace
With a Clark like a gizard thrust under each arm.
And warrants for suppets, laid in his own grease
Set over a chafing-dish to be kept warm.

The Jowle of a Jaylor served for Fish,
A Constable souz'd with Vinegar by,
Two Alder-men Lobsters asleep in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Church-warden pye.

All which devoured, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call,
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce;
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the divels Arse.

And

And there he made such a breach with the wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfum'd most part of the Isle.

And this was *Tobacco*, the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court, and Town,
In the divels Glister-pipe smoakes at the Nose
Of Polcat and Madam, of Gallant, and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with Twines-flesh & Ling,
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend,
Our Captains and we cry God save the King,
And send him good meat, & Mirth without end.

A Catch.

A Fig for care, why should we spare
The Parish is bound to find us,
For thou and I and all must dye,
And leave the world behind us.

The Clerk shall Sing, the Bells shall Ring
And the Old Wives wind us;
Sir *John* shall lay our Bones in Clay,
Where no body means to find us.

The

The Virtue of Wine.

LEt Souldiers fight for praise, and pay,
And Money bid the Misers wish;
Poor Scholars study all the day,
And gluttons glory in their dish;
'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the chearing bowls.

Let Minions marshal every hair,
And in a Lovers lock delight,
And artificial colours wear,
We have the native red and white;
'Tis wine, Pure wine, &c,

Take Pheasant, Puet, and Culvered Salmon,
And how to please your Pallats think;
Give us a salt Westphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink;
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some have the Ptysick, some the Rheume,
Some have the Palsie, some the Gout;
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are sound that drink all out;
'Tis wine, tis wine, &c.

Some

ome men want Wit, and ſome want Wealth;
ome want a Wife, and ſome want a Punk;
ome men want Food, and ſome want Health,
ut he wants nothing that is drunk;
'Tis wine, 'tis pure wine, &c.

t makes the backward ſpirits brave,
Them lively, that before were dull;
Thoſe grow good Fellows that are grave,
And kindneſs ſprings from Cups brim-full;
'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives ſad ſoules,
Therefore give me the Charming bowles.

A *Catch.*

NE'er trouble thy ſelf at the times or their turnings,
Afflictions run Circular and wheele about,
Away with thy murmurings, & thy heart-burnings,
With the juice of the Grape we'll quench the fire out.

Ne'er chain nor impriſon thy ſoul up in ſorrow,
What failes us to day, may befriend us to morrow,
Let us ſcorn our content from others to borrow.

A Catch.

THree merry boys came out of the West,
To make Salt-peter strong;
They turn'd it into Gunpowder,
To charge the Kings Canon;
And so let this health go round, go round,
And so let this health go round,
Although thy stocking be made of Silk
Thy knee shall touch the ground.
God bless his Majesty,
And send him Victory,
Over his Enemy's
All or none.

A Loves Song.

CAlm was the Evening, and clear was the Skie,
And new budding Flowers did spring,
When all alone went *Antyntas* and I
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing.
I sate, and he laid him down by me,
And scarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear,
He began to come near,
He was dasht with a ah, ah, ah.

He

He blusht to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire,
But streightly convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire.
Ah *Silvia*, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe,
Then once more he prest
With his hands to my breast,
But was dasht with a ah, ah, ah.

I knew 't was his passions caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his case,
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A shepheard came by us and saw,
And just as our bliss
Began with a Kiss:
He burst out with a Ha, Ha, ha, Ha.

The Brewers Praise.

THere's many a blinking verse was made
In honour of the Blacksmiths trade,
But more of the Brewers may be said,
Which no body can deny.

I need not else but this repeat,
The Blacksmith cannot be compleat,
Unless the Brewer do give him a heat,
Which no body, &c.

When Smug unto his Forge doth come
Unless the Brewer doth liquor him home
Could ne'er strike my pot and thy pot *Tom*,
Which no body, &c.

Of all the Professions in the Town,
This Brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reacht up to the Crown,
Which no body, &c.

Much bloud from him did spring,
Of all the trades this was the King,
The Brewer had got the world in a sling,
Which no body, &c.

Though Honour be a Princess daughter,
The Brewer will woe her in bloud and slaughter,
And win her, or else it shall cost him hot water,
Which no body, &c.

He fear'd no pouder, nor martial stops,
But whipt Armies as round as tops,
And cut off his foes as thick as hops,
Which no body, &c.

He div'd for riches down to the bottom,
And cri'd, my Masters, when he had got 'um,
Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
Which no body, *&c.*

In warlike Arts he scorn'd to stoop,
For when his party began to droop,
He'd bring them all up as round as a hoop,
Which no body, *&c.*

The Jewish Scots, who fear to eat
The flesh of Swine, our brewers beat,
Twas the sight of their hogsheads made them to retreat
Which no body, *&c.*

Poor *Jockie* and his basket-hilt
Was beaten, and much bloud was spilt,
When their bodies, like barrels, did run a tilt,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though *Jammy* did give the first assault,
The Brewer he made them at length to hault,
And gave them what the Cat left in the mault,
Which no body, *&c.*

They did not only bang the Kirk,
But in *Ireland* too they did as much work,
Twas the Brewer made them surrender *Cork*,
Which no body, *&c.*

This

This was a ſtout Brewer, of whom we may brag,
But ſince he was hurried away with a hag,
We have brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag,
Which no body, &c.

They ſaid that Antichriſt came to ſettle
Religion within a Cooler and a Kettle,
His Noſe and his Copper were both of a mettle,
Which no body, &c.

He had a ſtrong, and a very ſtout heart,
And look'd to be made an Emperour for't,
But the Divel did ſet a ſpoke in his Cart,
Which no body, &c.

The Chriſtian Kings began to quake,
And ſaid, with that Brewer no quarrels we'll make
We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake,
Which no body, &c.

But yet by the way you muſt needs underſtand,
He kept all his Paſſions ſo under command,
Pride never could get the upper-hand,
Which no body, &c.

And now may all ſtout ſouldiers ſay,
Farewell the glory of the Dray,
For the Brewer himſelf is turn'd to Clay,
Which no body, &c.

Thus

Thus fell a brave Brewer the bold ſon of ſlaughter,
Who need not to fear muchwhat ſhould follow after,
That dealt all his life-time in fire and water,
Which no body, *&c.*

And if his Succeſſor had had but his might,
We all had not been in that pitiful plight,
But alas, he was found many grains to light,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though Wine be a Juice ſweet, pleaſant, and pure,
This Trade doth ſuch pleaſure and profit procure,
That every Vintner in Town is turn'd Brewer,
VVhich no body, *&c.*

But now let's leave ſinging, and drink off our Bub,
Let's call for a Reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub,
VVhich no body can deny.

The Song of the Blacksmith.

OF all the Trades that ever I ſee,
There's none to the Blacksmith compared may be;
VVith ſo many ſeveral tooles works he,
VVhich no body can deny.

The firſt that ever Thunderbolts made
VVas a *Cyclops* of the Blackſmiths Trade,
As in a Learned Author is ſaid,
VVhich no body, *&c.*

When thundring like we ſtrike about,
The fire like Lightning flaſhes out,
Which ſuddenly with water we d'out,
Which no body, *&c.*

The faireſt Goddeſs in the skies,
To marry with *Vulcan* did adviſe,
And he was a Blackſmith grave and wiſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did build her a Town by day and by night,
And gave it a name which was *Hammerſmiths* hight,
Which no body, *&c.*

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Eſtate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacoal-lane* for a Joynter,
Which no body, *&c.*

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort, you'd wiſh no ſtronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body, *&c.*

Smithfield he did cleanſe from durt,
And ſure there was great Reaſon for't,
For there he meant ſhe ſhould keep her Court,
Which no body, *&c.*

But

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the Blacksmith rectifi'd
To the honour of *Edmund Ironside*,
Which no body, *&c.*

Vulcan after made a traine,
Wherein the God of war was tane,
Which ever since hath been call'd *Pauls* chaine,
Which no body, *&c.*

The common Proverb as it is read,
That a man must hit the naile on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Blacksmiths lot,
That a man strike while the Iron is hot,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The Blacksmiths justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast & beat him with the spit
When no body, *&c.*

Another comes in our Blacksmiths way,
When things are safe, as old wives say,
We have them under lock and key,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another that's in the Blacksmiths books,
And only to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the hooks,
Which no body, *&c.*

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,
When a man's held to it buckle and thong,
VVhich no body, *&c.*

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,
When a Reason's as plain as a Pike staffe,
Which no body, *&c,*

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a good cause may mar,
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though your Scrivener seek to crush and to kill
By his counterfeit deed, and thereby doth ill,
Yet your Blacksmith may forge what he will,
Which no body, *&c.*

Though your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes
And laugh at their Creditors, and their Catchpoles
Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the coals
VVhich no body, *&c.*

Thoug

Though *Jockie* in the ſtable be never ſo neat
To look to his nag, and preſcribe him his meat,
Yet your Blackſmith knows better how to give a (heat,
Which no body, *&c.*

If any Taylor have the Itch,
The Blackſmiths water, as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thorough ſtitch,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's never a ſlut, if filth o'r ſmutch her,
But owes to the Blackſmith for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongues there's no man will (touch her,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your roaring boy, who every one Quails,
Fights, domineers, ſwaggers, and rayls,
Could never yet make the Smith eat his Nails,
Which no body, *&c.*

If a Schollar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The Blackſmith he can hammer it out,
Which no body, *&c.*

Now if to know him you would deſire,
You muſt not ſcorn, but rank him higher,
For what he gets, is out of the fire,
Which no body, *&c.*

Now here's a good health to Blacksmiths all,
And let it go round, as round as a ball;
We'll drink it all off, though it cost us a fall,
Which no body can deny.

The Gypsies, a Catch.

COme my dainty doxies,
My Dove, my Darle, my Dear,
We have neither meat nor drink,
Yet never want good chear;
We take no care for Candle, Rents,
We lye, we swear, we snort in Tents,
Come rouse betimes
All you that love your dinners,
Our store now taken
With Pigs, Hens, and Bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners.

At Fairs and Wakes we cuzzen
Poor Country Folk by the dozen;
Some come to disburses,
And some to pick purses;
We for want of use
We steal both hose and shooes,
Gilded Spurs with jingling Rowels,
Shirts or Smocks, Sheets or Towels;

Come

Come live with us all you that love your eaſe,
He that's a Gipſie may be drunk when he pleaſe,
We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we ſnuffle
We drink, we Drab, we cheat, we ſhuffle,

In imitation of Come my Daphne, *a Dialogue betwixt* Pluto *and* Oliver.

Pluto COme Imp Royal, come away,
Into black night we will turn bright day.
Oliver. 'Tis *Pluto* calls, what would my Syre?
Pluto. Come follow to the Stygian fire.
Where *Ireton* doth wait to welcome thee in (State.
Oliver. Were I in bed with my ſweet wife,
I'd quit thoſe joys for ſuch a life.
Pluto. My Princely *Nol* make haſt,
For thee we keep a faſt.
Oliver. In theſe diſmal ſhades will I
Unto thee unfold my Villany.
Pluto. In my boſome I'll thee lay,
For thy ſake we'll all keep holy day.

Chorus. We'll rage and roar, and fry in flames,
And *Charles* himſelf ſhall ſee
How damn'dly we agree,
Yet ſcorn to change our Chains
For his Eternal diety.

A Catch.

THe *wise men* were but seven, ne'r more shall be (for me;
The *Muses* were but 9, the worthies 3 times 3;
And three merry boys, & three merry boys are we;

The *Vertues* were but seven. & three the greater be;
The *Cæsars* they were twelve, & the fatal Sisters three;
And three merry Girles, & three merry Girles are (we.

The Power of Wine.

HOw poor is his Spirit, how lost is his name?
Deceiveth Opinion, and curtels his Fame,
When as his design turns neer to their hate,
'Twixt shall I, and shall I suspects their one wait,
Hath traffickt for honour, but lost the whole fraight;
He that's stout in the front, but not so in the rear,
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is cowed down by fear.

A small part of honour to him doth belong,
Consults not his glory, but faints in the throng,
That fears to embrace what his Country doth vote,
And yields up her liberty to a Red-coat;
Sure *Midsummer* is near, and some men do doat,

Like the bold Romans, whose Fame ever rings
That kept in subjection such pitiful things.

He that will be Bugbear'd is turn'd again Child,
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to weild:
Examine that story, no story you'll find
Than saving that story that Cat will to kind;
The world is deluded, the Commonwealth blind,
Your false stamps of honor proves but copper mettle
And Fame sounds as loud from a tinkers old kettle.

He that hath past the Pike, and found Canon-free,
Which shews that no curse from his Parents could be,
Had a soul so devout made killing a trade,
And now to retreat at the scent of a blade, (made,
Doth shew of what mould our Knight-errant is
He that flags in his flight when his ambition soars
Doth stab his own merit, & gives fame the lye. (high

Then *Cicero*-like you gown-men drench cares,
O'rwhelm'd with your own & your Countries af-
And Pulpit-men to be as ayry as he; (fairs,
Do you but preach Sack up, we'll ne'r disagree
That Common-wealth's best that is the most free,
Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in our
We fancy a King up, or fancy him down. (Crown,

The

The mad Zealot.

AM I mad, O noble *Festus*,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the Colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

In the house of pure *Emanuel*
I had my Education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazell'd mine eyes
With the light of Revelation,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

They bound me like a Beldam,
They lasht my four poor quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

hese injuries I suffer
hrough Antichrists perswasions;
ake off this chain,
either *Rome* nor *Spain*
an resist my strong invasions,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

of the beasts ten horns (God bless us)
have knockt off three already:
f they let me alone,
ll leave him none:
ut they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

When I Sack'd the seven hill'd-City,
met the great red Dragon:
kept him aloof,
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on:
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

With a fiery Sword and Target
There fought I with this Monster:
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I unhors'd the whore of *Babel*
With a Lance of Inſpirations:
I made her ſtink,
And ſpill her drink
In the cup of Abominations,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I have ſeen two in a Viſion,
With a flying Book between them:
I have been in deſpair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading *Greenham*,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

I obſerv'd in *Perkins* Tables
The black Lines of Damnation,
Thoſe crooked veins
So ſtuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my Reprobation,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

In the holy land of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefeſt pleaſure,
Till I prick't my foot,
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all meaſure,
Boldly I preach, *&c.*

appear'd before th' Archbishop,
nd all the High Commission:
gave him no Grace,
ut told him to his face
hat he favour'd Superstition,
Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

Drunk with Love.

I Doat, I doat, but am a Sot to shew it,
I was a very fool to let her know it,
or now she doth so cunning grow,
nd proves a friend worse than a Foe,
he will not hold me fast, nor let me go:
She tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then straight I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me stay throws a kiss in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.

hus I retire, salute, and sit down by her
here do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire;
ow nectar from her lips I sup,
nd though I cannot drink all up,
et I am Fox'd with kissing of the Cup:

For

For her lips are two brimmers of Clarret,
Where first I began to miscarry,
Her breasts of delight are two bottles of White,
And her eyes are two cups of Canary,

Drunk, as I live, dead drunk beyond reprieve,
For all my secrets dribble through a sieve;
About my neck her arms she layeth,
Now all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I lay hold on with my fudled faith;
I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out,
With hips, and with lips, with black eyes & white (thighs
Blind *Cupid* sure tipled his eyes out.

She bids me rise, tells me I must be wise,
Like her, for she's not in love she cries;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
I begin to run, but cannot go;
I prethee, sweet, use me more kindly,
You were better to hold me fast,
If you once disengage your bird from his cage,
Believe it he'll leave you at last.

Like Sot I sit, that fill'd the Town with wit,
But now confess I have most need of it;
I have been fox'd with Duck and Deer
Above a quarter of a year

Beyond

Beyond the cure of ſleeping, or ſmall beer;
I think I can number the Months too,
July, August, September, October,
Thus goes my account, a miſchief light on't,
But ſure I ſhall go when I'm ſober.

My Legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and all my body is enflam'd,
As by experience I can prove,
And ſwear by all the Powers above,
'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love:
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our foreheads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope, yet there's ſome hope
That a man may be ſober next morning.

Thus, with command, ſhe throws me from her hand,
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot ſtand;
I meaſure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot ſo drunk with ſips,
Or can a man be overſeen with lips?
I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
Then do not deceive me, either love me or leave me,
Or let me go home to my lodging.

I have too much, and yet my folly is ſuch,
I cannot hold, but muſt have t'other touch;
Here's a health to the King: how now?

I'm

I'm drunk and ſpeak treaſon I vow,
Lovers and Fools ſay any thing you know;
I fear I have tired your patience,
But I'm ſure 'tis I have the wrong on't;
My wits are bereft, and all I have left
Is ſcarce enough to make a Song on't;
My Miſtris and I ſhall never comply,
And there's the ſhort and the long on't.

A Preſent to a Lady.

LAdies I do here preſent you
With a token Love hath ſent you;
'Tis a thing to ſport and play with,
Such another pretty thing
For to paſs the time away with;
Prettier ſport was never ſeen;

Name I will not, nor define it,
Sure I am you may devine it:
By thoſe modeſt looks I gueſs it,
And thoſe eyes ſo full of fire,
That I need no more expreſs it,
But leave your fancies to admire.

Yet as much of it be ſpoken
In the praiſe of this love-token:
'Tis a waſh that far ſurpaſſeth

For the cleanſing of your blood,
All the Saints may bleſs your faces,
Yet not do you ſo much good.

Were you ne'r ſo melancholly,
It will make you blithe and jolly;
Go no more, no more admiring,
When you feel your ſpleen's amiſs,
For all the drinks of Steel and Iron
Never did ſuch cures as this.

It was born in th' Iſle of Man
Venus nurs'd it with her hand,
She puffed it up with milk and pap,
And lull'd it in her wanton lap,
So ever ſince this Monſter can
In no place elſe with pleaſure ſtand.

Coloſſus like, between two Rocks,
I have ſeen him ſtand and ſhake his locks,
And when I have heard the names
Of the ſweet Saterian Dames,
O he's a Champion for a Queen,
'Tis pity but he ſhould be ſeen.

Nature, that made him, was ſo wiſe
As to give him neither tongue nor eyes,
Suppoſing he was born to be
The Inſtrument of Jealouſie,

Yet here he can, as Poets feign,
Cure a Ladies love-sick brain.

He was the first that did betray
To mortal eyes the milky way;
He is the *Proteus* cunning Ape
That will beget you any shape;
Give him but leave to act his part,
And he'll revive your saddest heart.

Though he want legs, yet he can stand,
With the least touch of your soft hand;
And though, like *Cupid*, he be blind,
There's never a hole but he can find;
If by all this you do not know it,
Pray Ladies give me leave to shew it.

A Combate of Cocks.

GO you tame Gallants, you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
And count all dunghil breed that cannot shew
Such painted Plumes as yours; that think no vice,
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice:
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If y' are no fighting-cocks, y' are not for me;

I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to express the fight,
Must make his ink o' th' bloud which they did spill;
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtfull people set
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their sharp-heel'd Warriours, and they
Were both in limen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd to have their winding sheet.
With that in th' pit they are put, & when they were
Both on their feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleere
Looks stoutly at his ne'r -before seen foe,
And like a Challenger begins to crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display
His warlike Colours, which were black and gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths
His comely crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground:
With that they meet, not like the coward breed
Of *Æsop*, that can better fight than feed.
They scorn the dung-hill, 'tis their only prize,
To dig for Pearl within each others eyes:
They fight so long, that it was hard to know
To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no,
Had not the bloud which died the fatal floor
Born witness of it; yet they fight the more,

As if each wound were but a ſpur to prick
Their fury forward : lightning's not more quick
Nor red than were their eyes :'twas hard to know
Whether 'twas bloud or anger made them ſo :
And ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe by being fenced in by blood.
Yet ſtill they fight, but now (alas)at length
Although their courage be full tried, their ſtrength
And bloud began to ebbe ; you that have ſeen
A water-combat on the Sea, between
Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
They march,and meet, and daſh their curled brows,
Swelling like graves, as if they did intend
T'intomb each other, ere the quarrel end:
But when the wind is down, and bluſtring weather,
They are made friends,& ſweetly run together,(low
May think theſe champions ſuch, their combs grow
And they that leapt even now, now ſcarce can go:
Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
(As if they did applaud themſelves) now flapt.
And having loſt the advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each others bloud they only reel.
From either eyes ſuch drops of bloud did fall,
As if they wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they would fain fight, they come ſo near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whiſper death; and when they cannot riſe,
They lie and look blows in each others eyes.

But

But now the Tragick part after the fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting (like a dying Tapre) all
His force, as meaning with that blow to fall;
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now Poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by th' Antipathies:
With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er see, his heart most rue.
At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquered wings his Feather-bed,
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetcht in haste an Apothecary;
But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That 'twas uncapable of any Glister,
Wheresoever at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
Decently to be boyl'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.
Item, *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my side laid seven to one:

As if each wound were but a ſpur to prick
Their fury forward : lightning's not more quick
Nor red than were their eyes :'twas hard to know
Whether 'twas bloud or anger made them ſo :
And ſure they had been out, had they not ſtood
More ſafe by being fenced in by blood.
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And yet they would fain fight, they come ſo near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whiſper death; and when they cannot riſe,
They lie and look blows in each others eyes.

But

But now the Tragick part after the fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting (like a dying Tapre) all
His force, as meaning with that blow to fall;
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now Poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by th' Antipathies:
With him (alas) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er see, his heart most rue.
At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquered wings his Feather-bed,
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetcht in haste an Apothecary;
But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That 'twas uncapable of any Glister,
Wheresoever at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
Decently to be boyl'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.
Item, *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my side laid seven to one:

And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his heirs my comb I give;
Together with my brains, that all may know,
That (ſen times his brains did uſe to crow.
Item, *it is my Will to the weaker ones,*
Whoſe wives complain of them, I give my ſtones;
To him that's dull, I do my ſpurs impart,
And to the Coward, I bequeath my heart:
To Ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers ſhould be giv'n; and for my bill,
I'd giv't a Taylor, but it is ſo ſhort,
That I'm afraid he'l rather curſe me for't:
And for the Apothecaries fee, who meant
To give me a Gliſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly, becauſe I feel my life decay,
I yield, and give to Wisbich *Cock the day.*

In praiſe of Sack.

COme faith let's frolick, fill ſome Sack,
For then we ſhall not lack
Food for the belly, nor phyſick for the back,
This Beer breeds the Chollick, let us ſpread
Our Cheeks with Royal Red,
And then we'll ſing, hey toſs the divel's dead,
To Faction we never more will bow the knee:
Great *Britains* fate in faith 'twas long of thee.

You

You may ſee what Madam *England* hath been at
When we behold her Noſe is faln ſo flat.

To Wine we'll build a Shrine,
  And an Altar divine,
High as the ſign, where thy red noſe and mine
  Like Tapers ſhall ſhine:
Then let's drink for the Bets, 'tis the loſer that gets,
  In ſpight of their threats, and our Creditors nets,
We'll drink off our debts,
  Where he that's dead drunk, ſhall be
Laid out in ſtate, as well as he
  Whoſe dignity the only objects be
Of new Idolatry.
We'll guard his corps like a Bride
  To the grave-ſide, ſo copious and wide,
With as much pride as he that lately dyed,
  The Railing ſet aſide.

Fifty red-faces free, ſhall his Torch-bearers be;
Six maudlin mourners his Coffin ſhall carry,
There we will tipple free unto the memory
Of our fraternity drown'd in Canary:
In the Divel-Tavern we commonly will ſhew him,
  We'll bury him from the divel,
  Others fair men to him.

We'll be blythe and trimmer,
We'll have Muſick to——

Jews-harp, tongues and Skimmer,
Thy Cup —— my Cup ——
Bar-boy fill the other brimmer,
Fly cup ——ſtrike up—— there boy,
Till our eyes do grow dimmer.

Money ſhall be ſpent in Bays,
Every pen ſhall vent a praiſe
And a Monument we'll raiſe
Over his bones.
Where his Epitaph ſhall be,
That he dyed in Loyalty,
Never gain'd by Cruelty,
Kingdoms, nor Crowns.
That he never lived by injury,
Nor confounded men for forgery,
Neither put a prop of Perjury
Under his thrones;
That althongh he drank his Cares away,
And ſometimes his Loyal fears away,
Yet he never drank the tears away
Of Orphans Groans.

Thus he ſhall be both frollick and free,
Who's kindly kill'd with Canary,
With red and white, or other delight,
If tippling makes him miſcarry,
Provided he Bachanel be,
And ſcorns to admit of a parley

With

With Ale or Beer, or other ſuch geer,
Polluted with Hop or with Barley,
Good wine doth ring; like Prieſt and King,
But 'tis Ale that looks like a Lay-man,
Then for the Vineyard draw your Whynyard,
The Divel go with the Dray-man.

A Maidenhead.

WHat is that you call a Maidenhead?
A thing oft ſmothered in a bed,
Which ſome have now, which all have had,
Which freely given makes one ſad.

'Tis got for nought with little pain;
'Tis kept, but loſt, not got again;
'Tis that you call a Maidenhead,
By proving quick 'tis ever dead.

A lump which Laſſes bear about
Till putting in doth put it out;
A herb it is which proves a weed
When firſt the husk doth bear a Seed.

It's that a Maidenhead we call,
A thing by ſtanding made to fall;
It is a Maiden-head, ſay we,
That's kept by holding cloſe the knee.

Which

Which youths were often used to lurch,
Which Brides do seldom bear to Church;
At fifteen rare, at eighteen strange,
VVhich either lose when two do change.

That fit's when Maidens begin to reak,
VVhen ere it parts, it makes them squeak,
And being gone, they streight repent:
This by a Maidenhead is meant.

The Night encounter.

WHen *Phœbus* had drest his course to the West
To take up his rest below,
And *Cynthia* agreed in her glittering weed
Her light in his stead to bestow:
I walking alone, attended by none,
I suddenly heard one cry,
O do not, do not kill me yet,
For I am not prepared to dye.

At length I drew near to see and to hear,
And straight did appear to shew,
The Moon was so bright, I saw such a sight
It's fit no Wight should it know:
A man and a maid together were laid,
And ever she said, nay fie,
O do not, *&c.*

The youth was ſo tough he pull'd up her ſtuff,
And to blindman-buff he did go,
Though ſtill ſhe did lye, yet ſtill ſhe did cry,
And put him but by with a no;
But he was ſo ſtrong, and ſhe was ſo young,
That ſhe reſted a while for to cry,
O do not, *&c.*

Thus ſtriving in vain, well pleaſed again,
She vowed to remain his foe,
She kept ſuch a coyl, when he gave her the foyl,
The greater the broyl did grow;
For he was prepar'd, and did not regard
Her words, when he heard her cry,
O do not, *&c.*

He ſaid to the Maid, Sweet be not afraid,
Thy Phyſitian I will be;
If I light in the hole that pleaſeth me beſt,
I'll give thee thy Phyſick free;
He went to it again, and hit in the Vein
Where all her whole grief did lye;
O kill me, kill me once again,
For I am prepared to dye.

At length he gave o'r and ſuddenly ſwore,
He'd kill her no more that night,
He bid her adieu, for certain he knew
She wou'd tempt him to more delight:

But

But when they did part it went to her heart,
For at length he had taught her to cry,
O kill me, kill me once again,
For now I am prepared to dye.

The Protecting Brewer.

A Brewer may be a Burgeſs grave,
And carry the matter ſo fine and ſo brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which no body can deny.

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man
For there the knavery firſt began,
And Brew moſt cunning Plots he can,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the wars with ſuch a grace,
That he may get a Captains place,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may ſpeak ſo monſtrous well,
That he may raiſe ſtrange things to tell,
And ſo be made a Colonel,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raiſe his fortunes, ſo that he
Lieutenant General may be,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer he may be all in all,
And raiſe his powers both great and ſmall,
That he may be a Lord General,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer by's Exciſe and Rate,
Will promiſe his Army he knows what,
And ſet it upon the Colledge-gate,
Which no body, *&c.*

Methinks I hear one ſay to me,
Pray why may nor a Brewer be,
Lord-Chancelour o'th' Univerſity,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may be as bold as a Hector,
When he has drunk off his cup of Nectar,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which no body, *&c.*

Now

Now here remains the ſtrangeſt thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor doth bring,
To be an Emperour, or a King,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Brewer may do what he will,
Rob th Church and State, to ſell
His ſoul unto the divel of hell,
Which no body can deny.

Cromwel's *Coronation.*

O *Liver*, *Oliver*, take up thy Crown,
For now thou haſt made three Kingdoms thine;
Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation, (own
To ride us to ruine, who dare thee oppoſe:
Whilſt we thy good people are at thy devotion,
To fall down and worſhip thy terrible Noſe.

To thee and thy Mermydons *Oliver*, we,
Do tender thy homage as fits thy degree,
We'll pay thee Exſize and Taxes, God bleſs us,
With fear and contrition, as penitents ſhould,
Whilſt you, great ſirs, vouchſafe to oppreſs us,
Not daring ſo much as in private to ſcold.
(Sword.
We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee & thy
For now thou haſt made thy ſelf *Engl*ands ſole Lord,
By

By mandate of Scripture, and heavenly warrant,
The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too;
To *Charles* & his Kingdoms thou art Heir apparent,
And born to rule over the Turk and the Jew.

Then *Oliver*, *Oliver*, get up and ride,
Whilst Lords, Knights, & Gentry, do run by thy side,
The Maulsters and Brewers account it their glory,
Great God of the Grain-tub's compared to thee:
All Rebels of old are lost in their story,
Till thou Plod'st along to the *Paddington*-tree.

The Drunkard.

When I do travel in the night
The Brewers dog my brains do's byte,
My heart grows heavy, and my heels grow light,
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humour well.

When with upsie freeze I line my head,
My Hostis Sellar is my bed,
The worlds our own, and the divel is dead,
And I like, *&c.*

Then I'll be talking of matters of Court,
About the taking of some Fort,
Then I'll swear a lye is true report,
And I like, *&c.*

Then

Then I'll be talking of matters of State,
Of News from *Pallatinate*,
What Princes are confederate,
And I like, *&c.*

If my Hostis bids me pay my score,
And stand if I can, I call her whore,
I reel and tumble out of her doore,
And I like, *&c.*

That I came from the War, I roar and swear
I made a fellow die for fear,
How many I killed that I never came near,
And I like, *&c.*

If I meet with a Taylors Stall,
And the stones with my nose with fighting fall,
We kiss and are friends, and so there's all,
And I like, *&c.*

With an Indian Chimney in my hand,
Having a Boy at my command,
Like a brave Commander up I stand,
And I like, *&c.*

Then I justle with every post I meet,
I kick the dunghils about the street,
I trample the kennels about my feet,
And I like, *&c.*

The

The Conſtable I curſe and ban,
That bids me ſtand if I be a man,
I tell him he bids me do more than I can,
And I like, *&c.*

If I fall to the ground, and the watchmen ſee
And ask of me, if I foxed be?
I tell them 'tis my humility,
And I like, *&c.*

Then home I go, and my Wife doth skold
She bawls the more I bid her hold,
It is my patience makes her bold,
And I like, *&c.*

Then I grope to bed, but miſs the way,
Forget me where my Cloaths, I lay,
I call for drink by break of day,
And I like my humour.

Song of Sir Eglamore.

SIr *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight, fa, la, la, la, la,
He put on his Sword, & he went to fight, fa, la,
And as he rid o'r hill and dale,
All armed in his Coat of Maile,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lalla, la.

There ſtarts a huge Dragon out of his Den, fa, la,
Which had kill'd I know not how many men, fa, la,
But when he ſee Sir *Eglamore*,
If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

This Dragon he had a plaguy hard hide, fa, la, la,
Which could the ſtrongeſt ſteel abide, fa, la, la,
He could not enter him with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight to his heart bloud & guts,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

All the trees in the wood did ſhake, fa, la, la,
Horſes did tremble, and man did quake, fa, la, la,
The birds betook them to their peeping,
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
Fa, la, la.

But now it was no time to fear, fa, la, la,
For it was time to fight Dog, fight Bear, fa, la, la,
But as the Dragon yawning did fall,
He thruſt his Sword down hilt and all,
Fa, la, la.

For as the Knight in Choller did burn, fa, la, la,
He ought the Dragon a ſhrewd good turn, fa, la, la,
In at his mouth his Sword he ſent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament.
Fa, la, la.

Then

Then the Dragon, like a Coward, began to flee, fa, la,
Into his Den that was hard by, fa, la, la,
There he laid him down and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword,
Fa, la, la,

The Sword it was a right good blade, fa, la, la,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made, fa, la, la,
I, for my part, do forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it,
Fa, la, la.

When all was done, to the Alehouse he went, fa, la,
And presently his two pence he spent, fa, la, la,
He was so hot with tugging with the Dragon,
That nothing would squench him but a hole flagon,
Fa, la, la.

Well, now let us pray for the King & Queen, fa, la,
And eke in *London* there may be seen, fa, la, la,
As many Knights, and as many more,
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, lalla, la.

The Rump.

IF none be offended with the Scent,
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content

To ſing of the Rump of a Parliament,
Which no body can deny.

I have ſomtimes fed on a Rump in Souſe,
And a man may imagine the Rump of a Louſe;
But till now was ne'r heard of the Rump of a houſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's a rump of beef, and the rump of a gooſe
And a rump whoſe neck was hang'd in a nooſe;
But ours is a Rump can play faſt and looſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Rump had *Jane Shore*, and a Rump *Meſſaleen*,
And a Rump had *Antonies* reſolute Queen;
But ſuch a Rump as ours is, never was ſeen,
Which no body, *&c.*

Two ſhort years together we Engliſh have ſcarce
Been rid of thy rampant Noſe (old *Mers*,)
But now thou haſt got a prodigious Arſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

When the parts of the body did fall out,
Some votes it is like did paſs for the Snout;
But that the Rump ſhould be King was never a (doubt
Which no body, *&c.*

A Cat has a Rump, and a Cat has nine lives,
Yet when her head's off, her Rump never strives;
But our Rump from the grave hath made two re-
Which no body, *&c.* (trives,

That the Rump may all their enemies quail,
They'l borrow the Divels Coat of Mayl,
And all to defend their estate in Tayl,
Which no body, *&c.*

But thought heir scale now seem to be th'upper, (per,
There's no need of the charge of a thanksgiving sup-
For if they be the Rump, the Armies their Crupper,
Which no body, *&c.*

There is a saying belongs to the Rump,
Which is good although it be worn to the stump
That on the Buttock, I'll give thee a thump,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's a Proverb in which the rump claims a part,
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a fart,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's another Proverb gives the Rump for his
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jest, (Crest,
That of all kind of lucks shitten luck is the best,
Which no body, *&c.*

There's another Proverb that never will fail,
That the good Rump will do when they prevail,
Is to give us a flap with a Fox-tail,
Which no body, *&c.*

There is a ſaying, which is made by no fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the Rump will ſpend all we have in cloſe-
Which no body, *&c.* (ſtools,

There's an obſervation wiſe and deep,
Which, without an Onion, will make me to weep,
That flies will blow Maggots in the Rump of a
Which no body, *&c.* (ſheep,

And ſome, that can ſee the wood from the trees,
Say, this Sanctified Rump in time we may leeſe:
For the Cooks do challenge the rumps for their Fees,
Which no body, *&c.*

When the Rump do ſit, we'll make it our moan,
That the Reaſon be'nacted, if there be not one,
Why a Fart hath a tongue, and a Fieſt hath none,
Which no body, *&c.*

And whil'ſt within the walls they lurk,
To ſatisfie us, will be a good work,
Who hath moſt Religion, the Rump or the Turk,
Which no body, *&c.*

A Rump's a Fag end, like the baulk of a furrow,
And is to the whole like the jail to the burrough,
'Tis the bran that is left when the meal is run tho-
Which no body, &c. (rough,

Consider the world, the heav'n is the head on't,
The earth is the middle, and we men are fed on't,
But hell is the rump, and no more can be said on't,
Which no body can deny.

The Red-coats Triumph.

COme Drawer, and fill us about some wine,
Let's merrily tipple, the day is our own;
We'll have our delights, let the Country go pine,
Let the King and the Kingdom groan:
The Crown is our own, and so shall continue,
We'll baffle Monarchy quite,
We'll drink of the Kingdoms Revenue,
And sacrifice all to Delight;
'Tis power that brings us all to be Kings,
And we'll all be crown'd by our might.

A fig for Divinity Lectures, and Law,
And all that true Loyalty do pretend;
We will by the Sword keep Kingdoms in awe,
And our Powers shall never end;
The Church and the State we'll turn into liquor,
And spend a whole town in a day:

We'll melt all the Bodkins the quicker
Into Sack, and drink them away;
We'll keep the demeans of the Bishops and Deans,
And over the Presbyter sway.

Now nimble Saint *Patrick* is sunk in a bog,
And his Country-men sadly cry, *O hone, O hone*;
Saint *Andrew* and his Kirkmen are lost in a fog,
And now we are the Saints alone;
Thus on our Equals and Superiours we trample,
And *Jockie* our stirrop shall hold,
The Citie's our Mule for example,
Whilst we will in plenty be rou'ld;
Each delicate dish shall but eccho our wish,
And our drink shall be cordial Gold.

The Bulls Feather.

IT chanced not long ago, as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me where two were a talking:
'Twas a man said to his wife, die had I rather,
Than to be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather,

Then presently she reply'd, Sweet, art thou jealous?
Thou canst not play *Vulcan* before I play *Venus*:
Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather:
There's many an honest man has worn the Bulls Fea
(ther.
Though

Though it be inviſible, let no man it ſcorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn,
He that diſdains it in heart or mind either
May be the more ſubject to wear the Bulls Feather.

He that lives diſcontent, or in deſpair,
And feareth falſe meaſure, becauſe his wife's fair:
His thoughts are inconſtant, much like winter wea-
(ther,
Though one or two want it, he ſhall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common as *Ergo* in Schools,
And only contemned by thoſe that are fools:
Why ſhould a Bulls Feather cauſe any unreſt,
Since neighbours fare alwaies is counted the beſt?

Thoſe women wh' are faireſt, are likely to give it;
And husbands that have them, are apt to believe it.
Some men though their wives ſhould ſeem for to
(tedder,
They would play the kind neighbour, and give the
(Bulls feather.
Why ſhould we repine that our wives are ſo kind,
Since we that are husbands are of the ſame mind?
Shall we give them feathers, and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that diſdains my Bulls feather to day,
May light of a Laſs that will play him foul play,
There's

There's ne'r a proud gallant that treads on Cow
(Leather
But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather.

Though Beer of that brewing, I never did drink,
Yet be not displeas'd if I speak what I think,
Scarce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'll have it, or else they will give it.

Then let me advise all those that do pine,
For fear that false jealousie shorten their time: (ver
That disease will torment them worse than any fea
Then let all be contented to wear the Buls feather.

Old England *turned* New.

YOu talk of *New-England*, I truely believe
Old *England* is grown new, & doth us deceive
I'll ask you a question or two, by your leave,
And is not old *England* grown new?

Where are your old Souldiers with slashes and skar
That never used drinking in no time of wars,
Nor shedding of bloud in mad drunken jars?
And is not, *&c.*

New Captains are come that never did fight,
But with Pots in the day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief care is to keep their swords bright,
And is not, *&c.*

Where

here are your old Swords, your bills, & your bows,
ur Bucklers and Targets that never feared blows?
hey are turned to Steelettoes, with other fair shews,
And is not, &c.

here are your old Courtiers, that used to ride
ith forty blew-coats and footmen beside?
hey are turned to six horses a coach with a guide,
And is not, &c.

nd what is become of your old fashion Cloaths,
our long-sided breeches, and your trunk hose?
hey are turned to new fashions, but what, the Lord knows,
And is not, &c.

our Gallant & his Taylor some half year together,
o fit a new suit to a new hat and feather,
f Gold, or of Silver, silk, cloath, stuff, or leather,
And is not, &c.

(locks,
e have new fashion'd beards, and new fashion'd
nd new fashion'd hats for your new pated blocks,
nd more new diseases besides the French pox,
And is not, &c.

ew houses are built, and the old ones pull'd down,
ntill the new houses sell all the old ground,
nd then the house stands like a horse in the pound,
And is not, &c.

New

New fashions in houses, new fashions at table,
The old servants discharged, the new are more able
And every old custome is but an old fable,
And is not, &c.

New trickings, new goings, new measures, new (paces
New heads for your men, for your women new faces
And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases,
And is not, &c.

New tricks in the Law, new tricks in the holds,
New bodies they have, they look for new souls
When the money is paid for building of *Pauls*,
And is not, &c.

Then talk you no more of *New-England*,
New-England is where Old *England* did stand, (man'd
New furnish'd, new fashion'd, new woman'd, new
And is not Old *England* grown New.

A merry Song.

COme Drawer, turn about the bowle
Till every soul has made a scrowle
As long as his arm:
Again, my boy, be filling still
Till every will has had his fill,
Twill keep us from harm:

For

he that is copious, and doth freight with Sack,
as the world at will, and doth nothing lack;
e's richeſt then can drink off a Tun,
he braveſt men that are under the Sun;
ow the world is ſo giddy, that it ſcarce knows
o ſmell out the truth now it has loſt its noſe:
hat has left behind a Pitiful caſe,
ſmels, you'l find, in every place.

hen ſince he is happieſt that drinks the moſt,
oy, call mine Hoſt, that honeſt toſt,
He ſhall have his ſhare;
or intereſt we'll give him drink,
ow wine is chink, yet let him think
Our dealing is faire;
or I'll maintain his reckoning's good.
hough we had drunk on tick ſince *Noah's* flood,
e'll clear it all in *Platoes* year,
ou'l hear we ſhall be *Catoes* there:
hen he's an aſs will ſpare for Chalk
o purchaſe Sack; what e'r you talk,
e's not great, nor rich, nor wiſe;
n errant Cheat does Wine deſpiſe.

A Scottiſh Covenant we'll take
To burn at ſtake, if not forſake
The old hereſie
Of bowzing to a petticoat,
If healths of note we could not vote
Paſt any ſhe,

They

They are but blazes, and soon are gone,
Fine trifles for us to play upon:
When we have nought, or little to do,
We'll have 'um brought, and tickle 'um too;
Mean time let us drink a Carouse to those
Who are neither the French nor the Spaniards foe
For all our treasure is there in their Mines,
There's no pleasure here but in their wines.

The Contented.

PRay why should any man complain,
Or why disturb his breast or brain
At this new alteration?
Since that which has been done's no more
Than what has oft been done before,
And that which will be done again,
As long as there are ambitious men,
That strive for domination.

In this mad age there's nothing firm,
All things have period, and their term,
Their rise and declination;
Those gaudy nothings we admire,
Which get above and shine like fire,
Are empty vapours raised from ground,
Their mock-shine past th'are quickly down,
Must fall like exhalation.

ut still we Commons must be made
gaull'd, a lame, thin hackney Jade,
nd all by turns will ride us;
his side, or that, no matter which,
or both do ride with spur and switch,
ill we are tired, and then at last
e stumble, and our riders cast,
'Cause they'd not feed nor guide us.

h' insulting Clergy quite mistook,
hinking that Kingdoms past by book,
r Crowns were got by prating;
is not the black coat, but the red,
as power to make, or be the head;
or is it oaths, nor words, nor tears,
ut Musquets and full Bandeleers
Have power of legislating.

he Lawyers must lay by their books,
nd study *Monck* much more than *Cooks*;
he Sword is the Learned Pleader:
eports and Judgements will not do't,
ut 'tis Dragoons and Horse and Foot;
ords are but wind, but Swords come home,
stout tongued Lawyer is but a mome,
Compared to a stout file-leader.

ch wit and valour root all things,
hey pull down, and they set up Kings,

All Law is in their bosoms;
That side is alwaies right that's strong,
And that that's beaten must be wrong:
And he that thinks it is not so,
Unless he's sure to beat 'um too,
He's but a fool to oppose 'm.

Let them impose taxes and rates,
'Tis but on them that have estates,
Not such as thou and I are:
But it concerns those wordlings which
At least are made, or else grow rich,
Such as have studied all their daies
The saving and the thriving waies,
To be the mules of power.

If they'l reform the Church or State,
We'll ne'r be troubled much thereat:
Let each man take his opinion,
If we don't like the Church, you know
Taverns are free, and there we'l go;
And every one will be
As clearly unconcern'd as we,
They'l ne'r fight for domination.

The indifferent.

WHat an Aſs is he
Waits a womans leiſure
For a minutes pleaſure,
And perhaps may be
Gull'd at laſt, and loſe her,
What an aſs is he?

Shall I ſigh and die
'Cauſe a maid denies me,
And that ſhe may try me,
Suffer patiently?
O no! Fate ſhall tye me,
To ſuch cruelty.

Love is all my life,
For it keeps me doing:
Yet my love and wooing
Is not for a Wife;
It is good eſchewing
Warring, care, and ſtrife.

What need I to care
For a womans favour?
If another have her,

Why ſhould I deſpair,
When for gold and labour
I can have my ſhare.

If I fancy one,
And that one do love me,
Yet deny to prove me,
Farewel, I am gone.
She can never move me,
Farewel, I am gone.

If I chance to ſee
One that's brown, I love her,
Till I ſee another,
That is browner than ſhe,
For I am a lover
Of my liberty.

Every day I change,
And at once love many,
Yet not tied to any,
For I love to range,
And if one ſhould ſtay me
I ſhould think it ſtrange.

What though ſhe be old,
So that ſhe have riches,
Youth and Form bewitches,

But 'tis ſtore of Gold
Cures laſcivious itches,
So the Criticks hold.

A Weſt-country Mans Voyage to New-England.

MY Maſters give audience, and liſten to me,
And ſtreight che will tell you where che have be:
Che have been in *New-England*, but now cham come o'er,
Itch do think they ſhal catch me go thither no more.

Before che went o'er Lord how Voke did tell
How viſhes did grow, and how birds did dwell
All one mong, t'other in the wood and the water,
Che thought had been true, but che find no ſuch matter.
When firſt che did land che mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all daies on a Satterday night,
Che wondred to ſee the ſtrong building were there,
'Twas all like the ſtanding at *Bartholmew* Fair.

Well, that night che ſlept till near Prayer time,
Next morning che wondred to hear no Bells chime,
And when che had ask'd the reaſon, che found
'Twas becauſe they had never a Bell in the Town.

At last being warned to Church to repair, (prayer,
Where che did think certain che sho'd hear some
But the Parson there no such matter did teach,
They scorn'd to pray, they were all able to preach.

The virst thing they did, a Zalm they did sing,
I pluckt out my Zalm book, which with me did bring
Che was troubled to seek him, 'cause they call him by name, (same.
But they had got a new Song to the tune of the

When Sermon was done was a child to baptize
About sixteen years old, as volk did surmise,
And no Godfather nor Godmother, yet 'twas quiet and still,
The Priest durst not cross him for fear of his ill will.

A Sirra, quoth I, and to dinner che went,
And gave the Lord thanks for what he had sent;
Next day was a wedding, the brideman my friend,
He kindly invites me, so thither I wend.

But this, above all, to me wonder did bring,
To see a Magistrate marry, and had ne'r a ring;
Che thought they would call me the woman to give
But che think he stole her, for he askt no man leave.

Now this was new *Dorchester* as they told me,
A Town very famous in all that Country;

They

They ſaid 'twas new building, I grant it was true,
Yet methinks old *Dorcheſter* as fine as the new.

Che ſtaid there among them till che was weary at heart,
At length there came ſhipping, che got leave to depart:
But when all was ended che was coming away,
Che had threeſcore ſhillings for ſwearing to pay.

But when che ſaw that, an oath more che ſwore,
Che would ſtay no more longer to ſwear on the ſcore;
Che bid farewel to thoſe Fowlers and Fiſhers,
So God bleſs old *England* and all his well wiſhers.

A medicine for the Quartan Ague.

THe Aphoriſms of *Galen* I count but as ſtraws,
Profound Piſpot-peepers be you all mute,
The old quartan feaver breaks all Phyſick-Laws,
To help to cure it I think it is boot:
Peruſing of late a wormeaten book,
Brought hither from *Cinthia* down in *Charles*'s wain;
A curious medicine out thence I took,
To cure the quartan Feaver again.

First chooſe a Phyſitian that will not exceed
Probatum eſt, ſpeaking no more than he knows,

Who hath more skill in his tongue than his head;
Who his Potions on Patients *gratis* bestows,
Three Midsummer moons in one, let him pray
To *Apollo*, and the Moon being full in the wane,
And *Scola Salerna* twice backward to say,
And it will cure the quartan Feaver again.

His Patients water then let him cast
In a pure Urinal of old *August* Ice,
And diet him strictly, no gross meats to eat,
But feed him with fancies, and antick device,
To walk every morning some eight miles or more,
Before *Phœbus* rises, in the sunshine,
And before he be up to be seen without door,
And 'twill cure, &c.

Then let him take from him nine drops and a half
Of purified bloud, but pierce not the skin,
Only open a vein in the heel of the calf,
Some half a year before the fit do begin;
To sweat eleven minutes in an Oven let him lye,
Heat with a North wind, and a shower of rain,
And sleep every night with one half of an eye,
And 'twill cure, &c.

To keep his body alwaies soluble and loose,
That he shall never fear to be subject to be bound,
Let him drink Woodcocks water in the quill of a Goose,

And

And alwaies untruſs when he goes to ground;
Thus being prepared, let the Doctor proceed
With all other ingredients to conquer his pain,
And profeſs more Art than ere he did read,
To cure the quartan, *&c.*

Then let him take the wind of the wing of a Crane,
As he flies over *Caucaſus* hill,
With the precious ſtone was in *Gyges* his Ring,
Mix them with three turns of an honeſt windmil,
Boyl theſe altogether from a pint to a quart
In a Travellers mouth whoſe tongue cannot ſeigne,
And having new din'd give him this next his heart,
And 'twill cure, *&c.*

Then three handfull take of Popes holy ſhadow,
When *Sol* is new entred into the dog-daies,
Three skreeches of an Owl four kaws of a Jackdaw,
With the brains and the heads of three ninepenny (nailes,
Fry theſe together within a meal-ſive,
With the ſweat of the ſouth-ſide of a French bean,
And this to his Patient Morn & Even let him give,
And 'twill cure, *&c.*

Take three merry thoughts of a Bride the firſt night
She's to lye with her Groom, to purge melancholly,
Three gingles of the ſilver ſpur of a field Knight,
Four Puritan faces, not counterfeit holy,

Take three youthful capers of an old Oxe,
And thorough a joyned stool them let him strain,
And then drink the juice through a tail of a Fox,
And it will cure, *&c.*

Moreover, because I strive to be brief,
Take three honest thrums of a weavers shuttle,
Three snips of a Taylors sheers that's no thief,
A cut-purses thumb, with his horn and his whittle,
The mind of a miller that ne'r took a corn,
More than his due in grinding of grain,
Burn these all together with Jeeny red stalks,
And 'twill cure, *&c.*

And lastly, this counsel my old Author gives,
Take the bloud of a Beetle in the ayre as she flies,
Who, like a Physitian, of excrement lives,
And therewith let Empericks anoynt his quick (eyes:
This being practised, he shall see soon
All natural mysteries perfect and plain,
And know as much Physick as the man in the Moon
To cure the quartan feaver again.

A Catch.

NOw I am married, Sir *John* I'll not curse,
He joyn's us together for better, for worse;
But if I were single I tell you plain,
I would be advised ere I marri'd again.

Of

Of Levelling.

I Have reason to fly thee, & not to sit down by thee,
For I hate to behold one so sawcy and bold,
That derides and contemns his superiours;
Your Madams and Lords,
With such manerly words,
With gestures that be
Fit for our degree
Are things that we and you
Do claim as our due
From all those that are our inferiours, (know,
For from the begining there were Princes we
'Tis your Levellers do hate 'cause they cannot be (so.
All titles of honour were at first in the Donors,
But being granted away by that persons stay,
Where he wore a small soul or a bigger,
There's a necessity
That there should be a degree,
Though *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Jack*,
Will serve you and your pack,
Where 'tis due we'll afford
A Sir *John*, or my Lord,
Honest *Dick's* name is enough for a digger;
He that hath a strong purse may all things be, or
Be valiant, and wise, and religious too. (do,

We

We have cause to adore that man that hath store
Though a boor or a sot, there's something to be got
Though he be neither honest nor witty,
Make him high, let him rule,
He'll be playing the fool,
And transgress, then we'll squeeze
Him for fines and for fees,
And we shall gain
By the vanities of his brain,
'Tis the fools Cap that maintains the City,
If honour be but air, 'tis in common, and as fit
For the fool, or the Clown, as the champion or wit

Then why may not we be of a different degree,
And each man aspire to be greater and higher
Than his wiser or honester brother,
Since Fortune and Nature
Their favours do scatter,
This hath Valour, that Wit
To his wealth, nor is it fit
That one should have all,
For then what would befall
He that is born not to one nor the other? (chatte
Though honor were a prize from a'first, now it's
And as meer huntable now as your ware, lands
(cattl
But in this we agree to live quiet and free,
To drink Sack and submit, and not shew your wit
By your prating, but silence and thinking;

Let the Presbyter Jews
Read Diurnals and News,
And lard their discourse
With a Covenant that's worse;
That which pleaseth me best
Is a Song or a Jest,
And my obedience I'll shew it by my drinking;
And the name I desire is an honest good fellow,
And that man hath no worth that won't some-
(times be mellow.

In praise of a Mistresse.

I Have the fairest *Non-perel*,
The fairest that ever was seen,
And had not *Venus* been in the way,
She had been Beauties Queen.

Her lovely looks, her comely grace,
I will describe at large;
God *Cupid* put her in his books,
And of this Jem took charge.

The *Grecian Helen* was a Moore,
Compar'd to my dear Saint,
And fair fac'd *Syrens* beauty poor,
And yet she doth not paint.

Andromeda

Andromeda, whom *Perseus* lov'd,
Was foul were she in sight,
Her lineaments so well approv'd,
In praise of her I'll write.

Her hair not like the Golden wyre,
But black as any Crow,
Her brows so beetl'd all admire,
Her forehead wondrous low.

Her squinting, staring, gogling eyes
Poor Children do affright,
Her nose is of the Sarasens size;
O she's a matchless wight.

Her Oven-mouth wide open stands,
And teeth like rotten pease,
Her Swan-like neck my heart commands,
And breasts all bit with Fleas.

Her tawny dugs, like two great hills,
Hang sow like to her waste,
Her body huge, like two wind-mills,
And yet she's wondrous chaste.

Her shoulders of so large a breadth,
She'd make an excellent Porter,
And yet her belly carries most,
If any man could sort her.

No Shoulder of Mutton like her hand,
For broadneſs thick and fat,
With a pocky Mange upon her wriſt:
Oh *Jove*! how love I that?

Her belly Tun-like to behold,
Her buſh doth all excell,
The thing that, by all men extoll'd,
Is wider than a well.

Her brawny buttocks, plump and round,
Much like a Horſe of War,
With ſpeckled thighs, ſcab'd and ſcarce ſound;
Her knees like Bakers are.

Her legs are like the Elephants,
The calf and ſmall both one,
Her anckles they together meet,
And ſtill knock bone to bone.

Her pretty feet not 'bove fifteens,
So ſplay'd as never was,
An excellent Uſher for a man
That walks the dewy graſs.

Thus have you heard my Miſtris prai'sd,
And yet no flattery us'd,
Pray tell me, is ſhe not of worth?
Let her not be abus'd.

If any to her have a mind,
He doth me wondrous wrong,
For as ſhe's beautious, ſo ſhe's chaſte,
And thus concludes my Song.

Senſual Delight.

ARe you grown ſo melancholly,
That you think of nought but folly?
Are you ſad, are you mad, are you worſe,
Do you think want of chinck is your curſe?
Do you love for to have longer life, or a grave?
Then this will cure you.

Firſt I would have a bag of Gold,
That ſhould ten thouſand pieces hold,
And all that in your lap would I poure
For to ſpend on your friend or your whore, (lice
For to play away at dice, or to ſhift you from you
And this will cure you.

Next I would have a ſoft bed made,
Wherein a Virgin ſhould be laid
That will play any way you deviſe,
That will ſtick like an itch to your thighs,
That will bill like a dove, lie beneath or above,
And this will cure you.

Ne

Next the bowl that *Jove* divine
Drunk Nectar in, fill'd up with wine
And all that, like a Greek, you should quaff
Till your cheeks they look red, and you laugh,
Unto *Ceres*, and to *Venus*, unto *Bacchus*, and *Silenus*,
And this will cure you.

Next seven Eunuchs should appear
Singing in Spheare-like manner here
In the praise of the wayes of delight,
Venus can use with man in the night,
When she seemeth to adorn *Vulcans* head with a (horn.
And this will cure you.

But if no gold nor women can,
Nor wine, nor Song make merry man,
Let the Batt be your mate and the Owle,
Let the pain in the brain make you howl:
Let the Pox be your friend, and the Plague be your (end.
And this will cure you.

On Captain Hick *his* Oxford *Jeasts.*

Sublimest discretions, have clubd for expressions
Which are muster'd up here by our Captaine;
Some staler, some milder, some tamer, some wilder,
And all in clean Linnen are wrapt in:

2

Oxford University approves her self witty,
In Jests of more jovial concerning,
And jocose Apprehensions prefer their Inventions,
Before all the rest of her learning.

3

Here is choice, here is store, Eight Hundred or mor
The Cream, and the Crown of all Jesting;
All brave souls be Guests at this Banquet of Jests
Lucullus had never such feasting.

4

Such wit here's expreſt in every choice Jest
They'll make *Mellancholicus* frolick,
And all those to forget to groan, and to fret,
That are troubled with Stone and the Chollick.

5

Will Sumners and Scoggin with Archee be Jogging
Your Quirks and your Quibbles are folly:
No such rare Antidotes, ere took flight from th
'Gainst the poyson of black Mellancholly. (throats

6

One reading a score did with laughter give o're
Or his broad sides had else split in sunder;
At next Ordinary he with repeating of three
Made the wits at the board to knock under.

7 (turnies

These will shorten the Journeys of Clarks and At-
With wits most refin'd Recreations,

And when they are far remote from the Barr
We'll cheer up their hearts in Vacations.

8

Now all you brave Blades leave your Shops & your (trades
Your lying and ſollemn proteſting,
And if ever you'll thrive ceaſe to drink, ſwear, & —
And ſtudy the ſcience of Jeſting.

9

To Gratifie Jeſters ſinks Angells to Teſters
But here without fear of Expences,
You may pick, you may chuſe, you may take or refuſe
As ſuits with the moods, and the tences.

10

At home and abroad on our walks or the Road
Theſe Cordials will prove Efficacious,
Search the Books of all Ages, & ranſack their Pages
You ſhall find nothing half ſo Solacious.

A Catch.

A Pox on the Jaylor and on his fat Jole,
There's liberty lies in the bottom of th'Bole,
A fig for what ever the Raſcal can do,
Our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are ſo too;
Then Drink we round in deſpite of our foes,
And make our hard Irons cry clink in the cloſe:
Now laugh we and quaff we, untill our rich Noſes
Grow red, and conteſt with our chapplets of Roſes.

Phillis, *her Lamentation.*

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my Fare;
But that which troubles me most is
The unkindness of my Dear:
Yet still I cry O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,;
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what remedie!

I'll Crown thee with Garlands of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a Rush Ring;
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing,
O turn to me my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me;
For thou art the man that alone can'st
Procure my libertie.

But if thou wilt harden thy Heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw alone:
Yet still I cry O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me;
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misérie.

The Song of the Redlers.

FRom the fair *Lavinian* Shore
I your Markets come to ſtore,
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell
And my wares come here to ſell:
Such is the ſecret hunger of Gold,
Then come to my Pack,
While I cry, what d' ye lack,
What d' ye buy? for here it is to be ſold.

I have Beauty, Honour, and Grace,
Fortune, favour, Time and Place;
And what elſe thou would'ſt requeſt,
Even the thing thou likeſt beſt:
Firſt let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad
Thou ſhalt have what thy Dad
Never gave; for here it is to be ſold.

Madam, come ſee what ye lack,
Here's Complexion in my pack;
White and red you may have in this place
To hide your old ill wrinkled face.
Firſt let me have a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou ſhalt ſeem
Like a Wench of fifteen,
Although you be threeſcore year old.

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

CAlm was the Evening and clear was the skie,
And the ſweet budding flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went *Amintor* and I
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing :
I ſate, and he lay'd him down by me,
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear he began to come near,
He was daſht with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

He bluſht to himſelf, and laid ſtill a while,
'Twas his modeſty curb'd his deſire ;
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire :
Ah ! *Silvia*, ſaid he, you are cruel
To keep your poor lover in awe
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breſt,
But was daſht with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

I knew 'twas his paſſion that cauſed his fear,
And therefore I Pitied his caſe ;
I whisper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And lay'd my Cheek cloſe to his Face :
But as he grew bolder and bolder
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw,
And ſtraight as our bliſs, began with Kiſs,
He laughs out with a ha ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

In praiſe of Sack.

FEtch me *Ben. Johnſons* ſcull, and fill't with Sack
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſs in the wine,
There's virtue in a Cup to mak't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſte too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it; and I fear
There's Hereſie in Hops; give *Calvin* Beer,
And his preciſe Diſciples, ſuch as think
There's Powder-treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink;
Call Sack an Idoll, nor will kiſs the Cup,
For fear their Conventicle will be blown up
With ſuperſtition: give to theſe Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is Six ſhilling Beer, and Pſalms;
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoul with heavenly fire;
That thou ſublim'ſt the Genius making wit,
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love, or live by it;
Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and fair,
Whil'ſt our conceits build Caſtles in the air:

Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee;
Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
Welcome be thee our Muse begins her scapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark now it chinks;
And do esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And charge the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And so by consequence till rich *Spains* Wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine
And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bless us)
I think my self a better man than *Crœsus*.
And now I do conceit my self a Judge,
And coughing laugh to see my Clients trudge
After my Lordships Coach unto the Hall
For Justice, and am full of Law withal,
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long since for want of honestie:
But I'll be Judge no longer though in jest,
For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest
When I am sober; who can chuse but think
Me wise, that am so wary in my drink!
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty sport,
I am come back from *Westminster* to Court;

And

And am grown young again; my Ptisick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When she invites young lovers for to play
Upon her flowry bosome; I could win
A Vestal now, or tempt a Queen to sin.
Oh for a score of Queens! you'd laugh to see
How they would strive which first should ravish me,
Three Goddesses were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like those which *Paris* sipt
From *Venus*, when she taught him how to kiss
Fair *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliss:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Diana* to a burning stone:
Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire,
Hard, to the touch, but short in her desire.
Inestimable Sack! thou mak'st us rich:
Wise, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake
If I be once inflam'd, against thy Nose
That could preach down thy worth in small-beer (Prose
I should do miracles bad, or worse,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horse:
T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks:

Let it be full, if I do chance to ſpill
Ov'r my ſtandiſh by the way I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,
Write my ſelf ſober, and fall to't agen.

A Catch.

NOw that the *Spring* hath fill'd our Veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green Liveries for the Plains
And every Grove a Quire.

Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee,
And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
And here's to thee, and thou to me
And every thirſty ſoul.

Shear ſheep that have them, cry we ſtill,
But ſee that none eſcape,
To take off this Sherry, hat makes us ſo merry
And plump as the luſty Grape.

The Huntſman.

OF all the ſports the world doth yield
Give me a pack of hounds in field,
Whoſe eccho ſounds ſhrill through the sky,
Makes *Jove* admire our harmony,

And

And wiſh that he a mortal were,
To ſee ſuch pleaſures we have here.

Some do delight in Masks and plays,
And in *Diana's* Holy daies.
Let *Venus* act her chieſeſt skill,
If I diſlike I'll pleaſe my will;
And chooſe ſuch as will laſt,
And not to ſurfeit when I taſte.

Then I will tell you of a ſcent,
Where many a horſe was almoſt ſpent,
In *Chadwel* Cloſe a Hare we found,
That led us all a ſmoaking round;
O'r hedge and ditch away ſhe goes,
Admiring her approaching foes.

But when ſhe felt her ſtrength to waſte,
She parleys with the Hounds in haſte.
The Hare. You gentle dogs forbear to kill
A harmleſs beaſt that ne'r did ill:
And if your Maſters ſport do crave,
I'll lead a ſcent as they would have.

The Hounds. Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haſte we ſay, and get thee gone;
We'll give thee leave for half a mile,
To ſee if thou canſt us beguile:

But

But then expect a thundering cry,
Made by us and our company.

The Hare. Then ſince you ſet my life ſo light,
I'll make Black lovely turn to White;
And *Yorkſhire* Gray, that runs at all,
I'll make him wiſh him in his ſtall;
And Sorrel, he that ſeems to fly,
I'll make him ſickly ere I die.

Let *Burham Bay* do what he can,
And *Barton Gray*, Which now and then
Doth ſtrive to winter up my way;
I'll neither make him ſit nor play,
And conſtant *Robin*, though he lie
At his advantage, what care I?

But here *Kit Bolton* did me wrong,
As I was running all along;
For with one pat he made me ſo,
That I went reeling too and fro:
Then, if I die your maſters tell,
That fool did ring my paſſing-Bell.

But if your maſters pardon me,
I'll read them all to *Througabby*;
Where conſtant *Robin* keeps a room
To welcome all the Gueſts that come,

To laugh, and quaff in Wine, and Beer,
A full Carouze to their Career.

The Hounds. Away, away, since 'tis our nature
To kill thee, and no other Creature,
Our Masters they do want a bit,
And thou wilt well become the spit:
They eat the flesh, we pick the bone,
Make hast, we say, and get thee gone.

The Hare. Your Masters may abate their cheer,
My meat is dry; and Butter dear;
And if with me they'd make a friend,
They had better give a Puddings end:
Besides, once dead, then sport they'l lack,
And I must hang on th' Huntsman's back.

The Hounds. Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree;
But all thy doubling shifts we fear
Will not prevent thy death so near,
Then make thy Will, for it may be that
May save thee; else, we know not what.

The Hare's Will. Then I do give my body free,
Unto your Masters courtesie;
And if they'l spare till sport be scant,
I'll be their game, when they do want:

But

But when I'm dead each greedy hound
Will trail my entrails on the ground.

The Hounds. Were ever Dogs ſo baſely croſt?
Our Maſters call us off ſo faſt,
That we the ſcent have almoſt loſt;
And they themſelves muſt loſe the roaſt,
Wherefore, kind *Hare* we pardon you:
The Hare. Thanks gentle *Hounds*, and ſo Adieu.

A Catch.

O The wily wily *Fox*, with his many wily mocks,
We'll Earth him if you'l but follow,
And now that we have done't, to conclude our mer-
Let us roundly whoop and hollow: (ry hunt,
Prethee drink, prethee drink, prethee, prethee drink,
That the Hunters may all follow.

A Song.

SHe lay all naked in her bed,
And I my ſelf lay by;
No Vail nor Curtain there was ſpread,
No covering but I:
Her head upon one ſhoulder ſeeks
To hang in careleſs wiſe,

All

All full of blushes were her cheeks,
  And wishes were her eyes.

Her bloud lay flushing in her face,
  As on a message came,
To say that in some other place
  It meant some other Game;
Her neather Lip moyst, plump, and fair,
  Millions of kisses crown'd,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
  And weighed the branches down.

Her breasts, that lay swell'd full and high,
  Bred pleasant pangs in me,
And all the world I did defie
  For that felicity;
Her thighs and belly, soft and plump,
  To me were only shewn:
To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
  Would have angred any one.

Her knees lay up, but stoutly bent,
  And all was hollow under,
As if on easie terms they meant
  To fall unforc'd asunder:
Just so the *Cyprian* Queen did lye,
  Expecting in her bower;
When too long stay, had kept the boy
  Beyond his promised hour.

Dull Clown, quoth she, why dost delay
Such proffered bliss to take?
Canst thou find no other way
Similitudes to make?
Mad with delight I thundred in,
And threw mine arms about her,
But a pox upon't 'twas but a dream,
And so I lay without her.

Of a Good Wife *and a* Bad.

SOme Wives are Good and some are Bad,
(Reply) *Methinks you touch them now,*
And some will make their Husbands mad,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife and thy Wife,
And my Wife so will do.

Some Women love to breed discord,
Methinks, &c.
And some will have the latter word,
(Cho.) *And so will my wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some Women will Spin, and some will Sow,
Methinks, &c.
And some will to the Tavern go,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some

Some Women will say they'r sick at Heart,
Methinks, &c.
And some will let a rousing Fart,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some Women will ban and some will curse,
Methinks, &c.
And some will pick their Husbands Purse,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Brawle, and some will Scold,
Methinks, &c.
And some will make their Husbands Cuckold,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will drink, and some will not,
Methinks, &c.
And some will take the t'other Pot,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some Women are sick, and some are sound,
Methinks, &c.
And some will take it on the Ground,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Thus

Thus of my song I'll make an end,
Methinks, &c.
Hoping all women will amend,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

A Catch.

CAll *George* again boy, call *George* again,
And for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* again.
George is a good boy, and draws us good wine,
Or fills us more Clarret our wits to refine;
George is a brave Lad, and an honest man,
If you will him know, he dwells at the *Swan.*

A Song.

POX take you Mistris I'll be gone,
I have friends to wait upon;
Think you I'll my self confine,
To your humours (Lady mine:)
No, your louring seems to say:
'Tis a rainy drinking day,
To the Tavern I'll away.

There have I a Mistris got,
Cloystered in a Pottle pot:

Brisk

Brisk and ſprightly as thine eye,
When thy richeſt glances fly,
Plump AND bounding, lively, fair,
Buckſome, ſoft, and debonair:
And ſhe's call'd Sack, my DEAR.

Sack's my better Miſtris far,
Sack's my only beauty-ſtar;
Whoſe rich beams, and glorious raies,
Twinkle in each red roſe and face:
Should I all her vertues ſhew,
Thou thy ſelf would love-ſick prove,
AND ſhe'd prove thy Miſtris TOO.

She with no dart-ſcorn will blaſt me;
But upon thy bed can caſt me;
Yet ne'er bluſh her ſelf too red,
Nor fear of loſs of Maiden-head:
And ſhe can (the truth to ſay)
Spirits into me convey,
MORE than thou canſt take AWAY.

Getting kiſſes here's no toyl,
Here's no Handkerchief to ſpoyl;
Yet I better Nectar ſip,
Than dwells upon thy lip:
And though mute and ſtill ſhe be,
Quicker wit ſhe brings to me,
Than e'er I could find in THEE.

If I go, ne'r think to ſee
Any more a fool of me ;
I'll no liberty up give,
Nor a Maudlin-like love live,
No, there's nought ſhall win me to't,
'Tis not all thy ſmiles can do't,
Nor thy Maiden-head to BOOT.

Yet if thou'lt but take the pain
TO be good but once again ;
If one ſmile then call me back,
THOU ſhalt be that Lady Sack :
Faith but try, and thou ſhalt ſee
What a loving Soul I'll be,
WHEN I am drunk with nought but thee.

The Anſwer.

I Pray thee, Drunkard, get thee gone,
Thy Miſtris Sack doth ſmell too ſtrong:
Think you I intend to wed,
A ſloven to be-piſs my bed ?
No, your ſtaining me's to ſay,
You have been drinking all this day.
Go, be gone, away, away.

Where you have your Miſtris Sack,
Which hath already ſpoy'ld your back,

And methinks should be too hot,
To be cloystered in a pot.
Though you say she is so fair,
So lovely, and so debonair,
She is but of a yellow hair.

Sack's a whore which burns like fire,
Sack consumes and is a dryer;
And her waies do only tend
To bring men unto their end:
Should I all her vices tell,
Her rovings and her swearings fell,
Thou wouldst dam her into Hell.

Sack which no dart-scorns will blast thee,
But upon thy bed still cast thee:
And by that impudence doth shew,
That no vertue she doth know:
For she will, the truth to say,
Thy body in an hour decay,
More than can in a day.

Though for kisses there's no toyl,
Yet your body she doth spoil:
Sipping Nectar whilst you sit,
She doth quite besot your wit:
Though she is mute, she'll make you loud:
Brawl and fight in every croud,
When your reason she doth cloud.

Nor do you ever look to ſee
Any more a ſmile from me,
I'll no liberty, nor ſign,
Which I truly may call mine.
No, no ſleight ſhall win me to't,
Tis not all thy parts can do't,
Thy Perſon, nor thy Land to boot.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain,
To be ſober once again,
And but make much of thy back,
I will be inſtead of Sack.
Faith but try, and thou ſhall ſee,
What a loving ſoul I'll be:
When thou art drunk with nought but me.

A Catch.

SHe that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed,
And ſpend the morn in dreſſing of her head,
And ſit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And nothing do all day, but talk of pride;
Jove of his mercy may do much to ſave her,
But what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her.

St. George

St. George *for* England.

WHy ſhould we boaſt of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing ſo many men have endured hot fights;
Beſides King *Arthur*, and Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Sir *Triſtram de Lionel*, that fought for Ladies ſake,
Read old Hiſtories, and then you ſhall ſee,
That St. *George*, St. *George* did make the Dragon flee;
St. *George* for *England*, St. *Dennis* for *France*,
Sing *Hony ſoit qui maly penſe*.

Mark how father *Abraham*, when firſt he reſcued *Lot*,
Only by his houſhold what conqueſt there they got;
David elected a Prophet and a King,
He ſlew great *Goliah* with a ſtone and a ſling;
Theſe were no Knights of the Table round,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did confound;
St. *George*, &c.

Joſhua and *Gideon* did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the *Amorites*, and put them to flight;
Hercules labour's upon the Plains of *Baſs*,
And *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand with the jaw bone of an aſs,
Beſides a goodly Temple there he did ſpoyl,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he did ſoyl;
St. *George*, &c.

The wars of the Monarchs they were too long to tell
And next of all the Romans, for they did far excell,
When *Hannibal* and *Scipio* so many fields did fight,
Orlando Furioso was a worthy Knight;
Remus and *Romulus*, that first *Rome* did build,
But St. *George*, St. *George* did make the dragon yield,
St. *George*, &c.

Many have fought with proud *Tamberlain*,
And *Cutlax* the *Dane*, great wars did maintain,
Rowland, and *Bryan*, and good Sr. *Oliveer*;
In the forrest of *Arden* there slew both Bull & Bear,
Beside the noble Hollander, Sir *Goward* with his bill,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the dragon's bloud did spill;
St. *George*, &c.

Bevis conquered *Askupart*, and after slew the bore,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combate
with a Moor,
Sir *Isinbrass* & *Egleman* they were Knights bold (told
And good Sir *John Mandevil* of travels much have
These were all English Knights that pagans did con-
But St. *George*, &c. pluckt out the Dragons heart. (vert.
St. *George*, &c.

The noble *Alphonso*, that was the Spanish King,
The order of the red scarfs and bedrowl he did bring,
He had a troop of mighty Knights when first he did, begin,

That

That sought adventures far and nigh what conquest
they might win,
The ranks of the Pagans full oft he put to flight,
But St. *George*, St. *George* did with the Dragon fight;
St. *George*, &c.

The noble Earle of *Warwick*, that called was Sir *Guy*,
The Infidels and Pagans much he did defie,
He slew the Gyant *Brandemoor*, & after was the death
Of the most gastly dun Cow, the divel of *Dunsmore*
heath,
Besides other noble Deeds he did beyond the seas,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did appease;
St. *George*, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* of King *Pipins* blood,
Alfred and *Henry* they were Knights good;
The four Sons of *Amon* that fought for *Charlemain*,
Sir *Hugo de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bullaign*,
These were all french Knights that lived in that age,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did asswage;
St. *George*, &c.

When at the first K. *Richard* was King of this Land,
He gorged a Lyon with his naked hand;
The noble Duke of *Austria* nothing he did fear,
He killed his Son with a box on the ear,
Besides other noble deeds done in the holy-Land,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did withstand;
St. *George*, &c.

When as the third King *Edward* had conquered all
France,
He quartered their Arms his honour to advance,
He ransack'd their Cities, threw their Castles down,
And garnished his head with a double double Crown,
He thumped the *French*,& homeward then he came,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he did tame;
St. *George*, &c.

St. *David* of *Wales* did the Welchmen much advance,
St. *James* for *Spain*, that never yet broke Lance,
St. *Patrick* for *Ireland*, that was St. *Georges* Boy,
Seven years he kept his horse,&then stole him away,
For which filthy act a slave he doth remain,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he hath slain;
St. *George* for *England*, St. *Denis* for *France*,
Sing *Honysoit qui maly pense*.

Arthur of Bradly.

SAw you not *Pierce* the Piper,
His Cheeks as big as a Myter,
Piping among the Swains,
That's down in yonder Plains:
Where *Tib* and *Tom* doth tread it,
And Youths the hornpipe lead it,
With every one his carriage
To go to yonder Marriage,

For

For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*,
Oh brave *Arthur* of *Bradly*, O fine *Arthur* of *Bradly*,
O brave *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh.

Arthur hath gotten a Lass,
A bonnier never was;
The chiefest youths in the Parish
Come dancing in a *Morris*,
With Country Gambols flouncing,
Country Wenches trouncing,
Dancing with mickle pride,
Every man his wench by his side,
For the honour of *Arthur*, &c.

But when that *Arthur* was married,
And his Bride home had carried;
The Youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat:
Francis carried the Furmety,
Michael carried the Mince-pye,
Bartholomew the Beef and the Mustard,
And *Christopher* carried the Custard,
Thus every one went in this Ray,
For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, *&c.*

But when that dinner was ended,
The Maidens they were befriended;
For out stept *Dick* the Draper,
And he bid pipe up scraper;

Be

Better to be dancing a little,
  Than into the Town to tipple;
He bid him play him a Horn-pipe,
  That goes fine of the Bagpipe:
Then forward Piper, and play
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, *&c*,

Then *Richard* he did lead it,
  And *Margery* she did tread it;
Francis followed them,
  And after courteous *Jane*:
And every one after another,
  As if they had been sister and brother,
That 'twas a great sight to see
  How well they did agree,
And then they all did say,
  Hay for *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh fine, *&c*.

When all the Swains did see
  This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did flinch,
  But every man kist his Wench:
But *Giles* was greedy of gain,
  And he would needs kiss twain;
His Lover, seeing that,
  Did rap him on the pate,
That he had not one word to say
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh fine, *&c*.

The Piper look'd aside,
  And there he spide the Bride;
He thought it was a hard chance
  That none would lead her a dance:
For never a man durst touch her,
  But only *Will.* the Butcher;
He took her by the hand
  And danc'd whilst he could stand;
The Bride was fine and gay,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, *&c.*

Then out stept *Will.* the Weaver,
  And he swore he'd not leave her;
He hopt it all of a Leg,
  For the honour of his *Peg*,
But *Kester* in *Cambrick* Ruffe,
  He took that in snuff:
For he against that day
  Had made himself fine and gay;
His Ruff was whipt over with blew,
  He cryed a new dance, a new;
Then forward Piper and play,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh fine, *&c.*

Then 'gan the Sun decline,
  And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
  And leave the Bridegroom alone.

To't to't, quoth lusty *Ned*,
  We'll see them both in bed:
For I will jeopard a joynt
  But I will get his codpiece point:
Then strike up Piper and play,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
  And no man homeward went,
That there was such crouding and thrusting,
  That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed:
  For all the skill they had,
He was got to his Bride,
  And laid him close by her side,
They got his Points and Garters,
  And cut them in peeces like quarters;
And then they bid the Piper play,
  For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, oh fine, &c.

Then *Will.* and his sweet heart
  Did call for *Loath to depart*,
And then they did foot it and toss it,
  Till the Cook had brought up the posset,
The Bride-pye was brought forth,
  A thing of mickle worth,
And so all at the bed-side
  Took leave of *Arthur* and his Bride,

And

And ſo they went all away
From the wedding of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, oh, *&c.*

On the Printing of the Oxford *Jeſts.*

1

I Tell thee *Kit*, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt Jeſts have zeen,
O Jeſts without compare,
Zuch Jeſts again cannot be ſhewn,
In *Oxford* no nor *Cambridge* town;
They be ſo very rare.

2

I yeſterday did go to buy
A book, (thou know'ſt) for thee and I,
Of zomething that was pretty,
And when poor *Robins* Jeſts I zaw,
Methoughts they were old, and lean, and raw,
Not like his Almanacks witty.

3

I then did ask for the *Oxford* Jeſts,
Which *Kit* thou knoweſt came from the Breſts,
Of our Univerſity;
The man to me did then confeſs,
They were not yet come out o'th preſs,
Quoth I the more's the pitty.

4

At last he shew'd the very coppy,
Of that i'th press, I'm a very puppy
Kit, if e'er the like was zeen;
Before I half a score had read,
With laughing (if it may be zed)
I'd like to have broke my spleen.

5

I then did point to read 'um o'er,
Such Jests I never heard before,
Fore *George* tis true our *Kit*;
And e'er that I had read 'um half
I found I was so great with laugh,
I thought my zides would split.

6

Then hey for *Oxford* now I zay
Evaith I long to see the day
That they shall printed be;
Then thee and I will each buy one,
For our two sweet hearts *Nell* and *Jone*,
For Mirth and Mellodie.

A Catch.

THere was three Cooks in *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a pudding he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.

There

There was ſwaſh Cook, and flaſh Cook,
And thy Noſe in my Narſe Cook,
And all was for a pudding he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.
Then they fell all upon our Cook,
And numbled him ſo, that he did look
As black as the pudding which he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.

The Blackſmith.

OF all the Sciences beneath the Sun,
Which have been ſince the world begun,
The Smith by his art great praiſe hath won,
Which no body can deny.

The faireſt Goddeſs in the skies
To marry with him did deviſe,
That was a cunning Smith and wiſe,
Which no body, *&c.*

Then *Mars* came down for *Venus* ſake,
The Smith he did his armour make,
In love together he did them take,
Which no body, *&c.*

The firſt that ever Muſick made
Was *Tubal* of the Blackſmiths Trade,

By

By hammering ſtrokes as it was ſaid,
Which no body, *&c.*

He did invent continually
The Iron work for the Country,
A Smith for mirth and husbandry,
Which no body, *&c.*

What Occupation can you name,
But firſt the Smith muſt help the ſame,
With working tools their work to frame?
Which no body, *&c.*

What horſe can poſt to carry news,
But firſt the Smith ſets on his ſhooes,
With Spur and Stirrop for mens uſe?
Which no body, *&c.*

What Ship upon the Sea can ſail,
If Iron work in her do fail,
Though Anchor hold 'twill not prevail?
Which no body, *&c.*

What can you build with lime or ſtone
If Iron-work therein be none?
Smiths make for houſes many a one,
Which no body, *&c.*

How can you go to Plough or Cart,
Except the Smith do play his Part,
With Coulter and Shaire made well by Art?
Which no body, *&c.*

The

The Axletree Pin, the plowing Chain,
The Bill, the Axe, the Wedges twain,
The Pitchfork, and the Dung-fork plain,
Which no body, *&c.*

The Butchers Axe, the Shooe-makers Awl,
The cutting knives on every ſtall,
That lies to cut and carve withall,
Which no body, *&c,*

The Coopers Adds, the Brewers Slings.
The Carpenters Tools for many things,
The plyers for the Goldſmiths Rings,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your Tongs, your Spits, Trevits, and Racks,
And many other things that lacks,
And for your houſes pretty Knacks,
Which no body, *&c.*

Weights and Skales to buy and ſell,
A thouſand things I need not tell,
The Smith hath match'd all things ſo well,
Which no body, *&c.*

I could rehearſe a thouſand things,
Of iron Bars, Bolts, and Pins,
Latches, Catches, Staples, Rings,
Which no body, *&c.*

He makes all ſeveral kinds of Locks,
For horſes, for doors, for Cheſt, for Box,
For houſes, and for Churches Clocks,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your fire Irons, ſmall and great,
Your pothooks, and forks ſo fine and neat,
Your Jack that turns your ſpits of meat,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your Paviours Pickax, great and ſmall,
Your Pattens for women, low and tall;
Your Shovel and Spade to work withall,
Which no body, *&c.*

Your branding Iron to brand your Kine,
Your Clappers for Bells to ring and chime,
Your ſtamps for Gold and Silver fine,
Which no body, *&c.*

The horſes Bits, that finely gingle,
The Barbers Tools, that is ſo nimble,
The Taylors ſheer, his Bodkin and thimble,
Which no body, *&c.*

And for all weapons for the fight
The Smith I am ſure makes ſuch a ſight,
So long, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair, ſo bright,
Which no body, *&c.*

Bills

Bills, Pikes, Dags, and Guns,
Halberds, Spears, and many things,
Through the hammer of the Smith all come,
Which no body, *&c.*

To love the Smith all Trades are bound,
Which make him thus to be renown'd,
For which his hammers they are crown'd,
Which no body, *&c.*

Of Smiths now living at this hour,
There was a Smith within the Tower
Which might be counted for a flower,
Which no body, *&c.*

Thus of my Song I make an end,
The Smith is every bodies friend,
He seeks his Country to defend,
Which no body can deny.

A North Country Song.

WHen Ise came first to *London* Town,
Ise wor a Novice, as other men are;
Ise thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And the way to heaven had been through the (star.

Ise set up my horse, and Ise went to *Pauls*,
Good Lord, quoth I, what a Kirk been here?
Then Ise did swear by all Kerson souls,
It wor a mile long, or very near,

It wor as high as any Hill,
A Hill, quo I, nay as a Mountain,
Then went Ise up with a very good will,
But glad wor I to come down again.

For as Ise went up my head roe round.
Then be it known to all Kerson people,
A man is no little way fro the ground,
When he's o'th' top of all *Pauls* steeple.

Ise lay down my hot, and Ise went to pray,
But wor not this a pitious case,
Afore I had done it wor stolen away,
Who'd have thought theeves had been in that place?

Now for my Hot Ise made great moan,
A stander by unto me said,
Thou didst not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watcht, as well as pray'd.

From thence Ise went, and I saw my Lord Mayor,
Good lack what a sight was there to see,
My Lord and his horse were both of a hair,
I could not tell which the Mare should be.

From

From thence to *Westminster* I went,
Where many a brave Lawyer I did see,
Some of them had a bad intent,
For there my purse was stoln from me.

To see the Tombs was my desire,
I went with many brave fellows store
I gave them a penny that was there hire,
And he's but a fool that will give any more.

Then through the rooms the fellow me led,
Where all the sights were to be seen,
And snuffling told me through the nose,
What formerly the name of those had been.

Here lies quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou li'st like a knave, he saies never a word;
And here lies *Richard* the Second interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edwards* Sword.

Under this Chair lyes *Jacobs* stone,
The very same stone lies under the Chair,
A very good jest, had *Jacob* but one,
How got he so many Sons without a pair?

I staid not there, but down with the tide
I made great haste, and I went my way;
For I was to see the Lions beside,
And the Paris-garden all in a day.

When Ise came there, I was in a rage,
I rayl'd on him that kept the Bears,
Instead of a Stake was suffered a Stage
And in Hunkes his house a crue of Players.

Then through the Brigg to the Tower Ise went,
With much ado Ise entred in,
And after a penny that I had spent,
One with a loud voice did thus begin.

This Lyon's the Kings, and that is the Queens,
And this the Princes that stands here by,
With that I went neer to look in the Den
Cods body, quoth he, why come you so nigh?

Ise made great haste unto my Inne,
I supt, and I went to bed betimes,
Ise slept, and I dream'd what I had seen,
And wak'd again by Cheapside Chimes.

The merry Goodfellow.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all the World is mad?
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
He that wallows in store
Is still gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As the wretch that ne'er any thing had.

How

How mad is that damn'd money-monger?
That to purchase to him and his heirs
Grows shriviled with thirst and hunger;
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready-money,
And ne'er trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Those guts that by scraping and toyling,
Do swell their Revenues so fast,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks of each taxe,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lye down gall'd and weary at last.

While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple,
We ne'er trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our wills are compos'd in a word.

Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall,
No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us;
We, that have no Estates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can sleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers;
For if the thieves do break in,
They go out empty agin,
Nay, the Plunderers lose their designs.

Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple aud laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all Sorrow;
Those Cormorants which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toyl for the wealth they do borrow.

The Mayor in our Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than me?
He must vail to the man with his Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

The Rebels Reign.

NOw we are met in a knot, let's take t'other (pot,
And chirp o'r a Cup of Nectar;
Let's think on a charm to keep us from harm,
From the Fiend, and the new Protector.

Hertofore

Hertofore at a brunt a Crofs would have done't,
But now they have taken courfes, (left
With their Laws and their theft, there's not a crofs
In the Church, nor the Farmers purfes.

They're with you to bring for a ftuffing at a King,
For now you muft make no dainty,
To have your nofe ground on a ftone turned round
By *Nol*, and one and twenty.

But our Rights are kept for us in *Oliver's* ftore-houfe
'Twere as good they were fet in the ftocks:
They are juft in the pickle in the thirtieth Article,
Like *Jack* in a Juglers box.

We are loth to look for the Saints in a book,
But would not a man be vext,
To fee them fo rough with the blades and their buff,
But not a word on't in the Text.

We have been twelve years together by the ears
To prepare for a fpiritual raign:
Men were never fo fpic'd with the Scepter of Chrift
In the hands of a Saint in grain.

'Twas brew'd in their Hives by Citizens wives,
Who ventured their husbands far,
With *Robin* the fool there was ne'r fuch a tool
To lead in the womens war.

He

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,
So they sought out another more able:
Then *Fair.* undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the stakes,
And sends away *Fox* with a bauble.

Wil, Conqueror the second, without his host reck-(on'd,
And so did *Brown* billet his Mate:
They made a great noise mongst women and boys,
But now they are both out of date.

Cowardly *W*———had but a foule Fortune,
And wanted a knife to scrape it,
When his Oriphice ran there was no mortal man,
But *omnibus horis sapit*.

Bradshaw, the Knave, sent the King to his grave,
And on the bloud Royal did trample,
For which the next *Lent* he was made President,
And ere long may be made an example.

Dorislaus did steer to *Hans mine beer*,
And *Askew* to *Don* at *Madril*, (patcht,
Ere a man could have scratcht they were both dis-
Yet there they lye Leger still.

Martin and St. *Jobus*, and more with a vengeance,
Had each a finger i'th' pye:
Some for the money, and some for the Conny,
And some for they knew not why.

The

The Parliament ſate as ſnug as a Cat,
And were playing for mine and yours:
Sweep-ſtakes was their Game till *Oliver* came,
And turn'd it to knave out of doors.

Then a new one was caſt, and made up in haſt,
But alas they could do no more
Than empty our purſe, and empty us worſe
Than e'r we were marred before.

But in a good hour they gave up their power
To one that was wiſer than they;
By common conſent 't was the firſt Parliament
That ever was *felo de ſe*.

After all this Jeer we are never the near,
There ſits one at the helm commanding;
One that doth us nick with a trick for our trick,
And the ſtone in our foot notwithſtanding.

He'l not relax one groat of the Tax
Though it come to more than he need,
He may keep it in ſtore till his need be more,
'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought
The Realm to the manner he meant it;
The Fiſhes, and the fowl, and the divel and all
And the monthly pay his high rent.

All

All this we must bear, but 'twould make a man swear
When they call us a reformed Nation:
It can never sink into my head for to think
That this is a Reformation.

'Tis the man in the Moon, or the divel as soon,
Our Laws are asleep upon shelves: ('um,
Our Charter and Freedom we may bid God speed
'Tis well we can beg for our selves.

Since *Nol* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,
Not a horse or an Oxe to plough land;
Let *Oliver* pass, come fill up my glass,
And here's a good health to *Rowland*.

A Catch.

HAve you observ'd the wench in the street,
She's scarce any hose or shoes to her feet;
And when she cries, she sings,
I have hot Codlings, hot Codlings.

Or have you ever seen or heard
The mortal with his Lyon tauny beard?
He lives as merrily as heart can wish,
And still he cries, Buy a brush, buy a brush.

Since these are merry, why should we take care?
Musitians, like Camelions, must live by the Aire;
And let's be blithe and bonny, & no good meeting balk, (Chalk.
What though we have no money, we shall find

A new Medley.

The English, LEt the Trumpet sound,
And the Rocks rebound,
Our English Native's coming;
Let the Nations swarm,
And the Princes storm,
We value not their drumming.
'Tis not *France*, that looks so smug,
Old fashions still renewing;
It is not the *Spanish* shrug,
Scottish Cap, or *Irish* rug;
Nor the *Dutch-mans* double jug
Can help what is ensuing;
Pray, my Masters, look about,
For something is a Brewing.

He that is a Favorite consulting with Fortune,
If he grow not wiser, then he's quite undone;
In a rising creature we daily see certainly,
He is a retreater that fails to go on:

He

He that in a builder's trade
Stops e're the roof be made,
By the Air may be betray'd
And overthrown:
He that hath a race begun,
And lets the Goal be won;
He had better never run.
But let't alone.

Then plot rightly,
March sightly,
Shew your glittering Arms brightly:
Charge hightly,
Fight sprightly;
Fortune gives renown.
A right riser
Will prize her,
She makes all the world wiser;
Still try her,
We'll gain by her
A Coffin or a Crown.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*
Come but to oppose us,
We will thrust them up at the main-yard
If they do but nose us:
Hans, *Hans*, think upon thy sins,
And then submit to *Spain* thy Master;
For though now you look like friends,

Yet

Yet he will never truſt you after;
Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,
And let the tap and kan run faſter;
For faith at the laſt I think
A Brewer will become your Maſter.

Let not poor Teg and Shone
Vender from der houſes,
Leſt dey be quite undone
In der very Trouſes:
And all der Orphans beſtow'd under hatches,
And made in *London* free der to cry matches;
St. *Patrick* wid his Harp do tun'd wid tru ſtring
Is not fit to unty St. *Hewſon's* ſhoos-ſtrings.
Methinks I hear
The welch draw near,
And from each lock a louſe trops;
Ap Shon, ap LLoyd,
Will ſpend her ploot,
For to defend her mouſe-traps:
Mounted on her *Kifflebagh*
With cott ſtore of *Koradagh*,
The Prittiſh war begins.
With a hook her was overcome ker,
Pluck her to her, thruſt her from her,
By cot her was break her ſhins.
Let Taffie fret,
And welch-hook whet,

And

And troop up petigrees,
We only tout
Tey will ſtink us out,
Wit Leeks and toaſted Sheeze.

But *Jockie* now and *Jinny* comes,
Our Brethren muſt approve on't;
For pret a Cot dey bert der drums
Only to break de Couvenant.
Dey bore Saint *Andrew's* Croſs,
Til our army quite did rout dem,
But when we put dem to de loſs,
De deal a Croſs about dem:
The King and Couvenant they crave,
Their cauſe muſt needs be further'd
Although ſo many Kings they have
Moſt barbarouſly, baſely murthered.

The French. The Frenchman he will give conſent,
Though he tickle in our veins;
That willingly
We may agree,
To a marriage with grapes and grains:
He conquers us with kindneſs,
And doth ſo far entrench,
That fair, and wiſe, and young, and rich,
Are finified by the *French*:
He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,
With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hoſe,

And

And faith they shall
Be welcome all
If they forbear the nose.
For love or for fear,
Let Nations forbear;
If Fortune exhibit a Crown,
A Coward he
Must surely be,
That will not put it on.

A Catch.

SHew a Room, shew a Room, shew a Room,
Here's a knot of Good fellows are come,
That mean for to be merry
With Clarret and with Sherry;
Each man to mirth himself disposes,
And for the Reckoning tell *Noses*;
Give the *Red-Nose* some *White*,
And the *Pale-Nose* some *Clarret*,
But the *Nose* that looks *Blew*,
Give him a Cup of *Sack*, 'twill mend his hew.

The Contented.

WHy should a man care, or be in despair,
Should Fortune prove never so unkind,

Or why ſhould I be ſad for that I never had,
Or fooliſhly trouble my mind?
For I do much hate to pine at my Fate,
There's none but a fool will do ſo:
I'll laugh and be fat, for care kills a Cat,
And I care not howe're the world go.

Though I am poor, and others have ſtore,
Why ſhould I repine at their bliſs?
For I am content with what God hath ſent,
And I think I do not amiſs:
Let others have wealth, for I have health,
And money to pay what I owe,
I'll laugh, and be merry, and ſing hey down, down derry,
For I care not, &c.

Some men do ſuppoſe, even by their gay Cloaths,
For to be in great requeſt;
Though mine be but bare, I am not o'th' ſhow,
And I think my ſelf honeſtly dreſt;
Though every man cannot ſay ſo,
I like that I wear, though it coſt not ſo dear,
For I care not, &c.

Your Epicure eats of the beſt ſort of meat
And wine of the beſt he doth drink,
And laies him to reſt, and thinks himſelf bleſt,
On heaven he never doth think;

Though

Though my fare be but course, I am not the worse;
My health is the better I know;
Though plain be my food, my stomack is good,
And I care not, *&c.*

Your flattering Curs, that fawn upon Furs,
And hang at Noble mens ears,
If once they do fall, away they run all,
And this is their flattering fears:
Dissembling I scorn, for I am free-born,
My happiness lies not below;
Though my words want Art, I speak from my heart,
I care not, *&c.*

Some men do strive, and mightily thrive,
And some for Offices wait,
Much money they spend, and to little end,
And repent then when it's too late;
Low shrubs are secure, when Cedars endure
Great storms and tempests below,
Let others look high, for so will not I,
And I care not howe're the world go.

How to live happy.

HE that a happy life would lead
In these times of distraction,
Let him listen to me, and I will read
A Lecture without faction;

Let him want three things, whence misery springs,
They all begin with a letter,
Let him bound his desires to what nature requires,
And with reason his humour fetter.

Let not his wealth prodigious grow,
For that breeds cares and dangers;
Makes him envied above and hated below,
A constant slave to strangers;
They are happiest of all whose estates are but small,
Though but enough to maintain them,
They may do, they may say, having nothing to pay,
It will not quit cost to arraign them.

Nor would I have him clogg'd with a wife,
For houshold cares incumber,
Nor to one place to confine his life,
Cause he can't remove his Lumber;
They are happiest far who unmarried are,
And forrage, and all in common,
From all storms they can flye, or if they should die,
They ruine no child nor woman.

Let not his brains o'rflow with wit,
That capers o'r discretion,
It's costly to keep, and hard to get,
And dangerous in the possession;
They are happiest men that can scarce tell ten,

And

And beat not their brains about reason,
They may speak what will serve themselves to pre-(serve
And their words are not taken for treason.

But of all fools there's none to the wit,
For he takes pains to shew it,
His pride and his drink bring him into a fit,
Then streight he turns a Poet:
His jests he flings at States, or at Kings,
Or at Plays, or at Bays, or at shadows,
Thinks a Verse serves as well as a Circle or Cell,
Till he rimes himself to the Barbadows.

He that within these Lines can live,
May baffle all disasters,
To Fortune and Fate commands he can give,
Who Wordlings call their Masters;
He may sing, he may quaff, he may drink, he may
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly, (laugh,
He may sleep without care and speak without fear,
And laugh at the world and its folly

A Catch.

WHat Fortune had I, poor Maid as I am,
To be bound in eternal vow,
For ever to lye by the side of a man,
That would, but knows not how?

Oh can there no pity
Be in ſuch a City,
Where Lads enough are to be had.

Unfortunate Girl, that art wed to ſuch woe,
Go ſeek thee a lively Lad,
And let the poor that hath nothing to ſhew
Go ſeek for another as bad;
Then call for no pity
Thou dwel'ſt in a City,
Where Lads enough were to be had.

Advice to Batchelors.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhe's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves Art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way,
Nay, when he's at his treaſure,
The gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtraight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a rovl of's pleaſure.

Or if one old, and past her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be woing,
To buy her ware the cheaper,
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself shan't keep her.

For when those things are neatly dreſt,
They'l entertain each wanton guest,
Nor for their honour care,
If any give their pride a fall,
Th' have learn'd a trick to bear withal,
So you their charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, groſs, heavy Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alas! ſhe will but jeat you for't,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe.

If meager —— be thy delight,
She'l conquer in venerial fight,
And waſte thee to the bones.
Such kind of girles, like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or elſe they'l grind the ſtones.

If black, 'tis ods ſhe's dev'liſh proud,
If ſhort, *Zantippe* like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'l lazy be,
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſaith) if fair,
If wiſe and comely, danger's there,
Leſt ſhe do cuckold thee.

If ſhe bring ſtore of money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much;
Prove Miſtris, no good wife,
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'l fill the houſe with ſcolding thunder,
What worſe than ſuch a life;

But if her Dowry only be
Beauty, farewel felicity,
Thy fortunes caſt away.
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In belly, and in back-deſire,
To labour night and day.

And rather than her pride give o'r,
She'l turn perhaps an honoured whore,
And thou'lt *Actaeon'd* be,
Whilſt like *Actaeon* thou maiſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
Such as devour thee.

If being noble thou doſt wed
A ſervile Creature, baſely bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'l ſwear t'exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low deſcent it graces.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To ſcold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoyl your future fortune,
But if departed th'are this life,
You muſt be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

If bravely dreſt, fair fac'd and witty,
She'l oft be gadding to the City,
Nor may you ſay her nay,
She'l tell you (if you her deny)
Since women have Terms, ſhe knows not why,
But they ſtill keep them may.

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's less fear,
But stupid honesty
May teach her how to sleep all night;
And take a great deal more delight
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's consanguinity;
Then let no kin be chosen:
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure
To th' arms of his first Couzen.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at second hand;
Then chuse no widdowed mother:
The first cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why mayn't you prove
But taster to another?

Besides, if she bring children many,
'Tis like by thee she'l not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, she ne'r had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'l have none,
Whilst thou for weak back go.

For

For there where other Gard'ners have been ſowing
Their ſeed, but ne'r could find it growing
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
S'o'rplow'd, you muſt it fallow lay,
And ſtill for weak back go.

Then truſt not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdows place,
Thoſe weaker veſſels may
Spring-leak, or ſplit againſt a rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſily caſt away.

Yet be ſhe fair, foul, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.
He who conſiders this, may end the ſtrife,
Confeſs no trouble like unto a Wife.

A Catch.

IF any ſo wiſe is, that Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink ſmall beer, and be ſober,
Whilſt we drink Sack and ſing, as if it were ſpring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in *October*.
But be ſure if over night this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to ſettle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning:
And be not ſo ſilly to follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne-aſſueſcas* be put in his cap caſe,
And ſing *bi-bi-to vinum Jejunus*.

A Mock Song.

WHen I a Lady do intend to flatter
Oh, how I do begin to chatter;
I ſwear and vow
How much I'd do,
That I might once get at her ——

I ſay to kiſs her only is a Feaſt,
A *Cupids* Beaver at the leaſt;
Whilſt ſilly ſhe
Believeth me,
And thinks I love her beſt.

With thoſe fair phanſies which moſt comely are,
I oft her Ladyſhip compare;
I ſay the Roſe
And Lilly, when it blowes,
Are nothing near ſo fair.

Yet gazing on her face I've ſpent ſome hours,
Conſulted with each cheek, and all its powers,
But there none grow,
Unleſs below,
In pleaſures garden-ſpring her flowers.

Oft have I call'd her Jewel, oft have I
Call'd true, the falſe pearls of her eye,
Yet precious ſtone
She will have none,
Untill with me ſhe lie.

With what pure whiteneſs is her boſome bleſt,
Oft cry I, yet I do but jeſt;
For ſure I'm ſtill,
She never will,
Untill I ſ——her have a milk white breaſt.

Then

Then tell her by the rowling of her eyes,
I guess her secret rarities,
Swear he who enjoyes
Those pleasant toyes,
Ought much to esteem the prize.

Thus Ladies have I learn'd in *Cupids* schools,
My Master *Ovid's* Grammer Rules:
Thus can I prove
I am in love,
And thus I make ye fools.

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